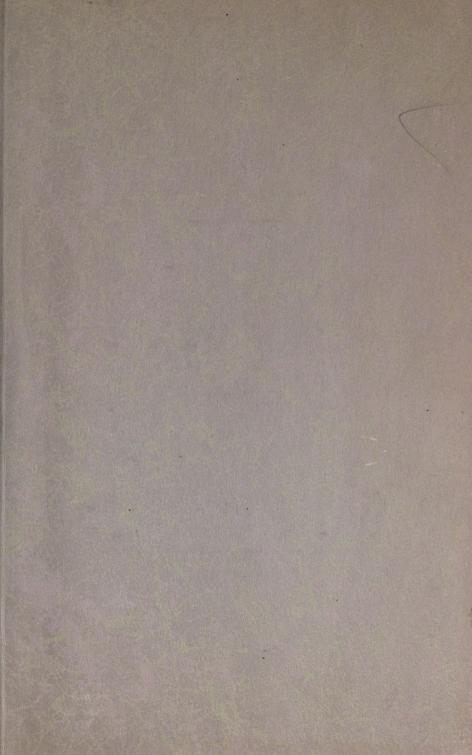
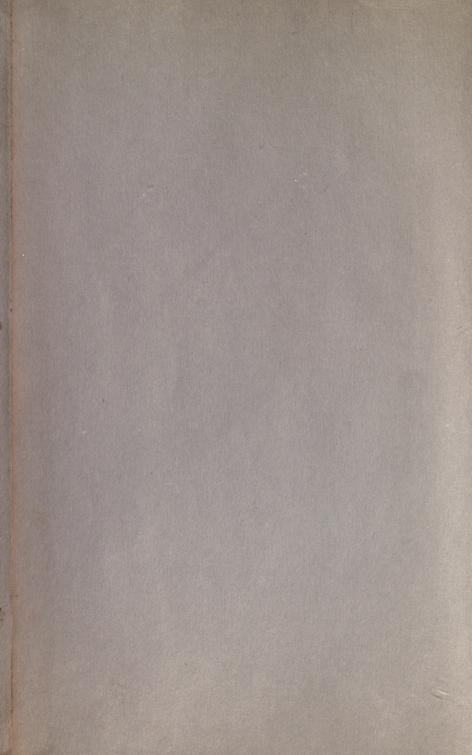
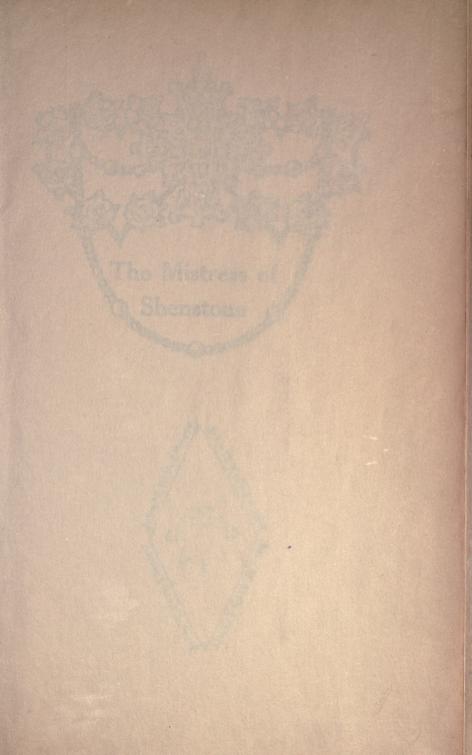


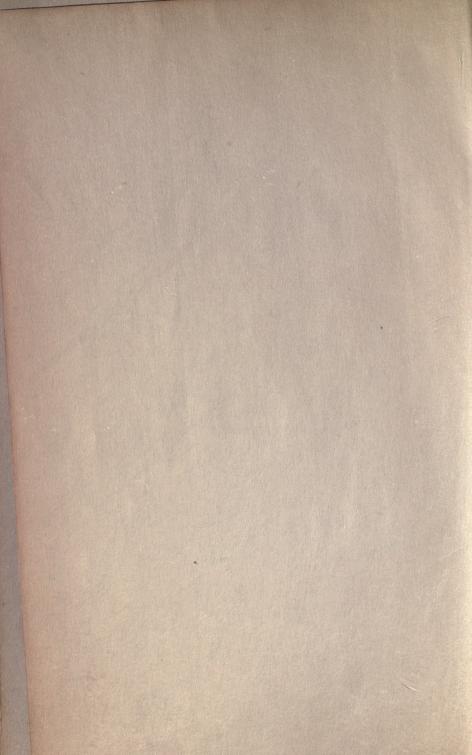


SOUTH PROVIDENCE BRANCH

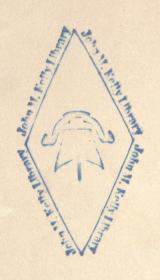


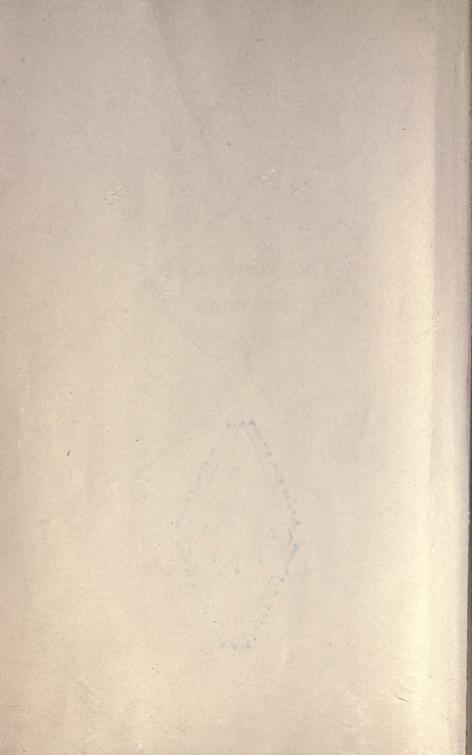


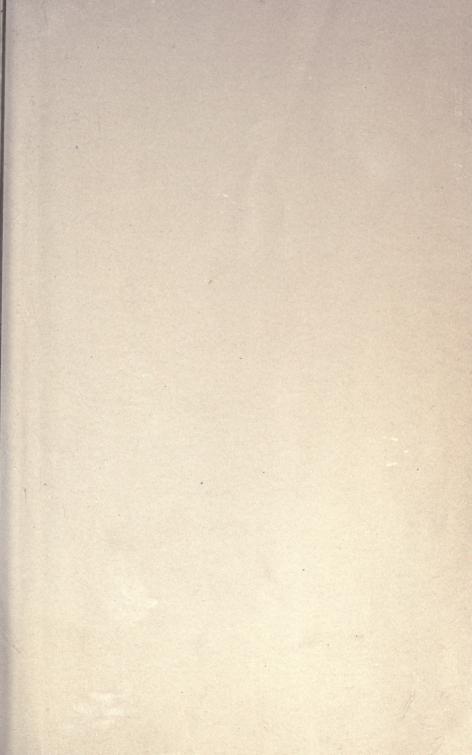




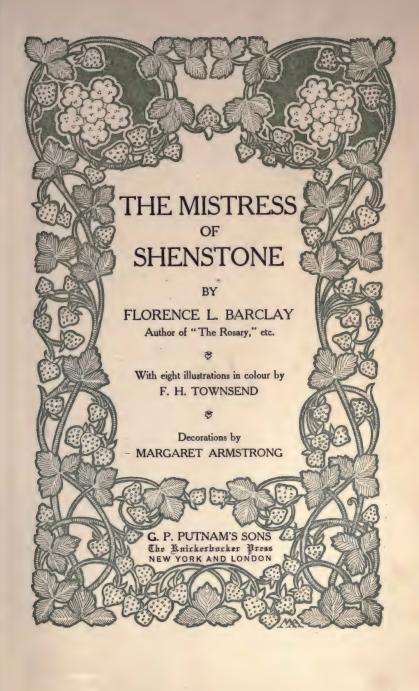


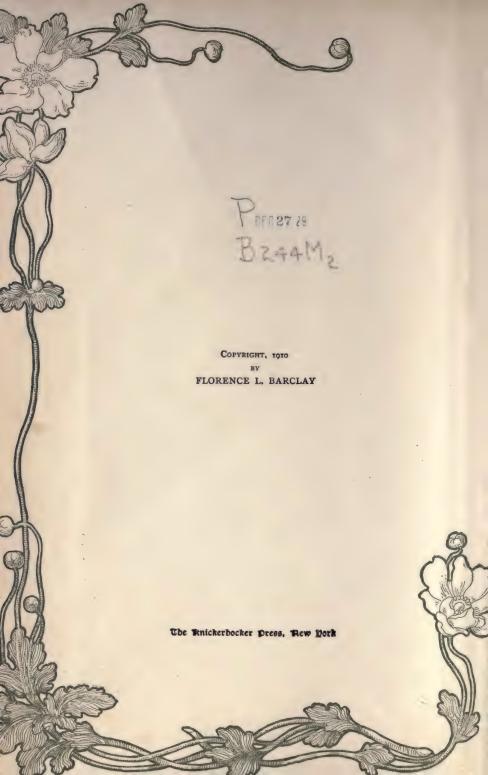


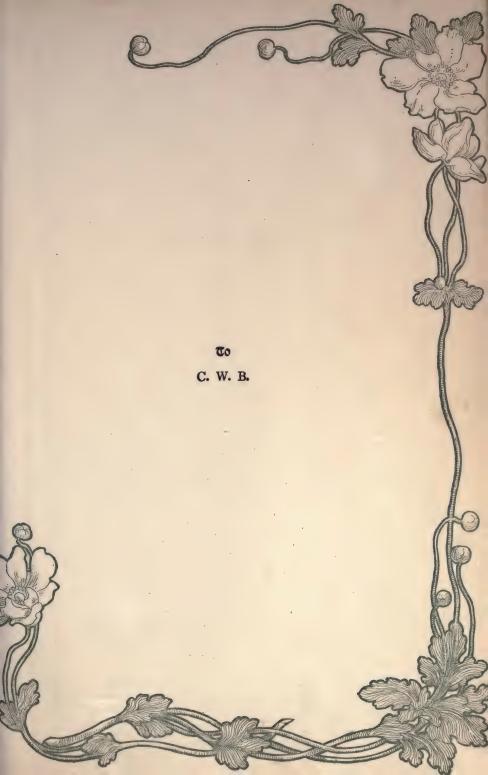




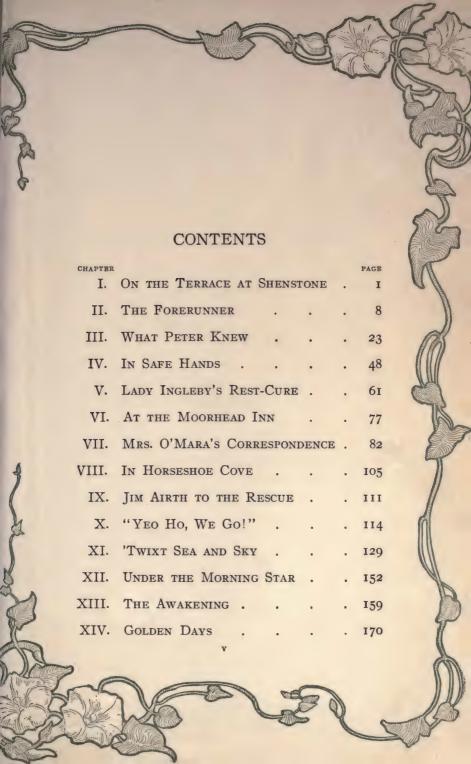




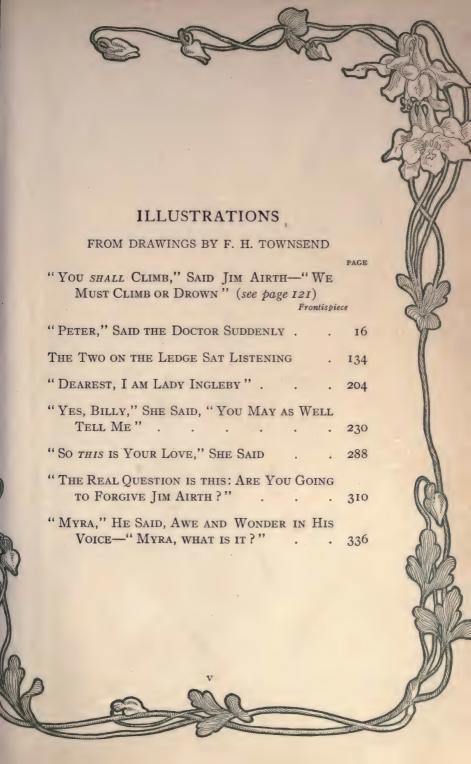




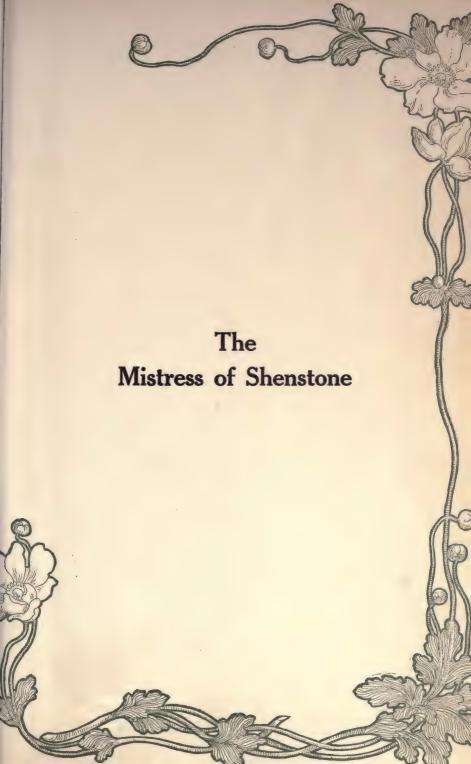




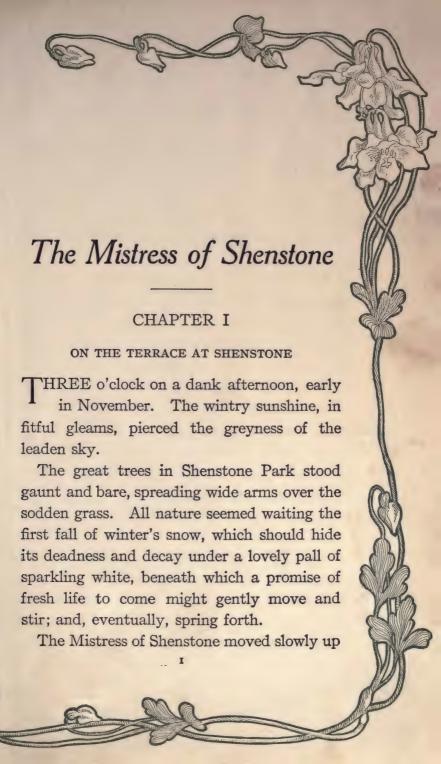
A C		
vi	CONTENTS	
CHAPTER XV.	"WHERE IS LADY INGLEBY?"	PAGE 190
XVI.	Under the Beeches at Shenstone	205
XVII.	"Surely You Knew?"	214
XVIII.	WHAT BILLY HAD TO TELL	220
XIX.	JIM AIRTH DECIDES	231
XX.	A BETTER POINT OF VIEW	250
XXI.	MICHAEL VERITAS	260
XXII.	LORD INGLEBY'S WIFE	271
XXIII.	WHAT BILLY KNEW	289
XXIV.	Mrs. Dalmain Reviews the Situation	303
XXV.	THE TEST	327
XXVI.	"WHAT SHALL WE WRITE?" .	337
	XVI. XVII. XVIII. XIX. XXI. XXII. XXIV.	XV. "WHERE IS LADY INGLEBY?" XVI. UNDER THE BEECHES AT SHENSTONE XVII. "SURELY YOU KNEW?". XVIII. WHAT BILLY HAD TO TELL. XIX. JIM AIRTH DECIDES. XX. A BETTER POINT OF VIEW. XXI. MICHAEL VERITAS. XXII. LORD INGLEBY'S WIFE. XXIII. WHAT BILLY KNEW. XXIV. MRS. DALMAIN REVIEWS THE SITUA-

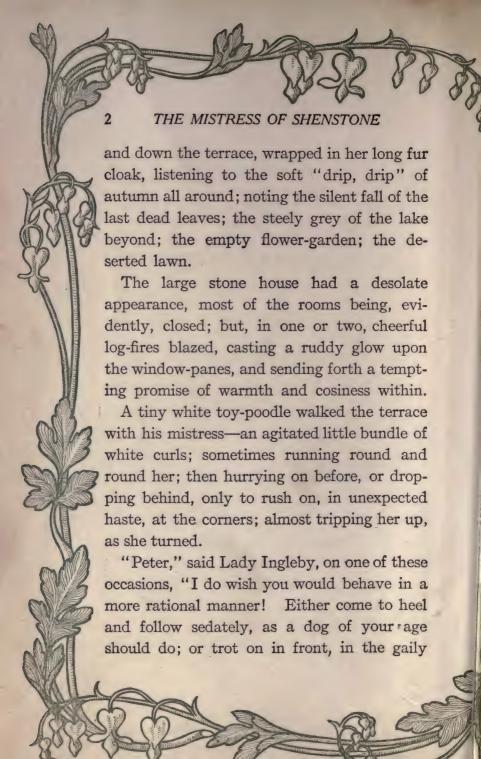


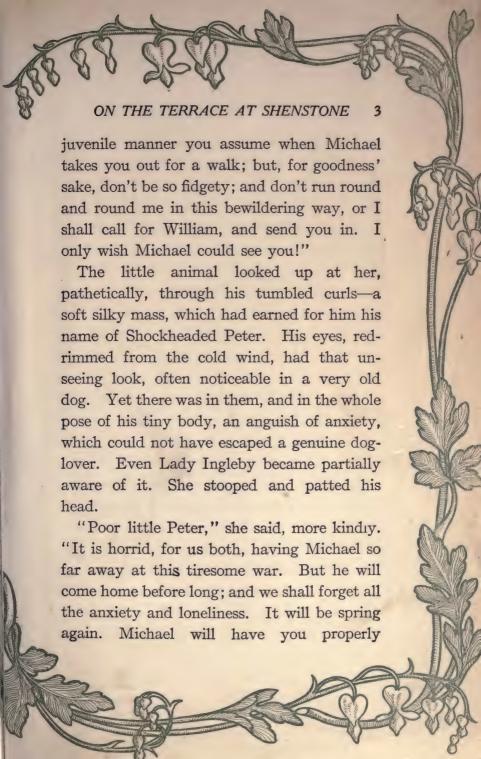


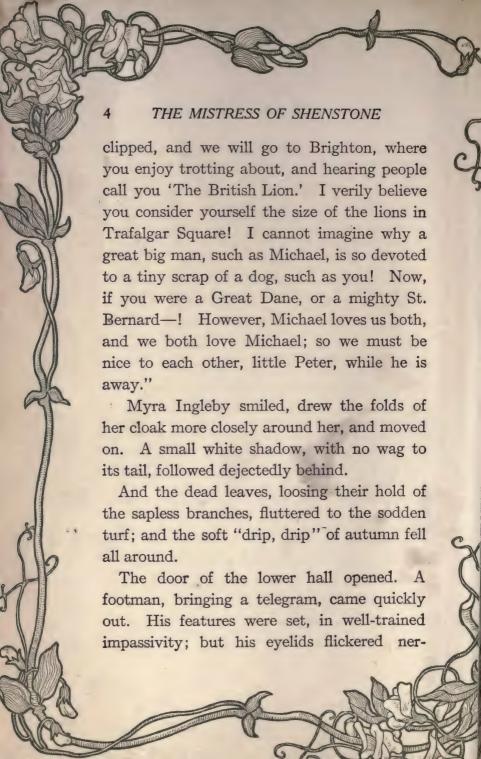


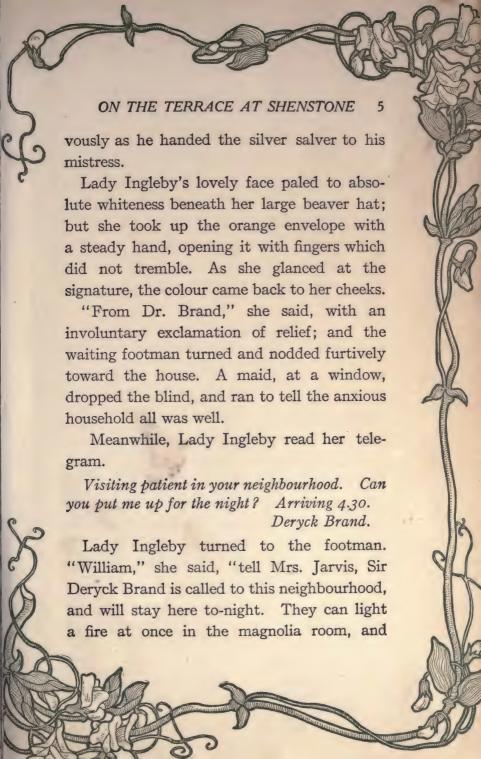


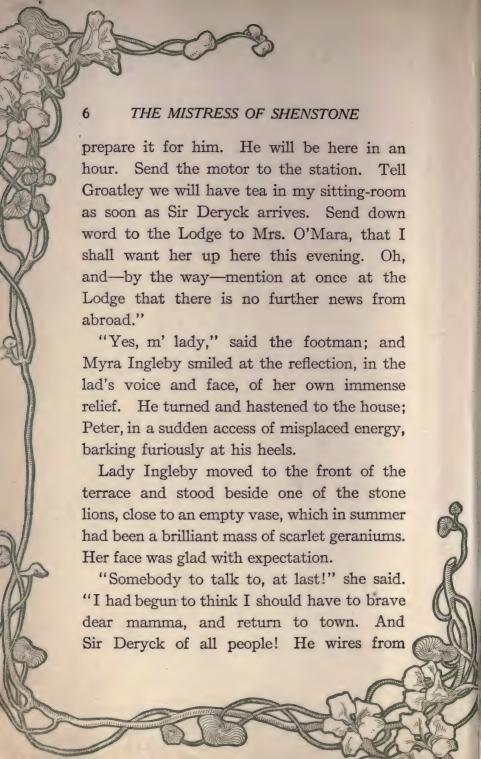


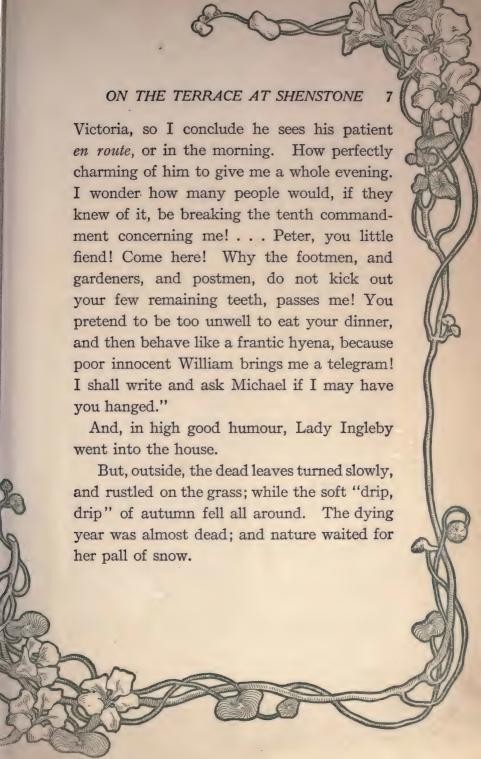


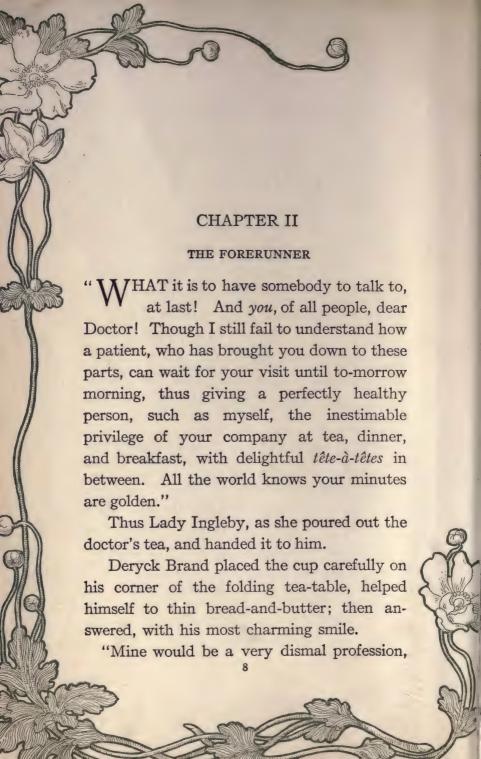


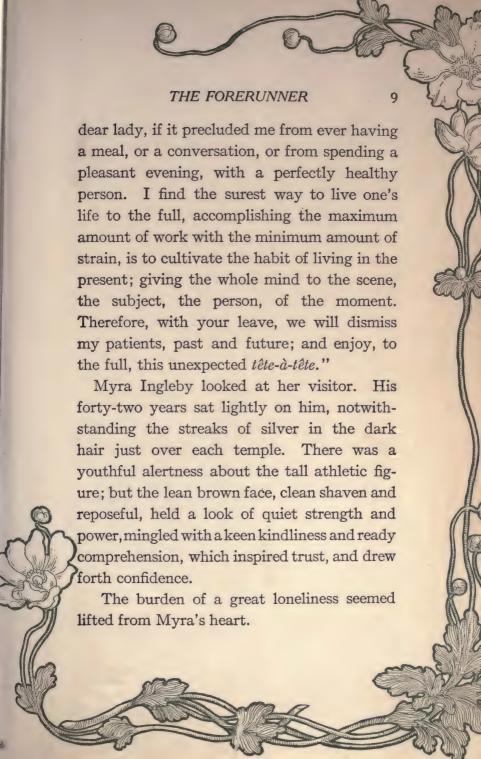


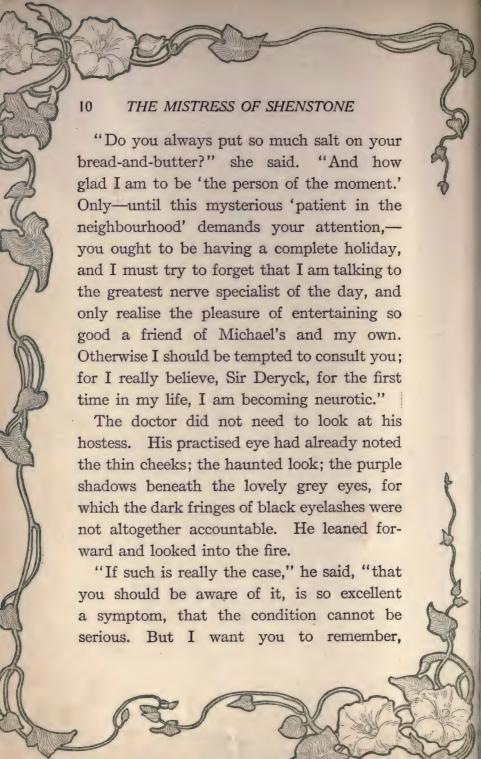


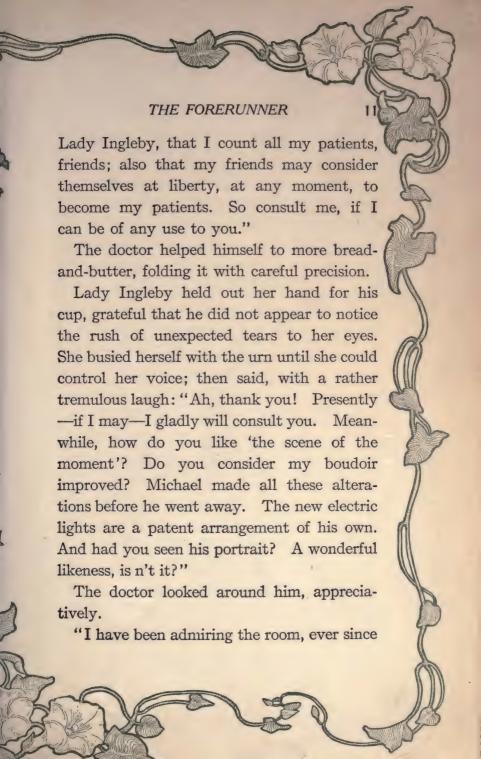


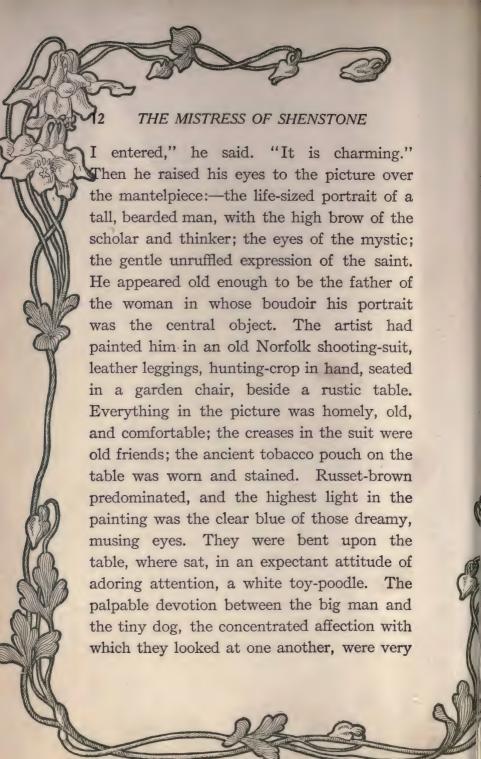


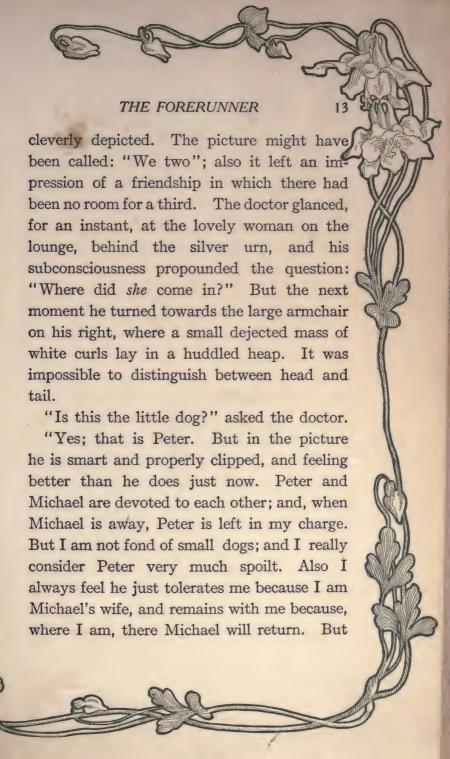


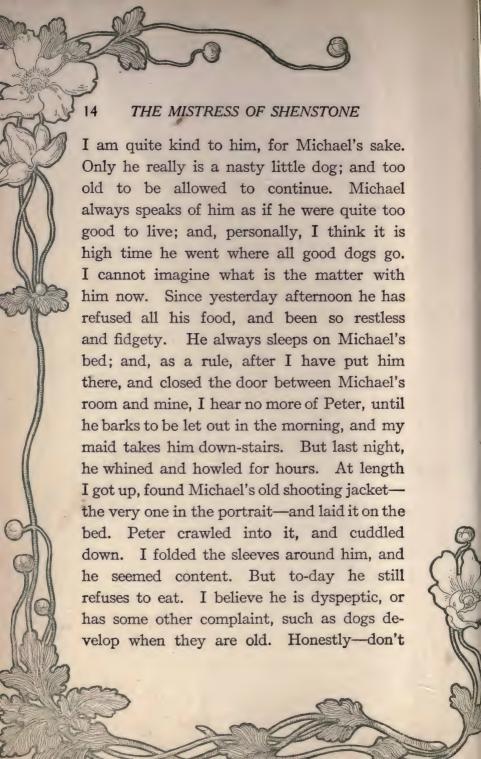


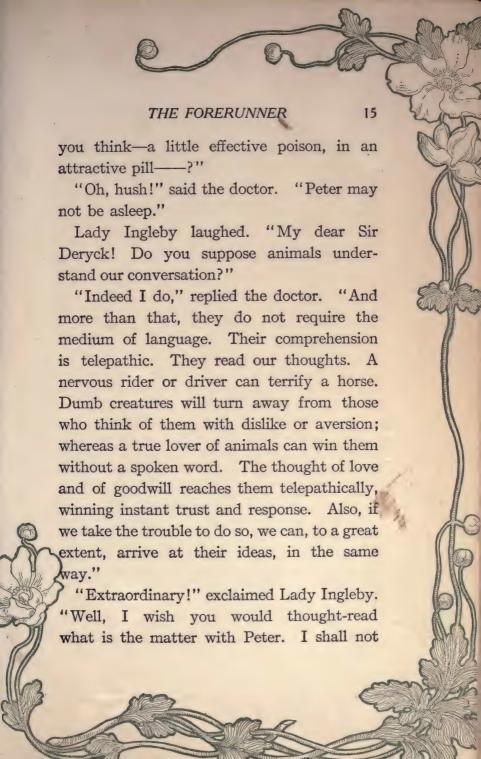


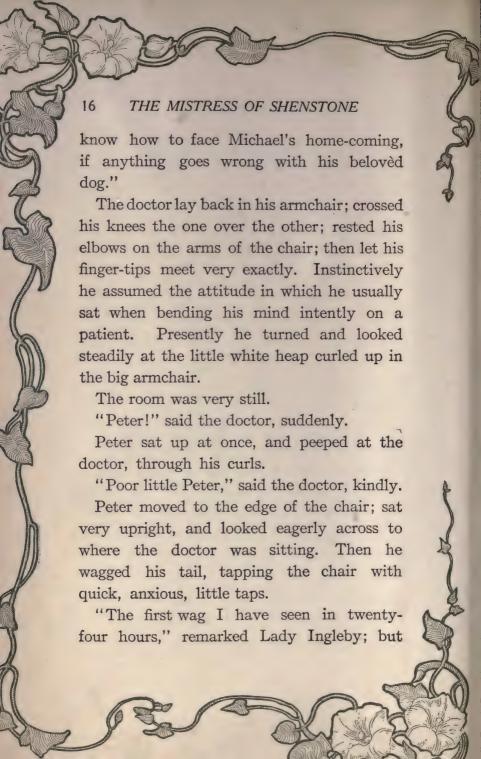




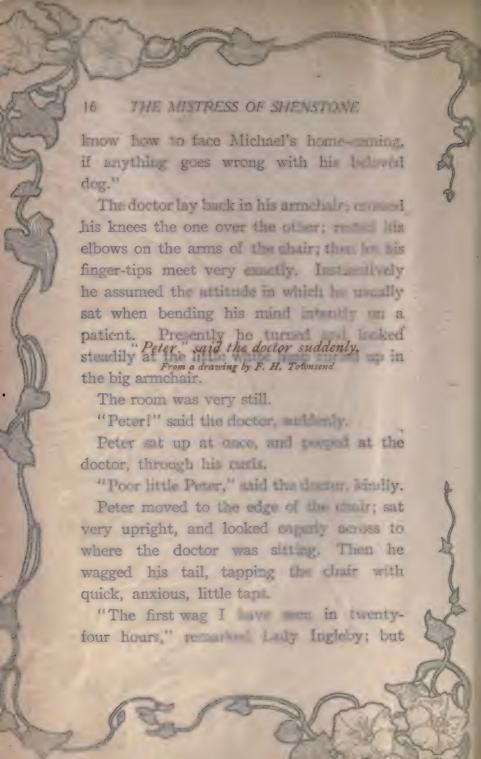




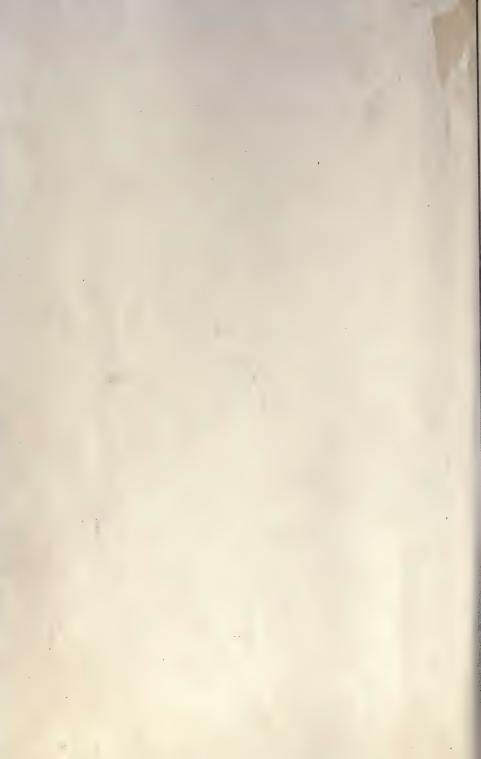


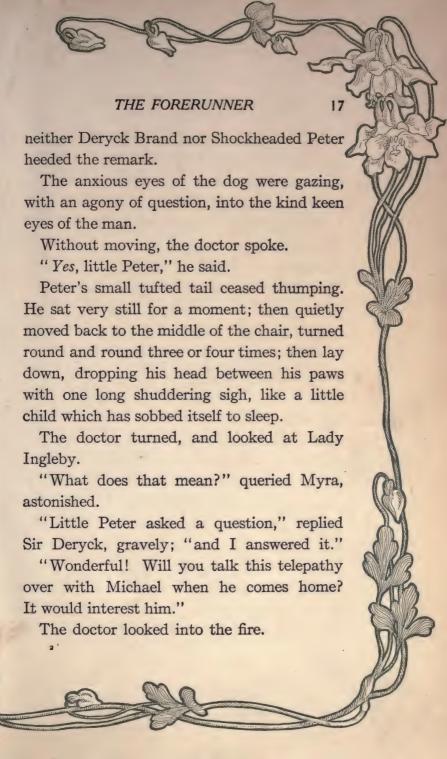


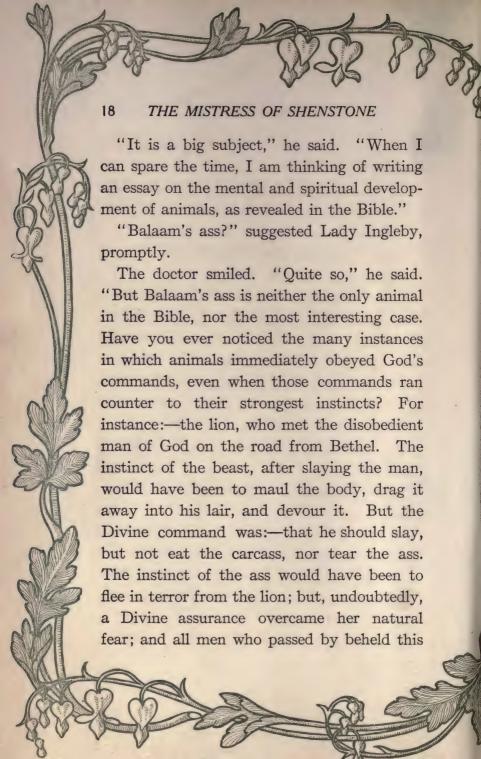


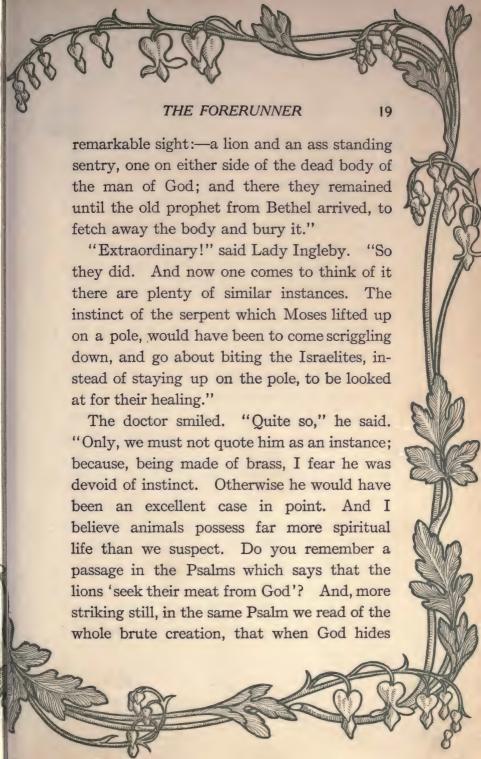


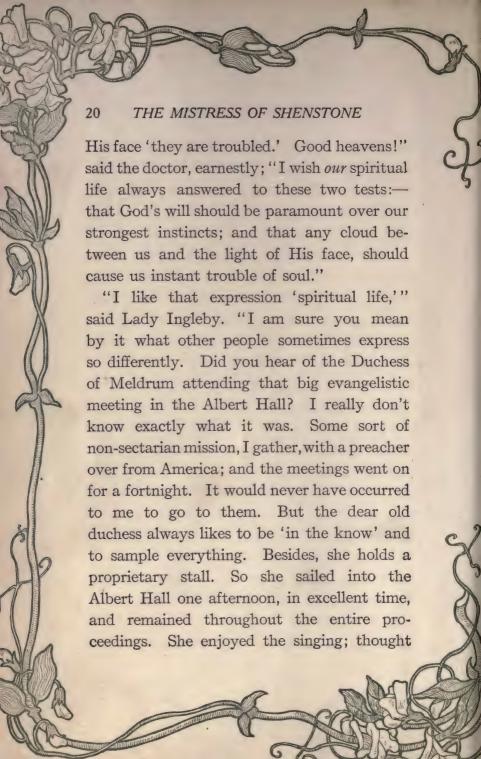


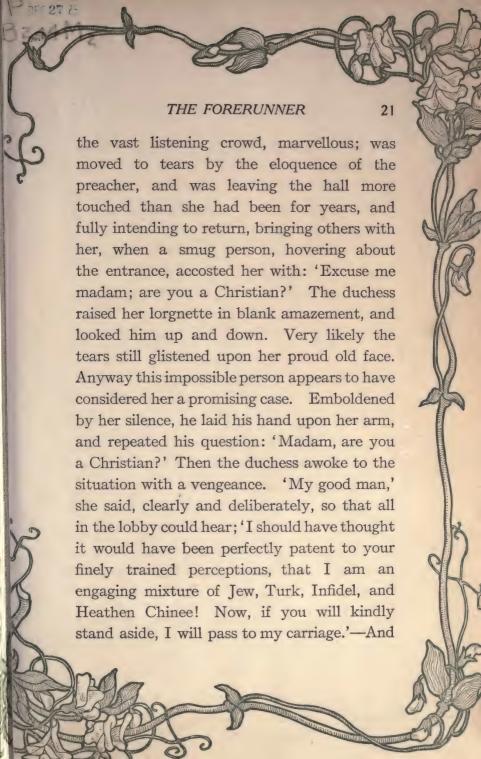


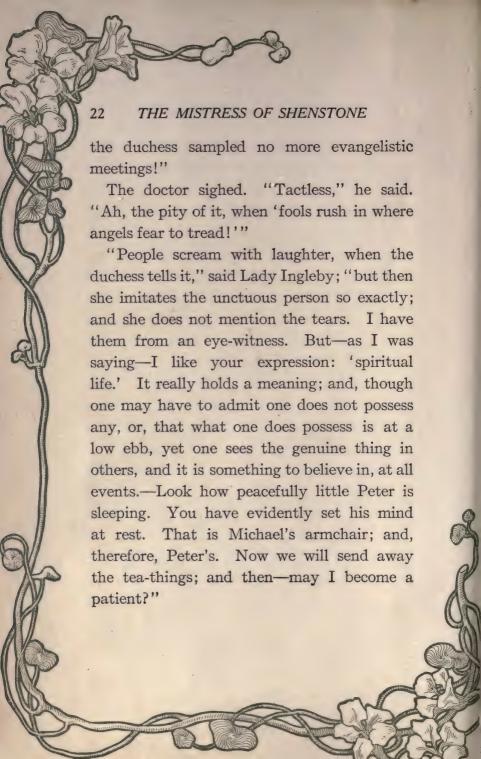


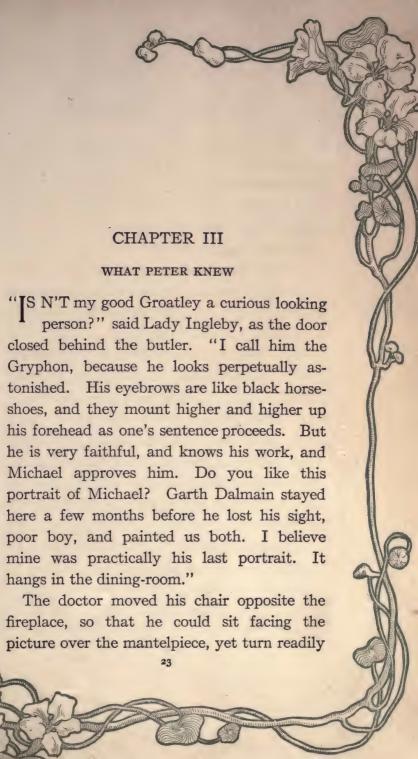


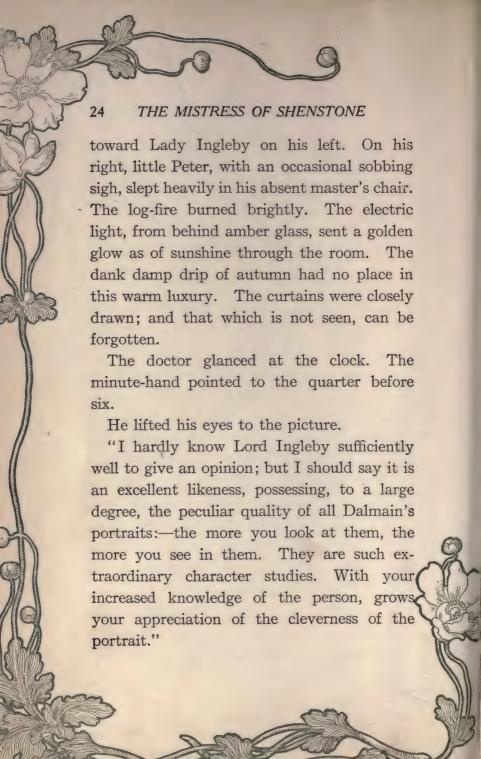


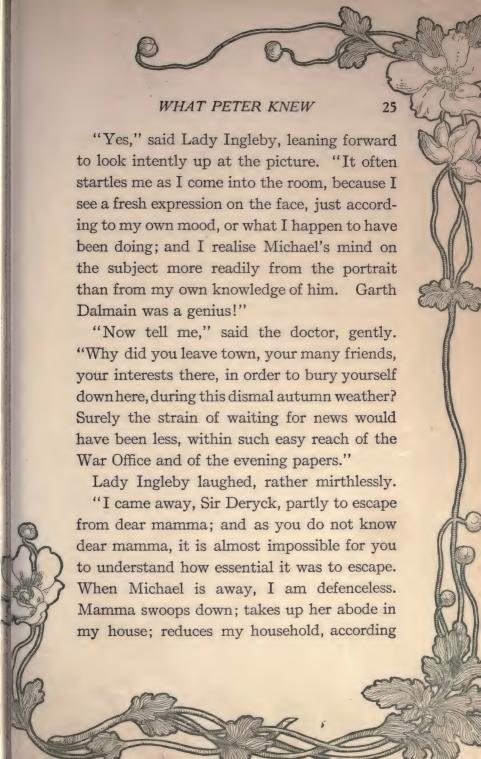


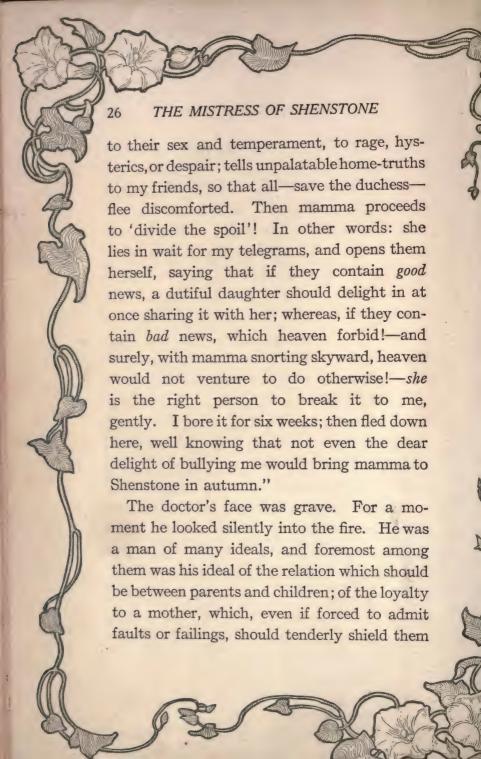


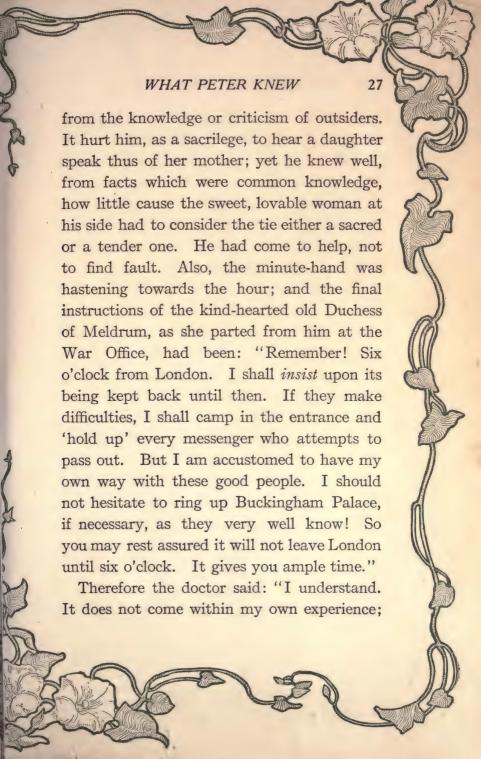


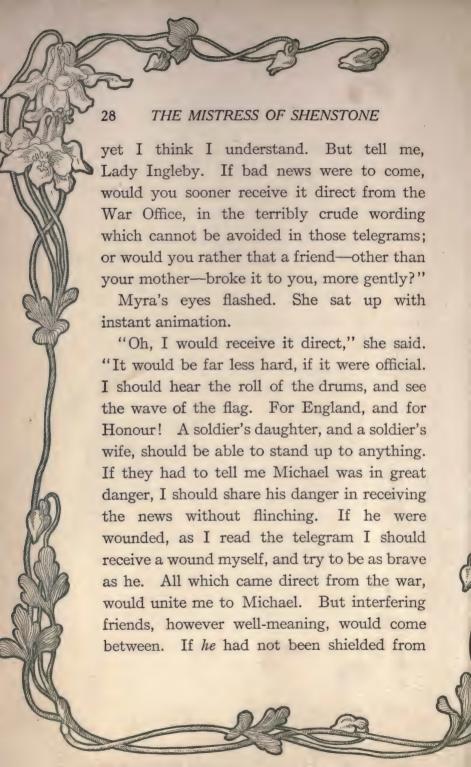


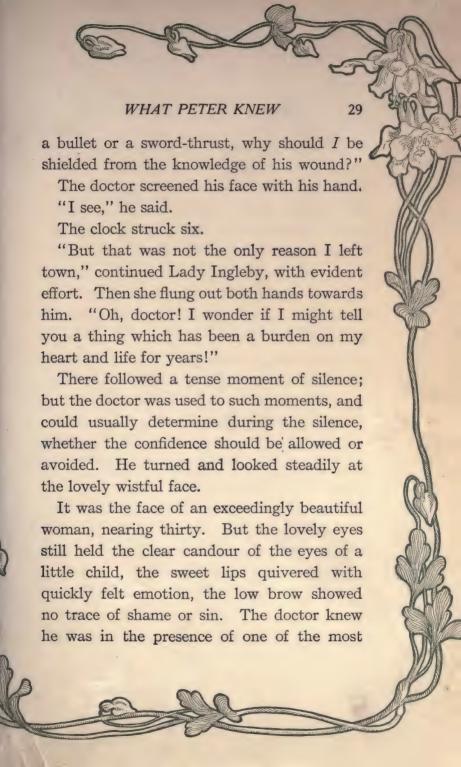


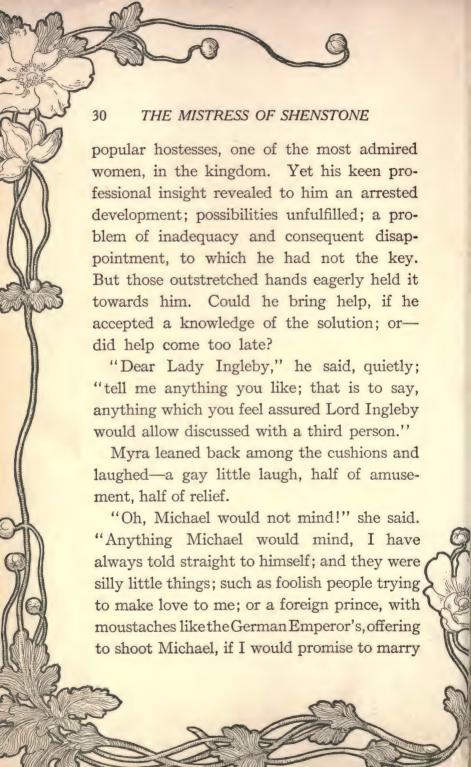


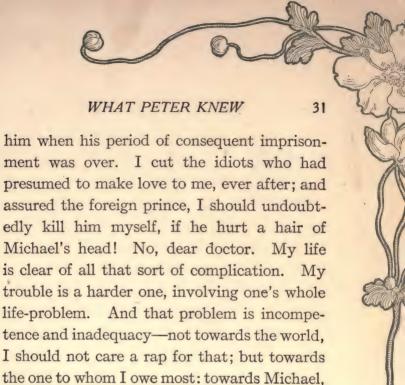










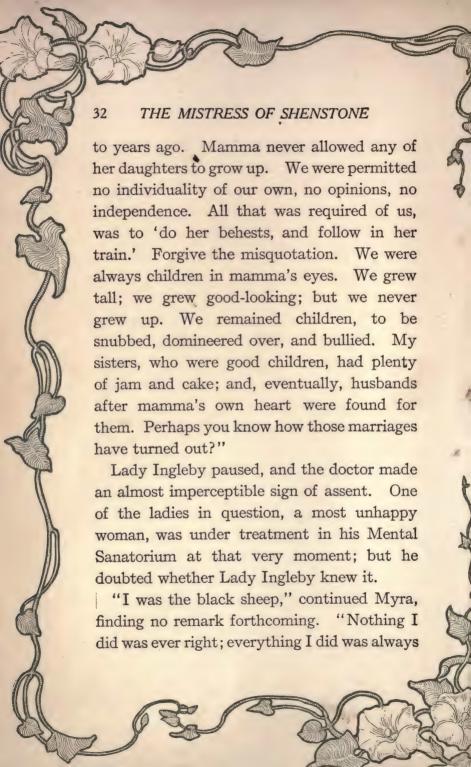


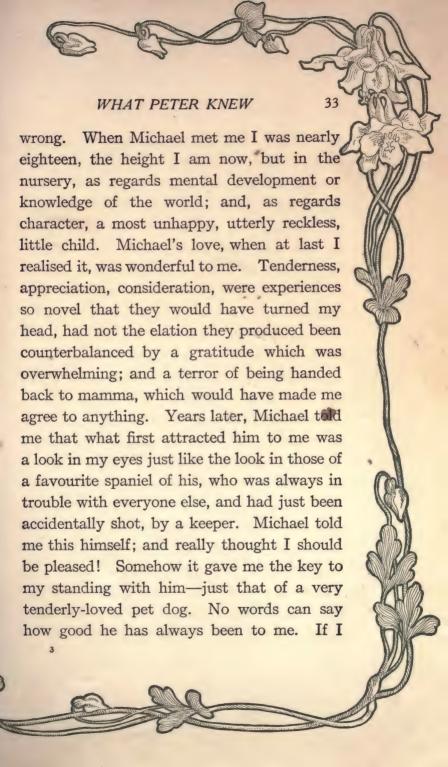
The doctor moved uneasily in his chair, and glanced at the clock.

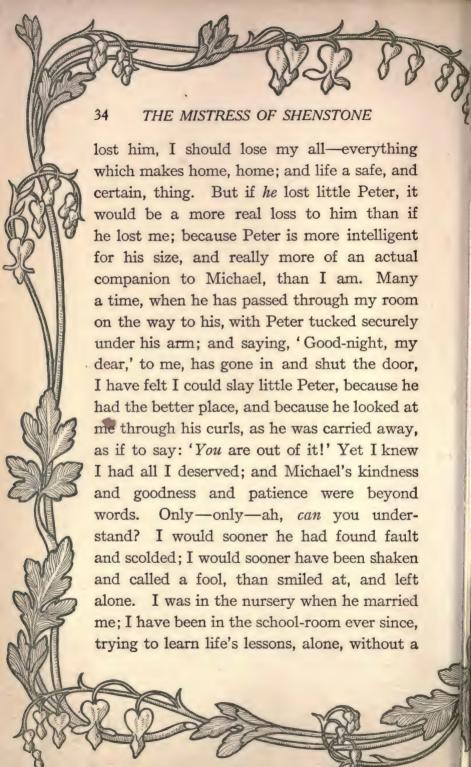
"Oh, hush!" he said. "Do not-"

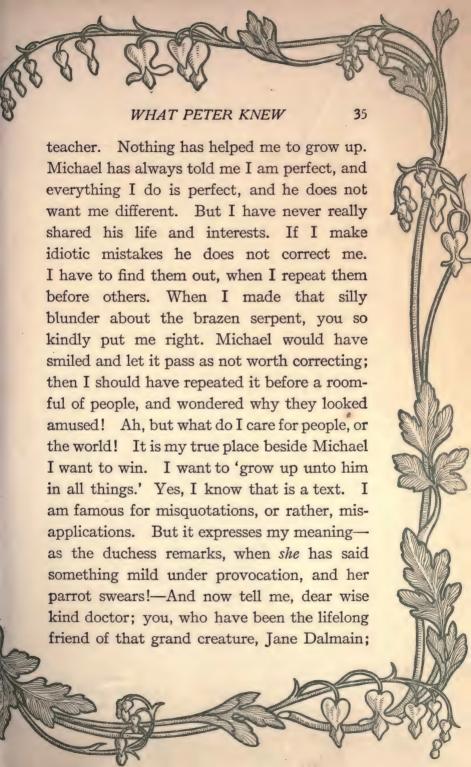
-my husband."

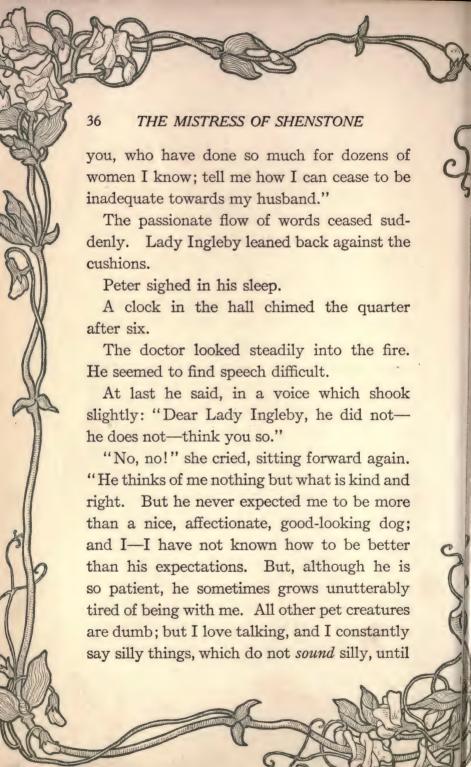
"No!" cried Myra. "You must not stop me. Let me at last have the relief of speech! My friend, I am twenty-eight; I have had ten years of married life; yet I do not believe I have ever really grown up! In heart and brain I am an undeveloped child, and I know it; and, worse still, Michael knows it, and—Michael does not mind. Listen! It dates back

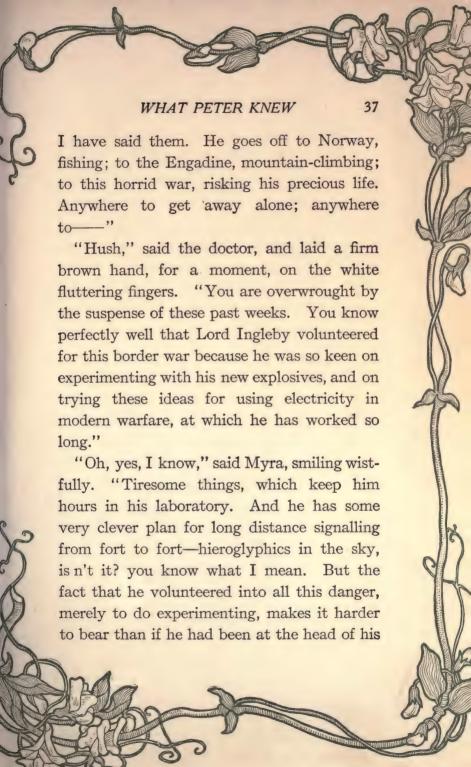


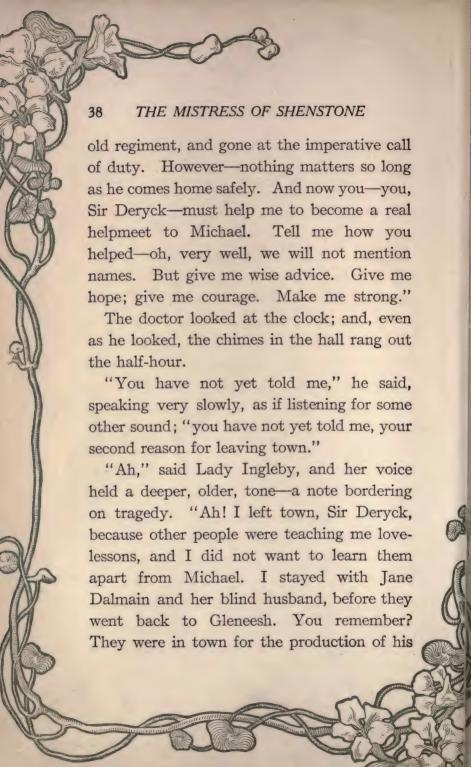


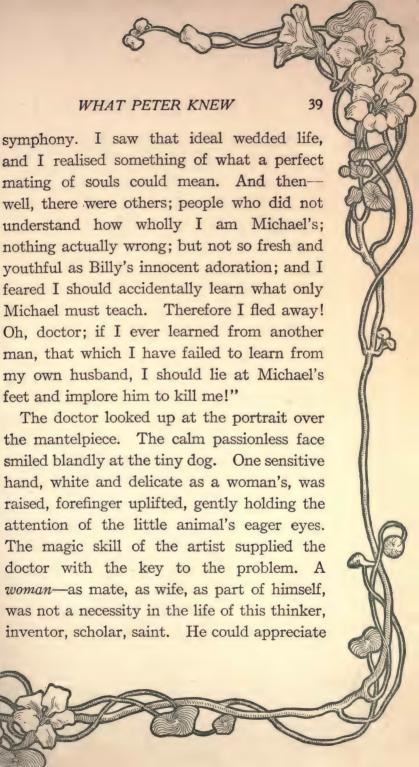


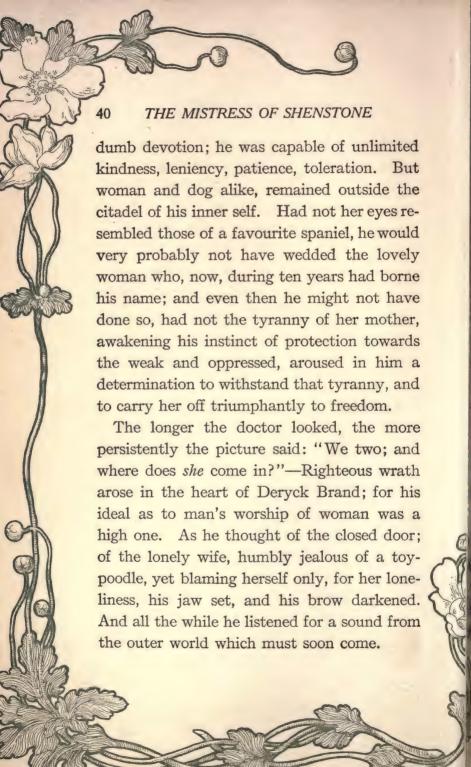


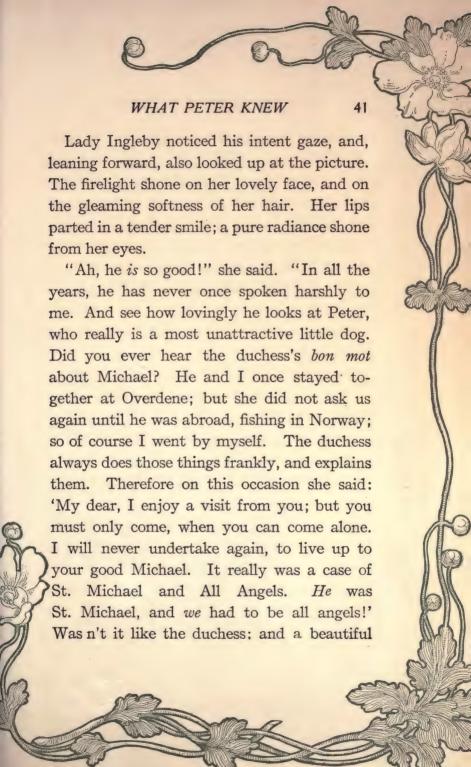


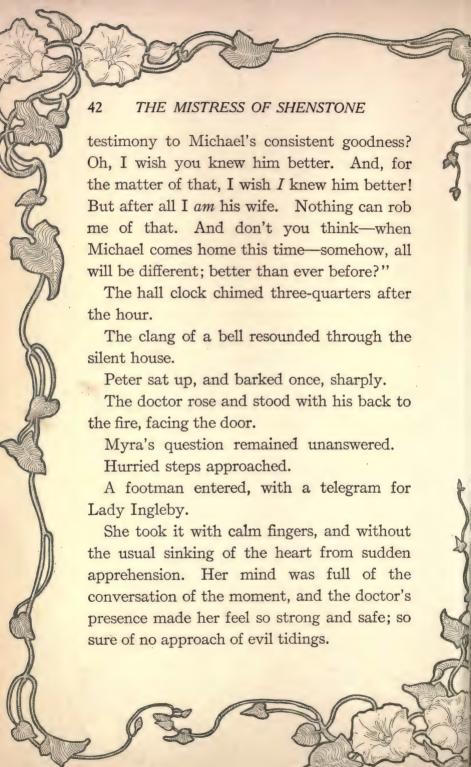


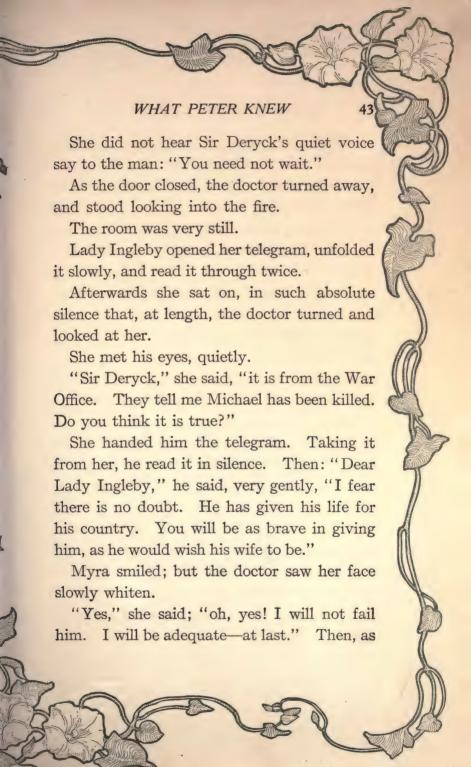


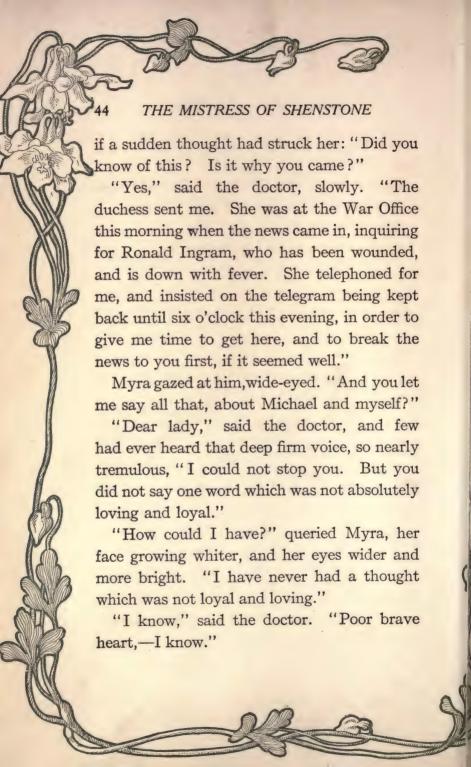


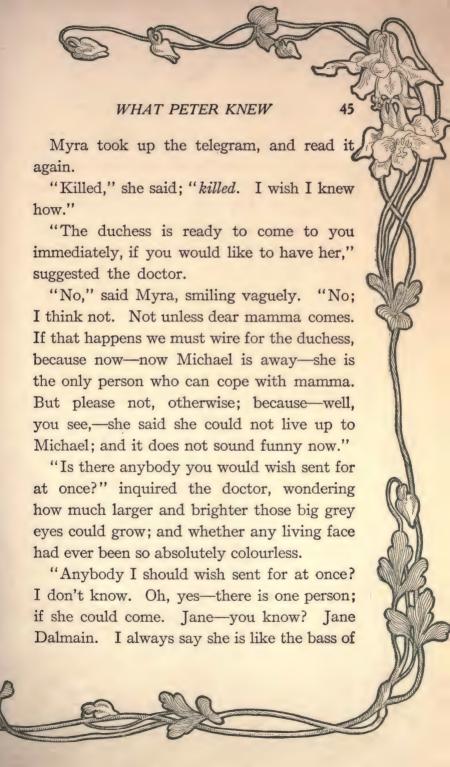


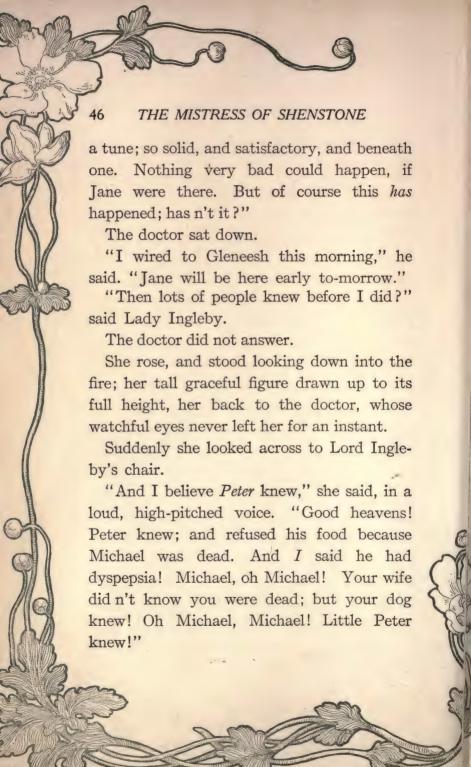


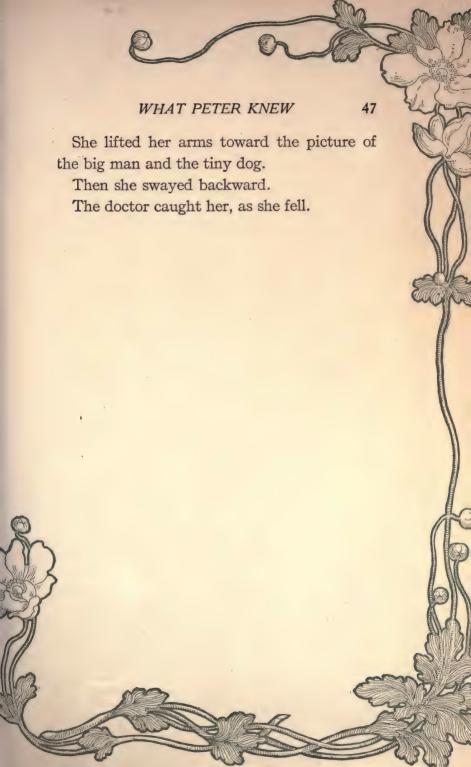


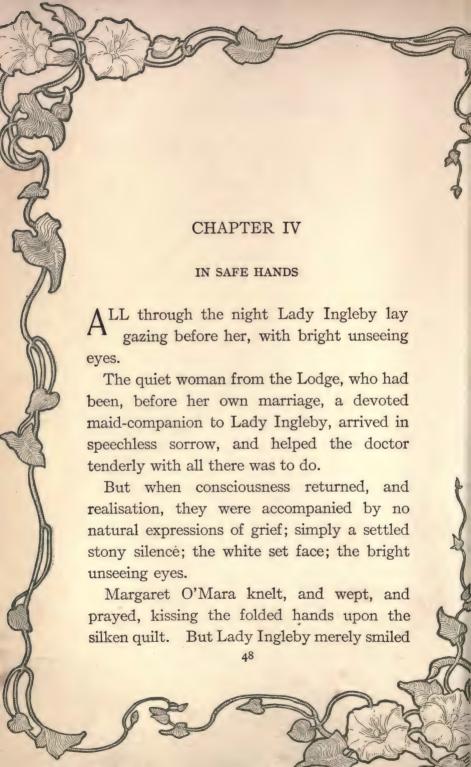


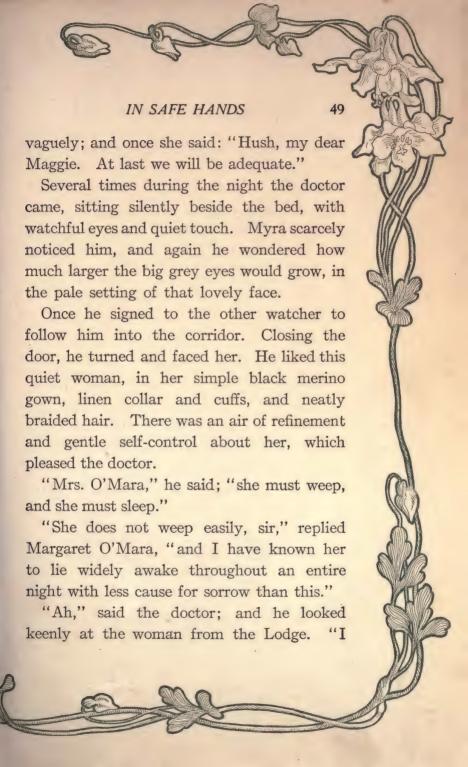


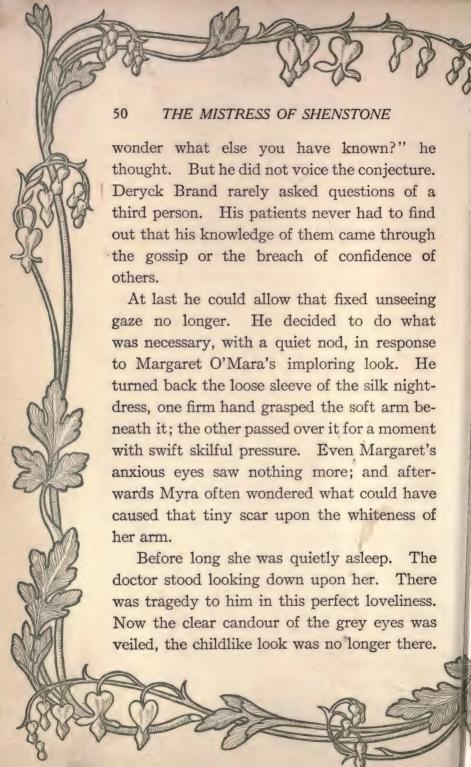


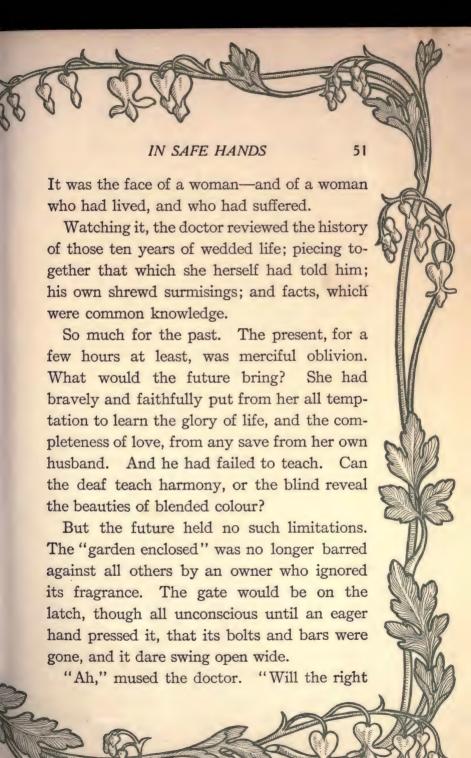


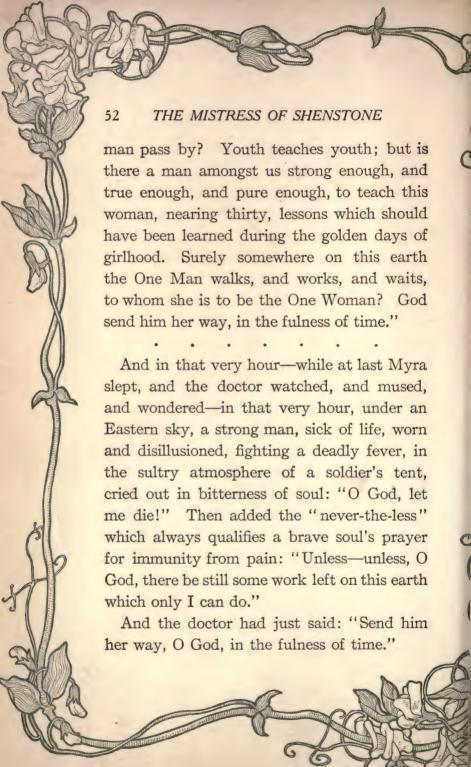


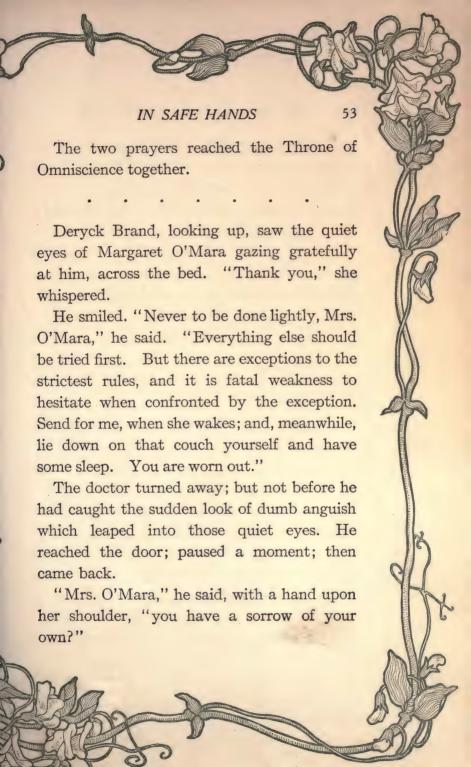


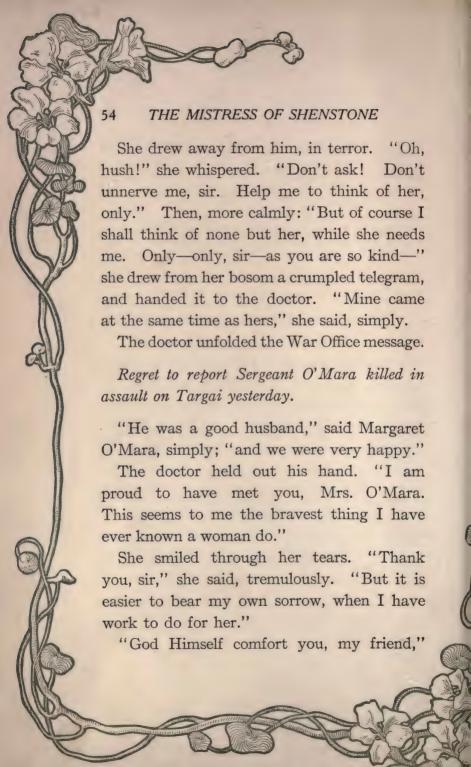


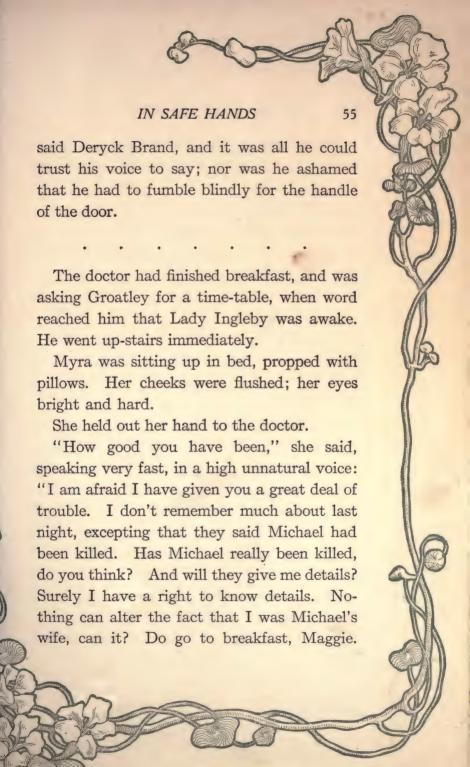


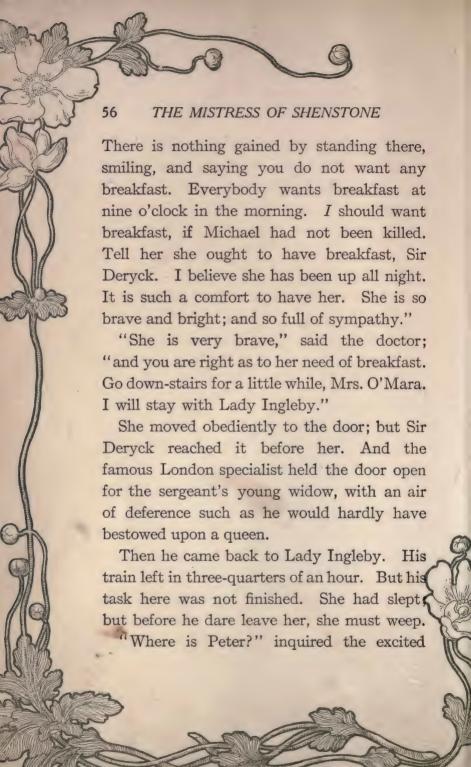


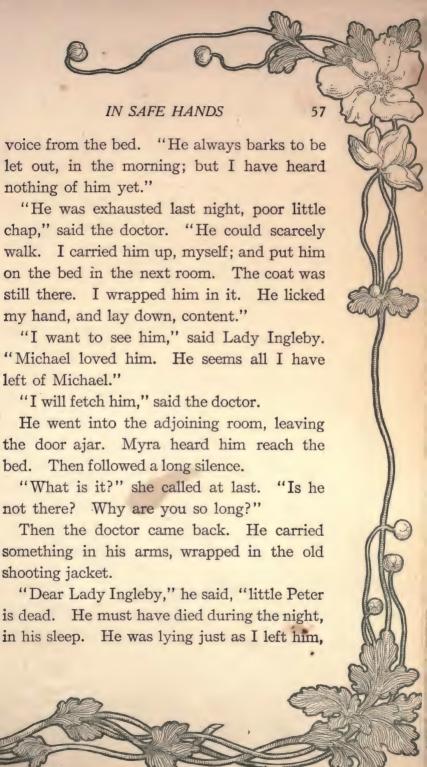


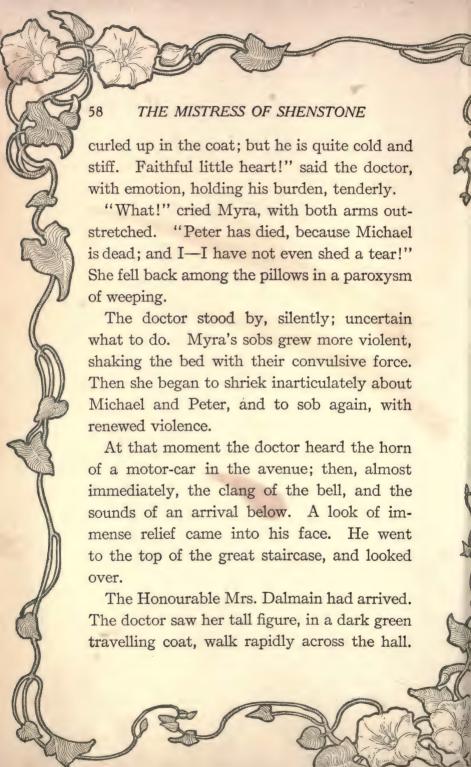


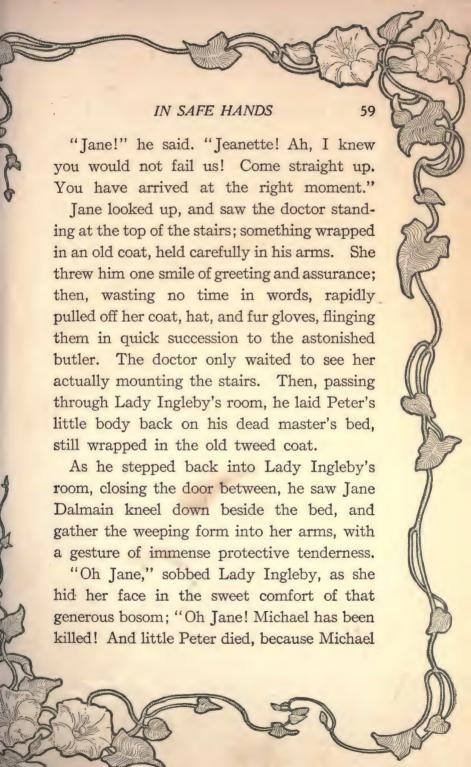


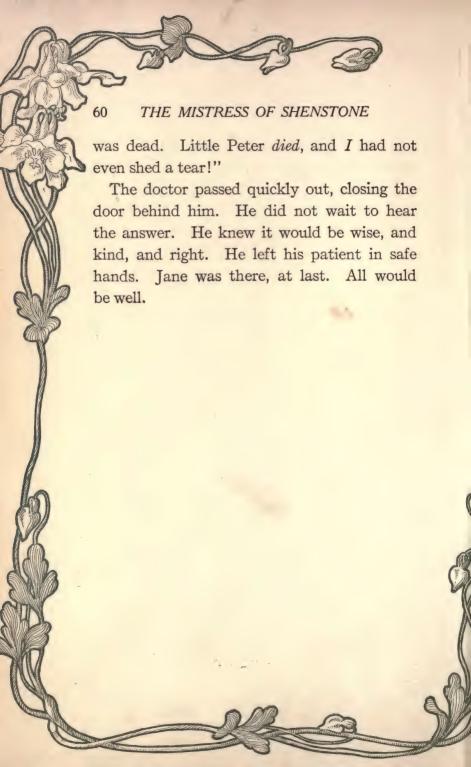


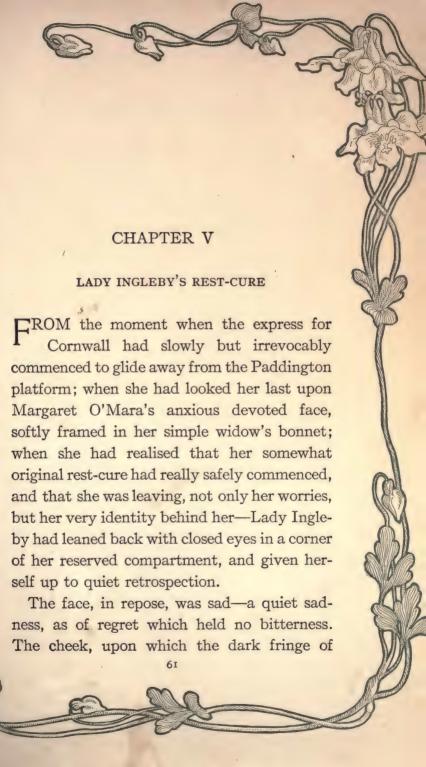


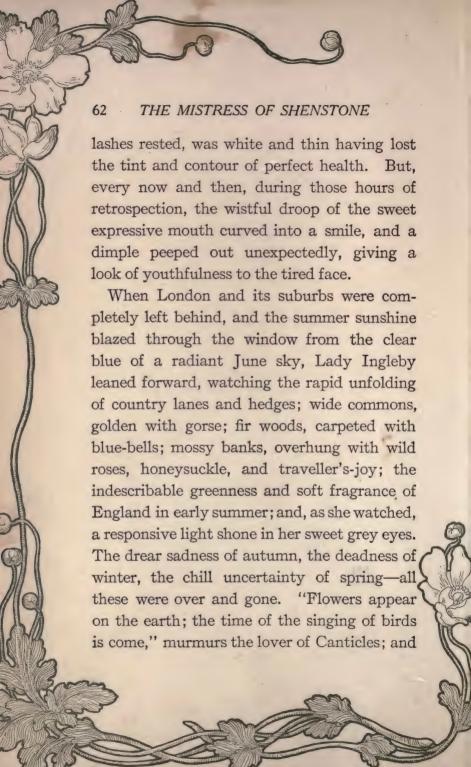


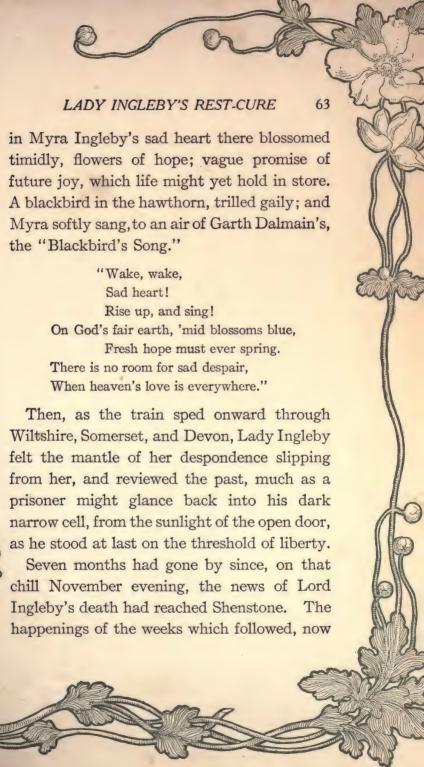


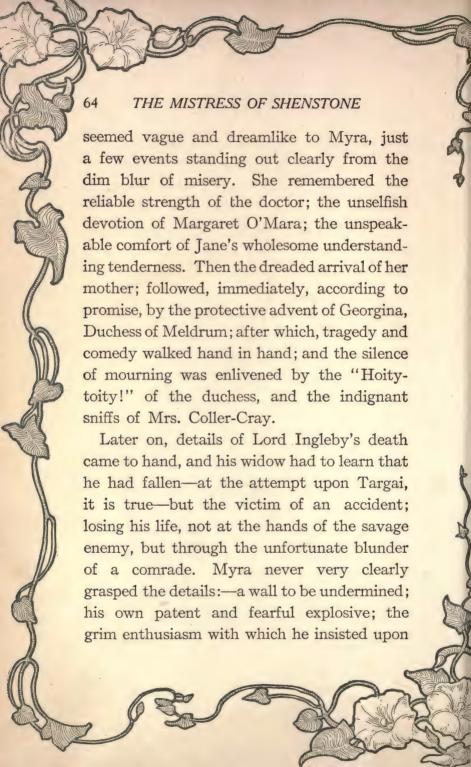


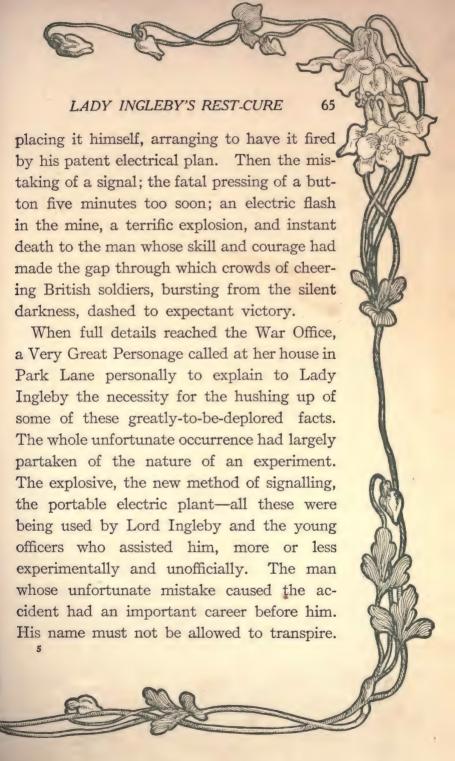


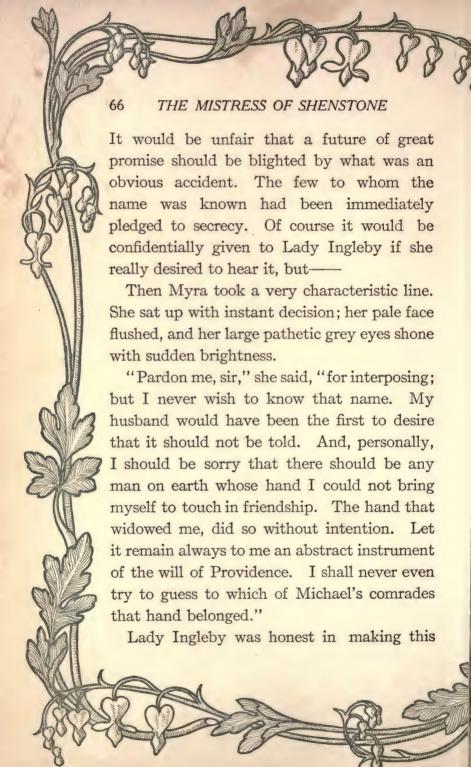


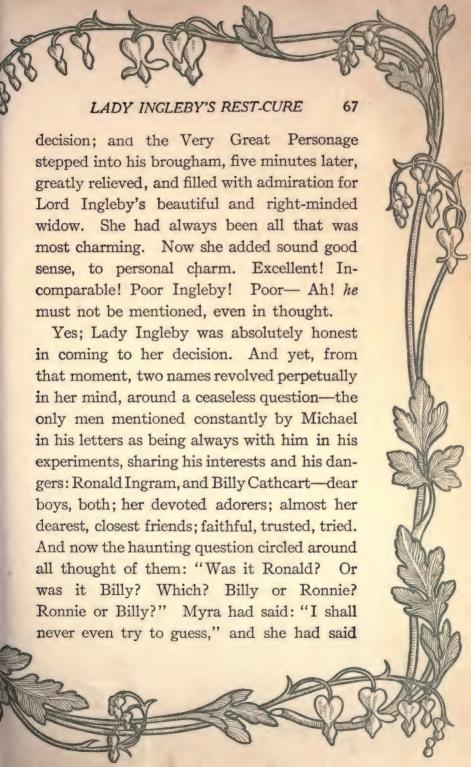


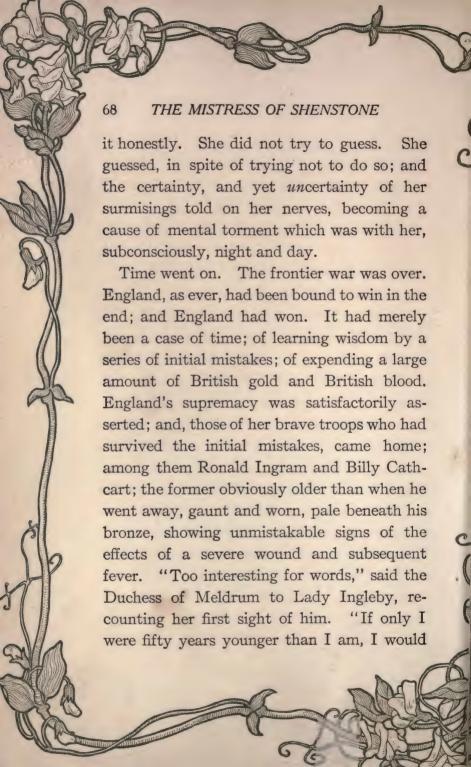


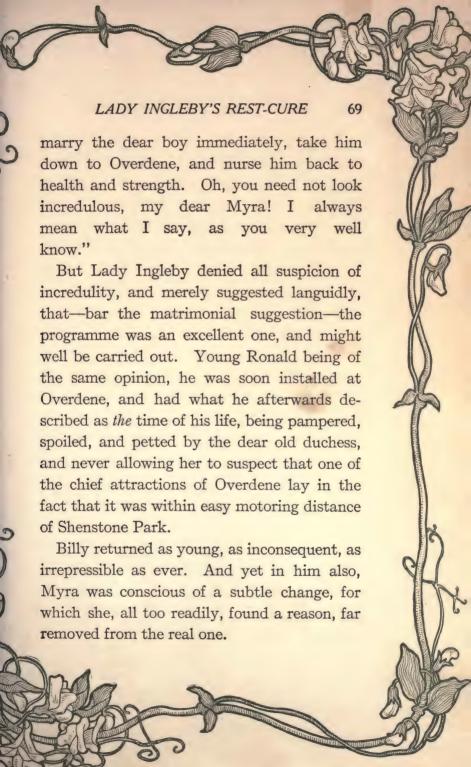


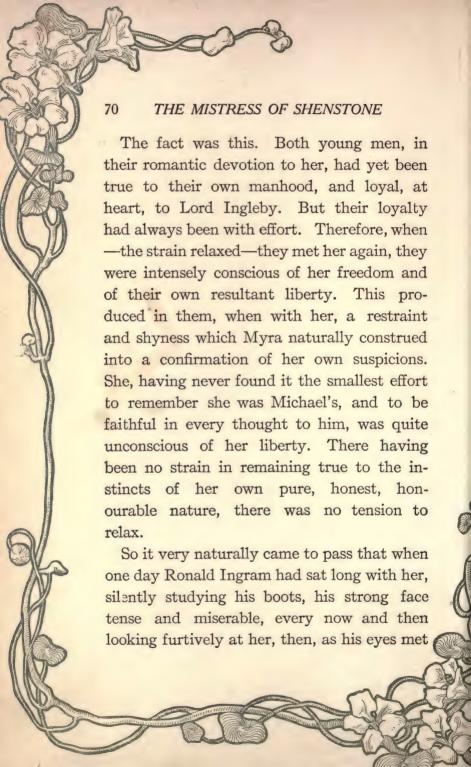


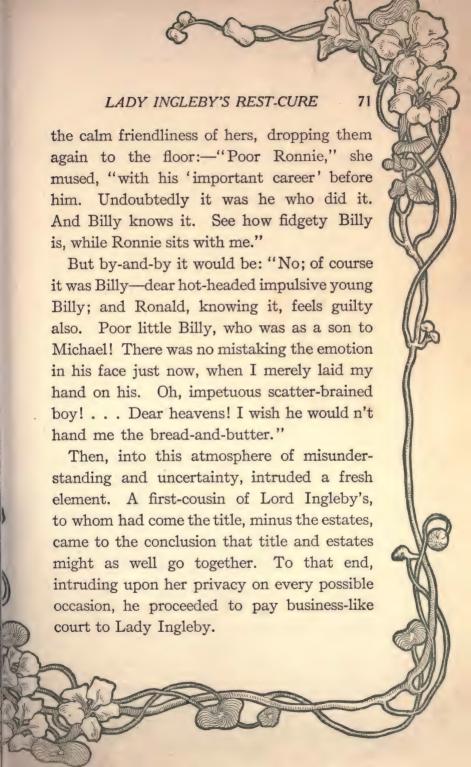


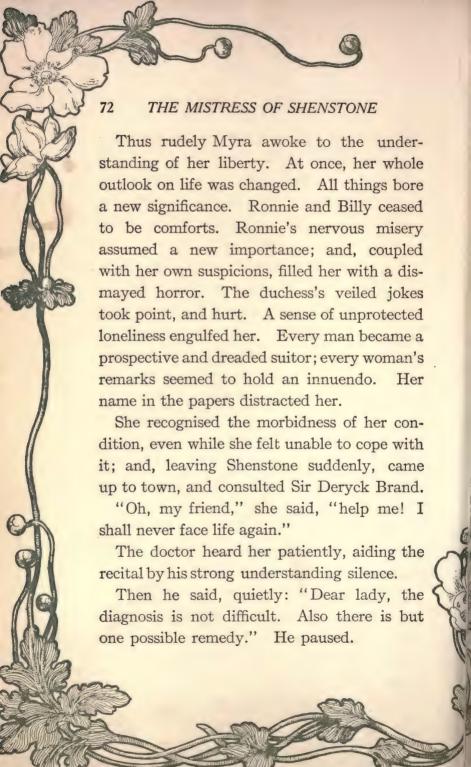


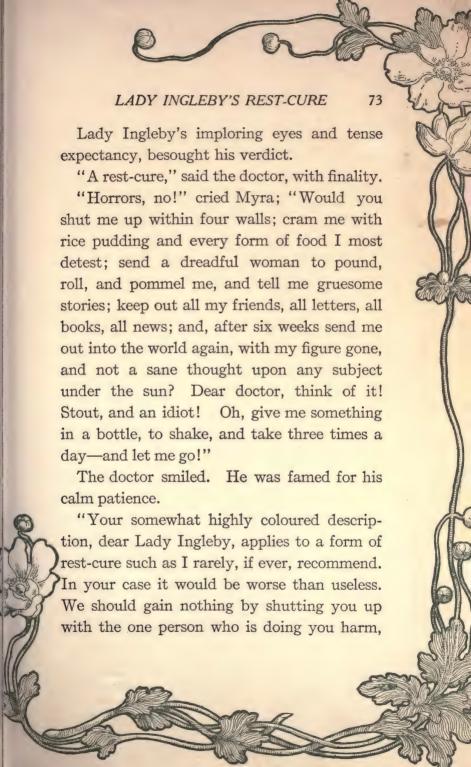


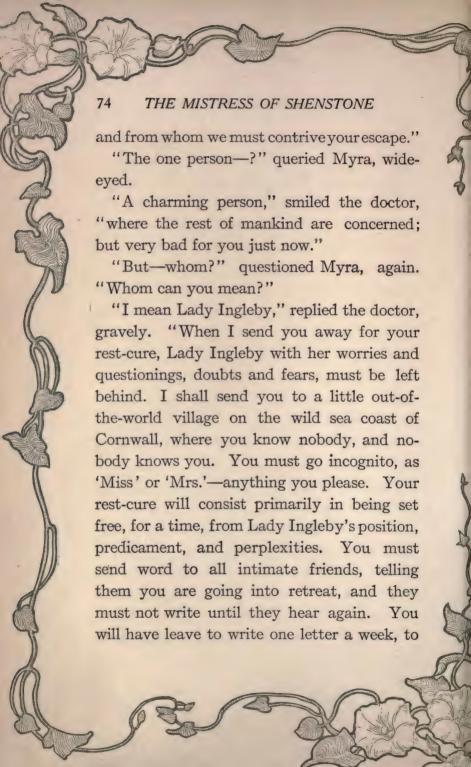


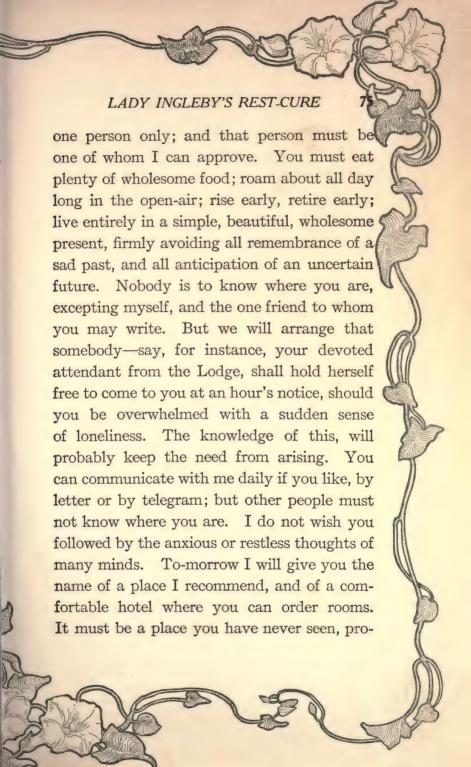


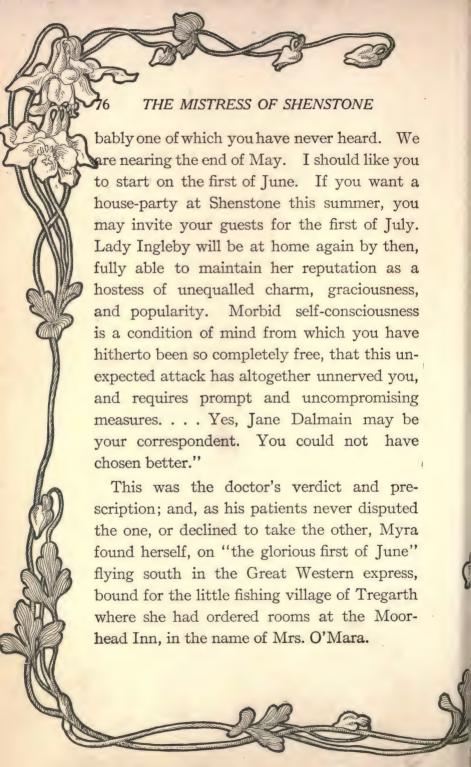


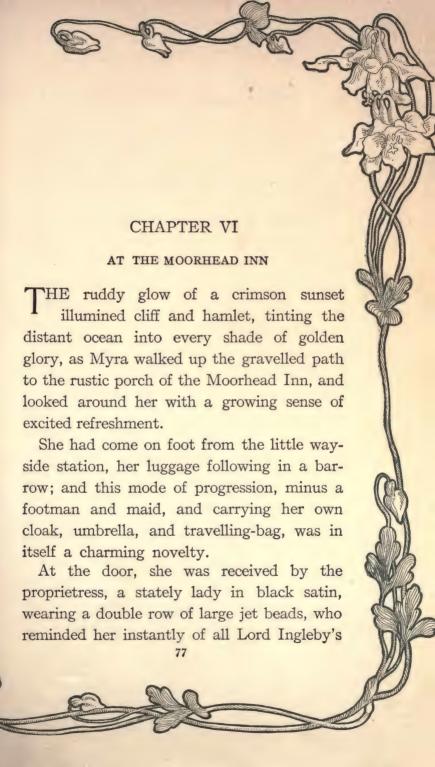


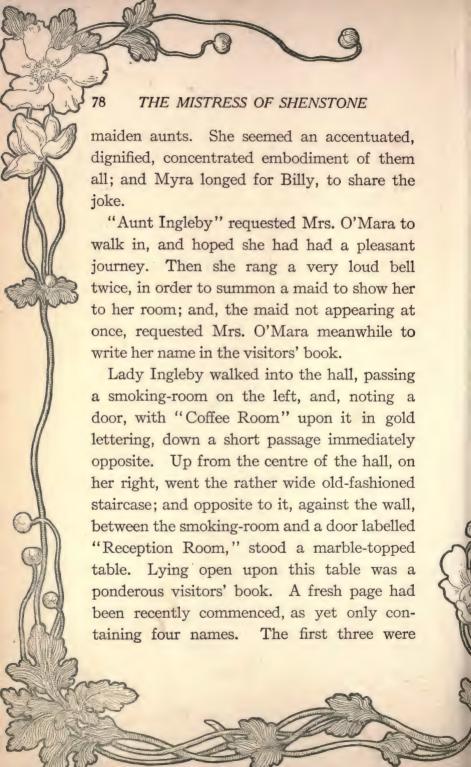


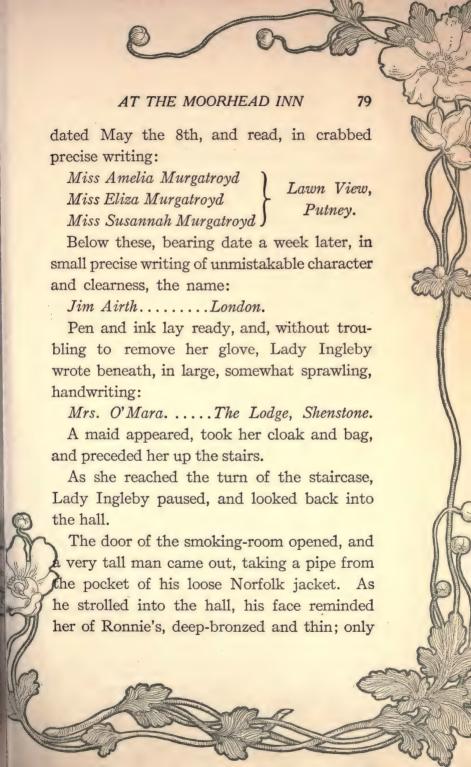


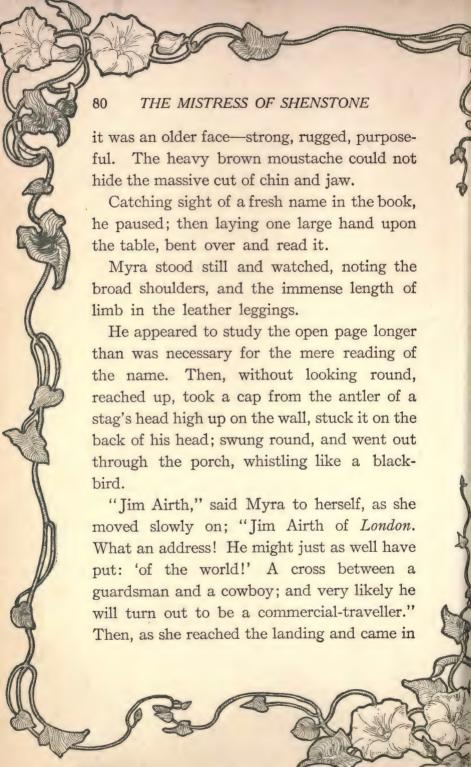


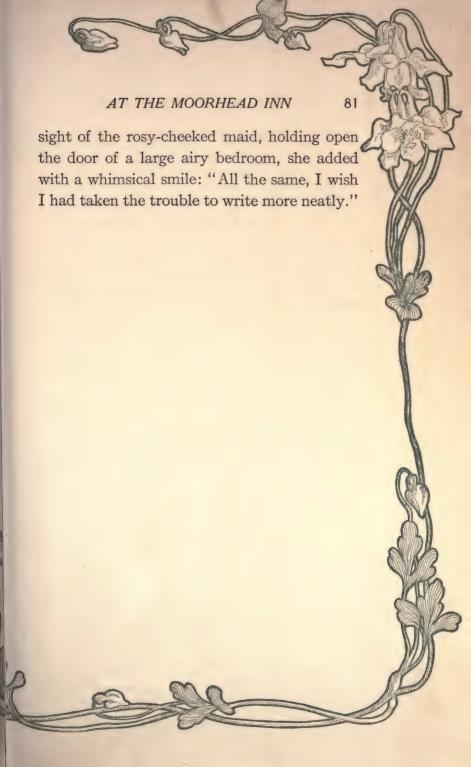


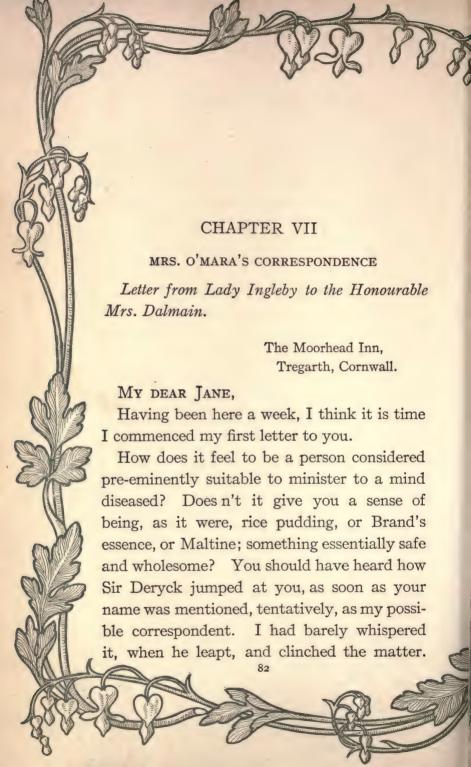


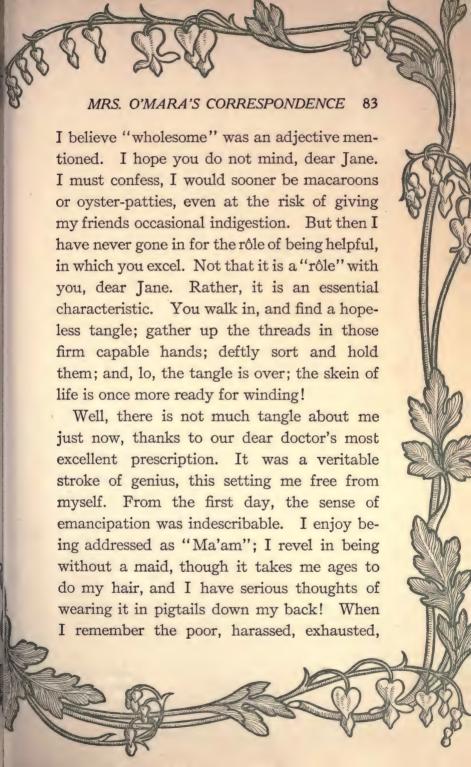


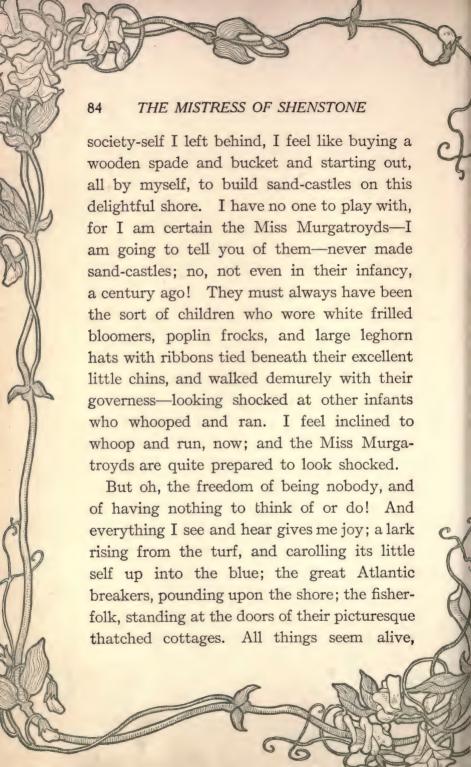


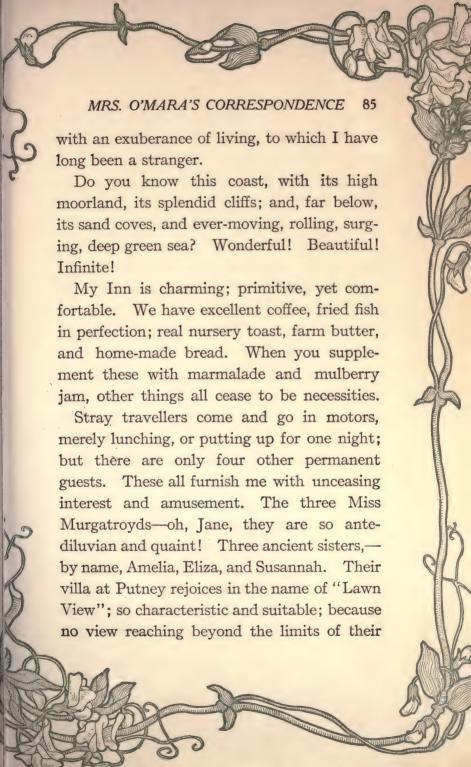


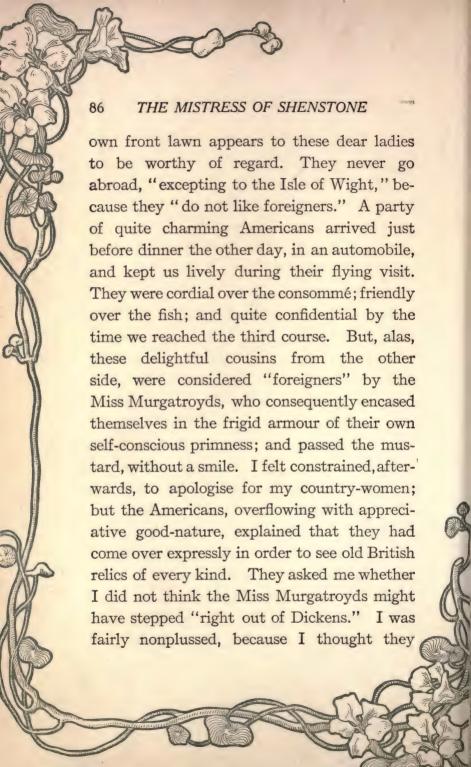


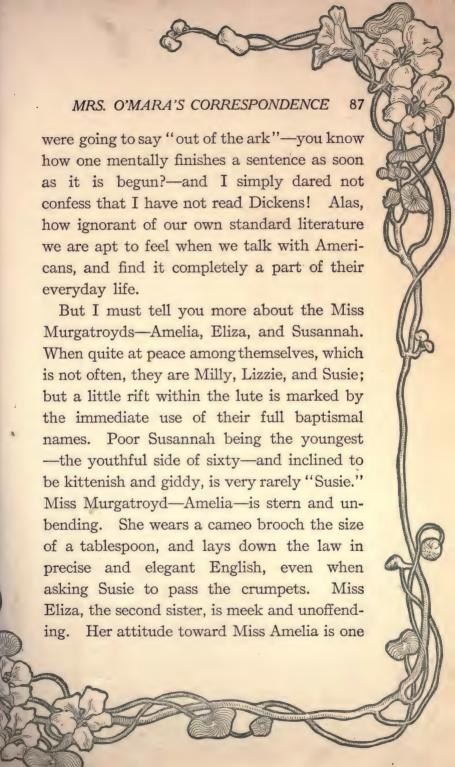


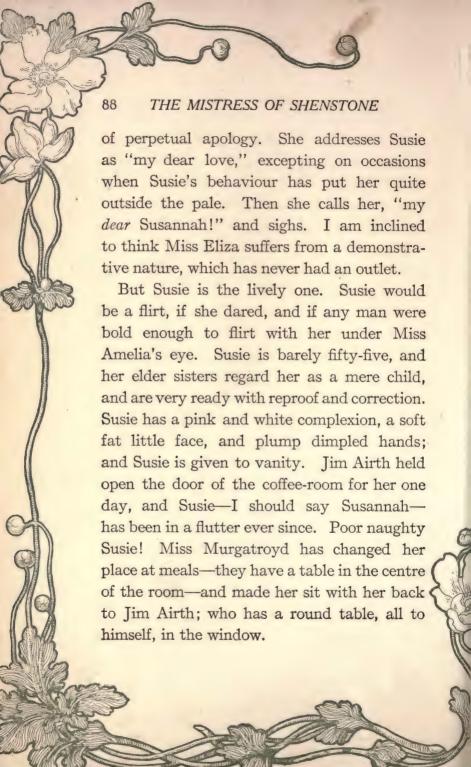


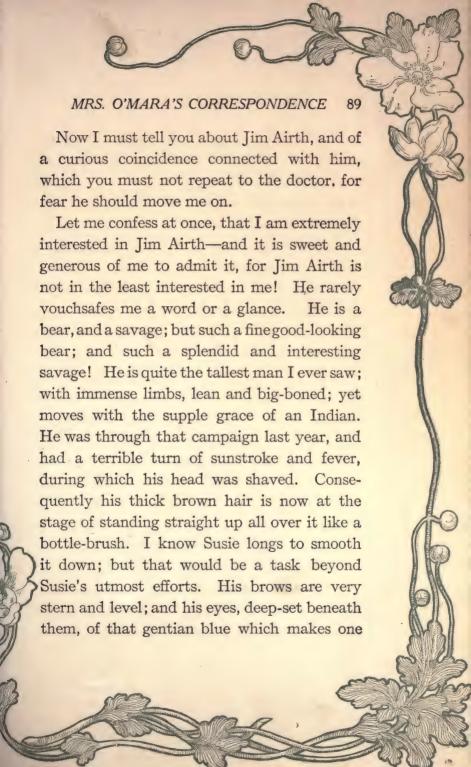


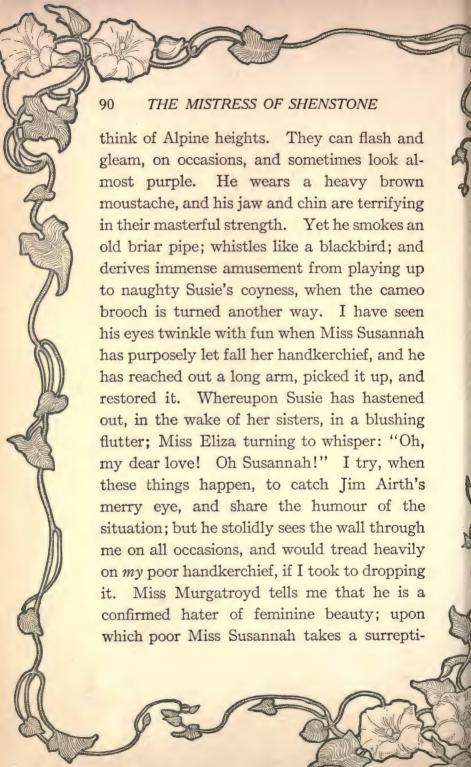


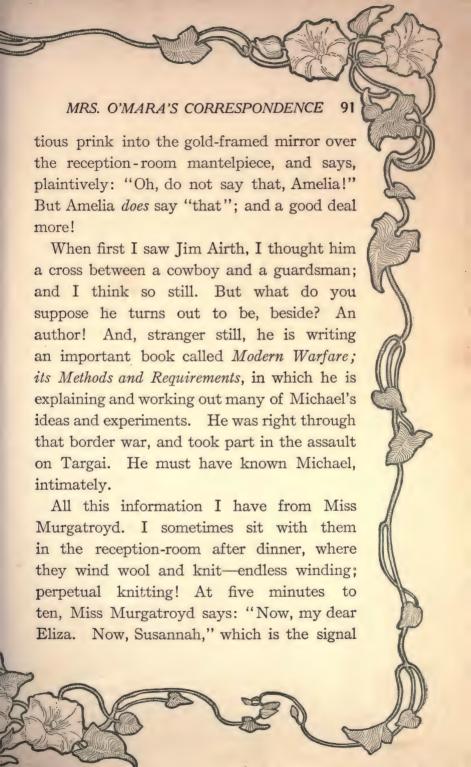


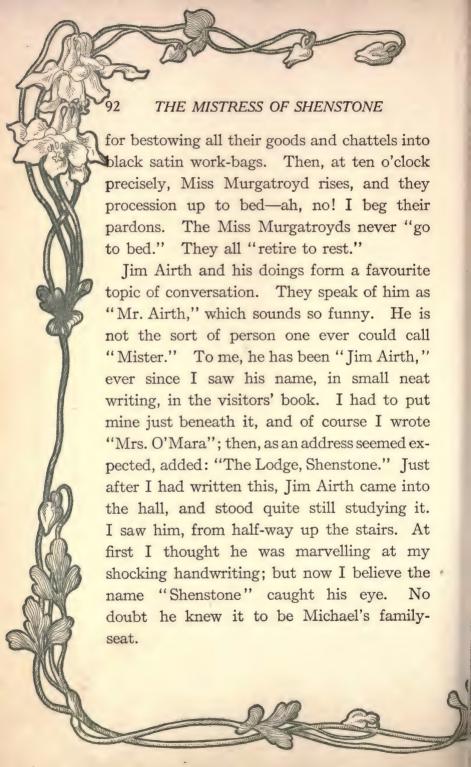


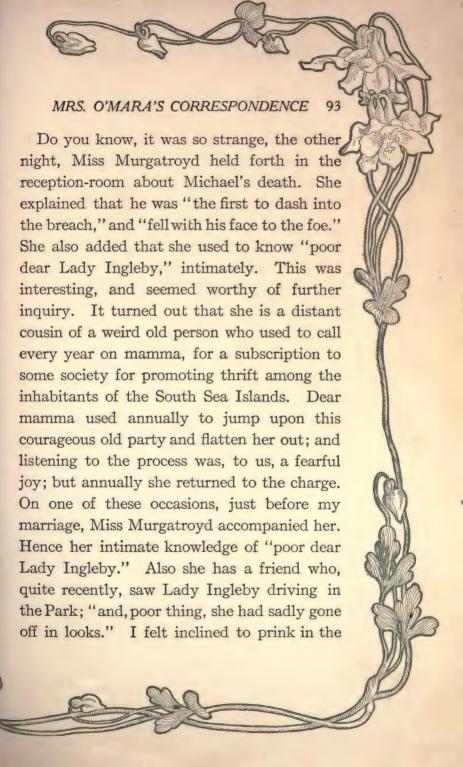


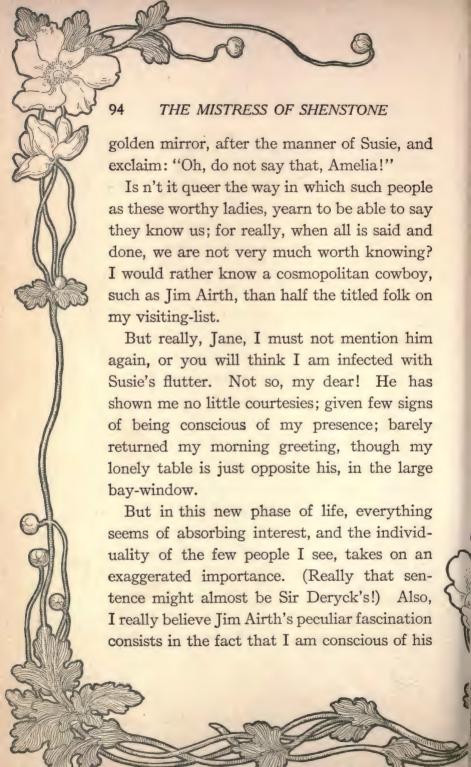


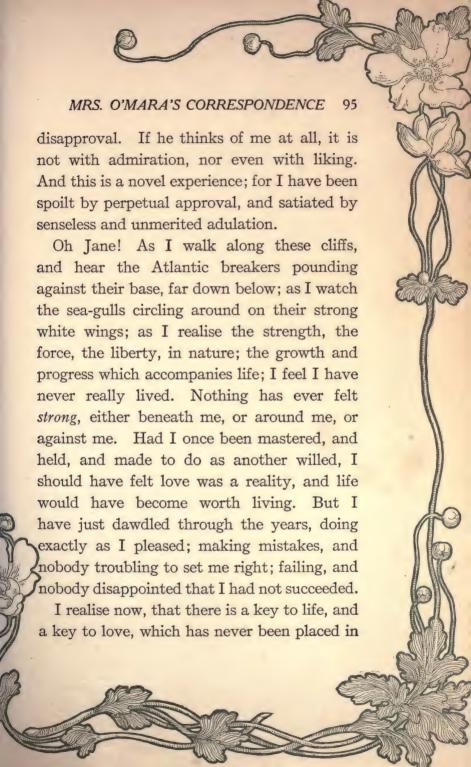


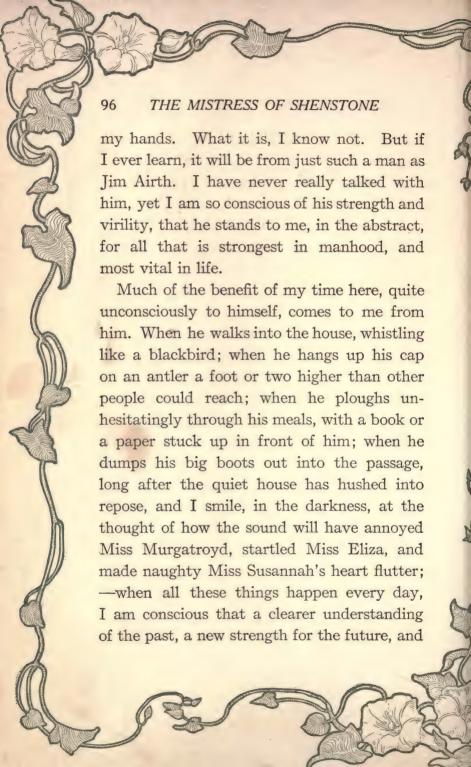


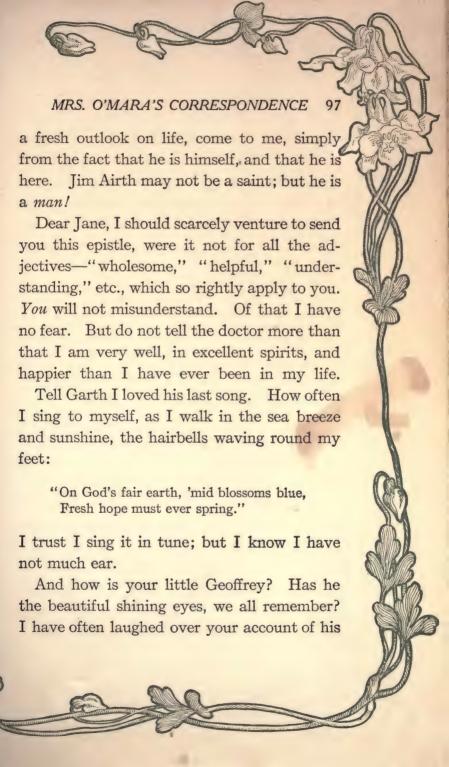


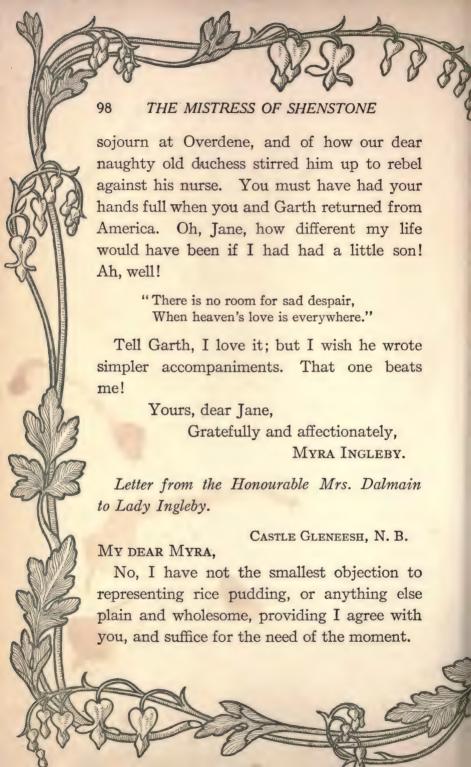


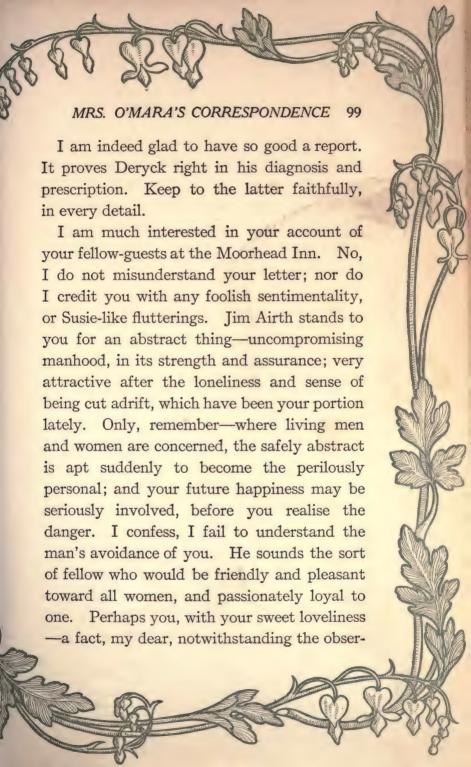


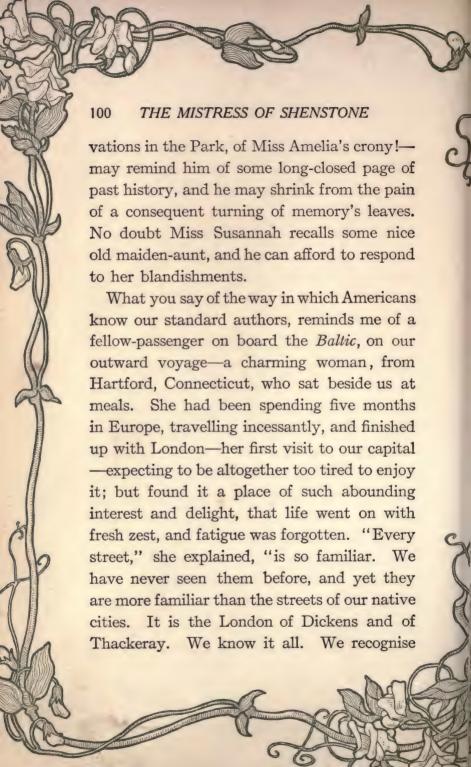


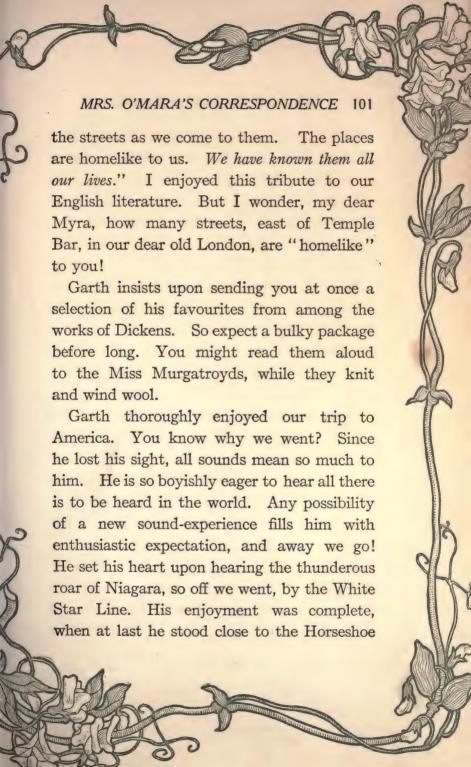


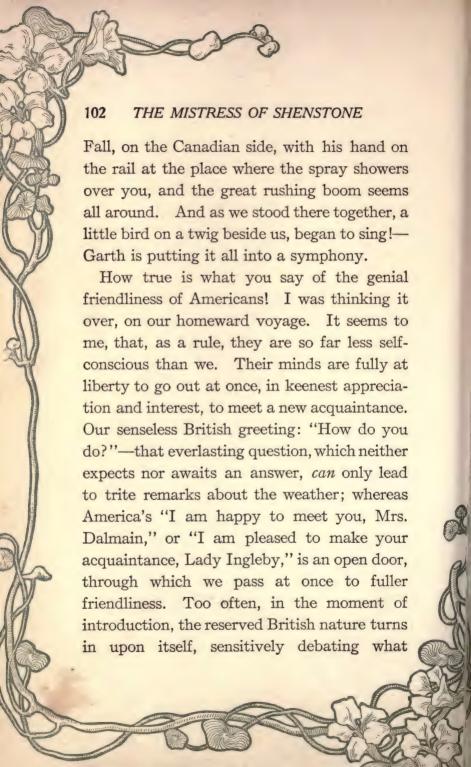


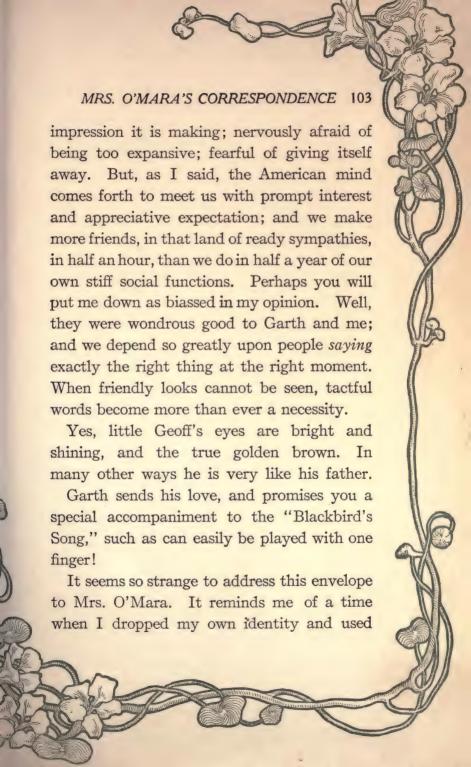


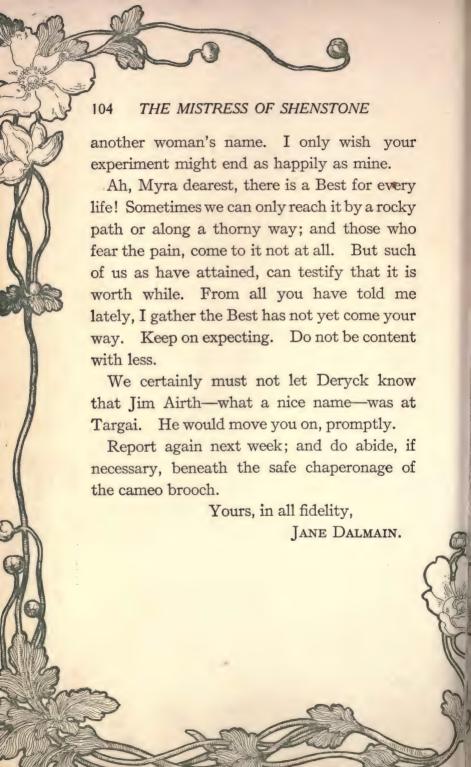


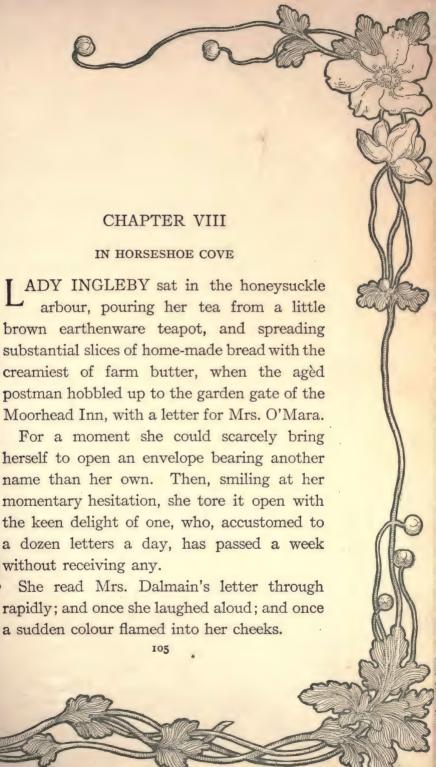


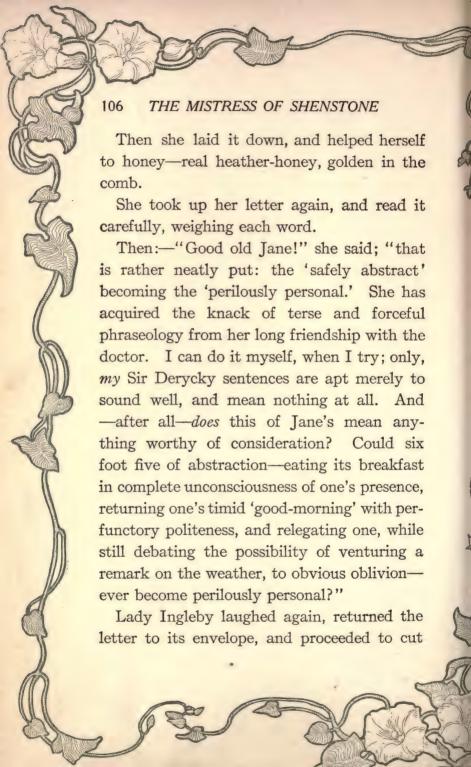


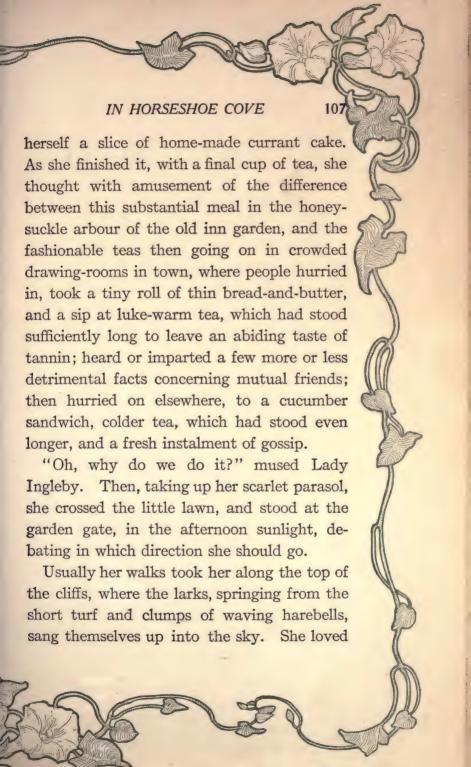


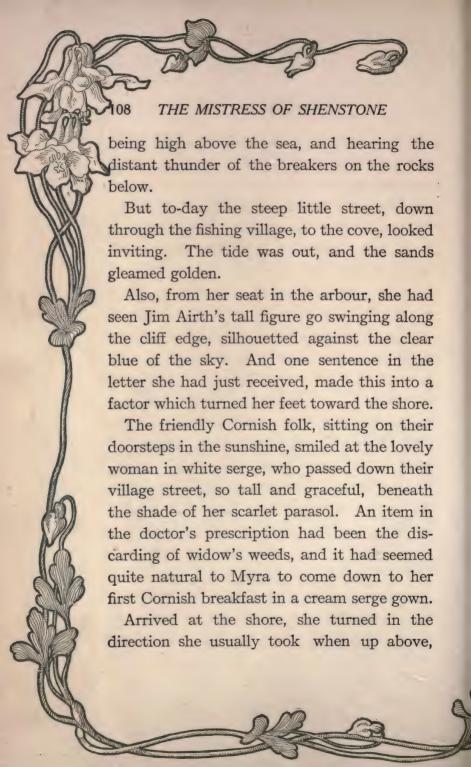


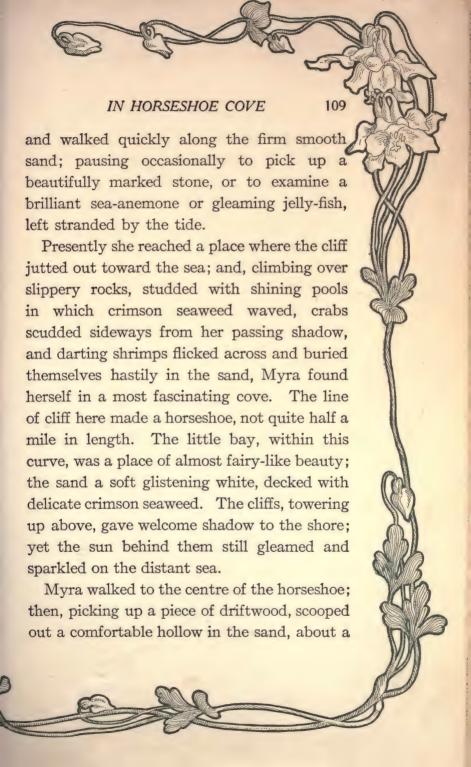


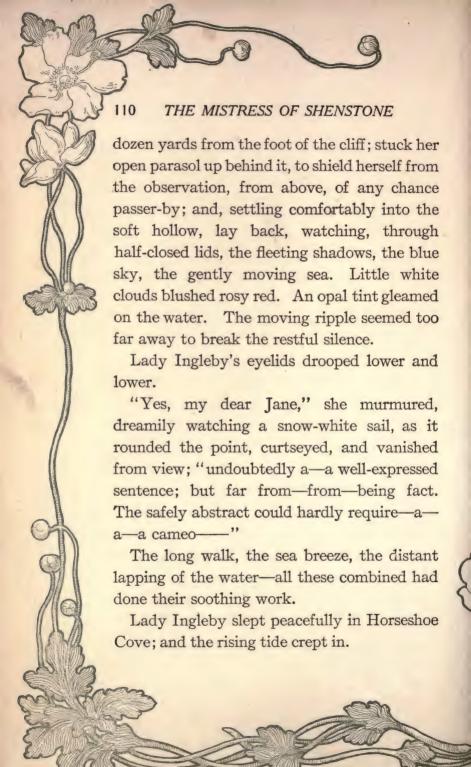


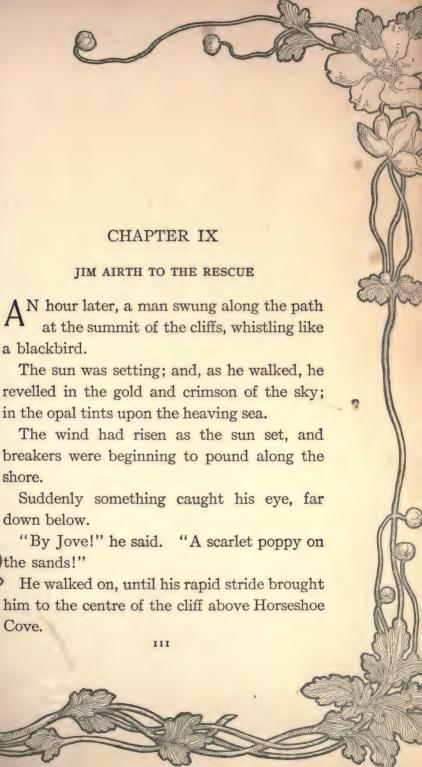


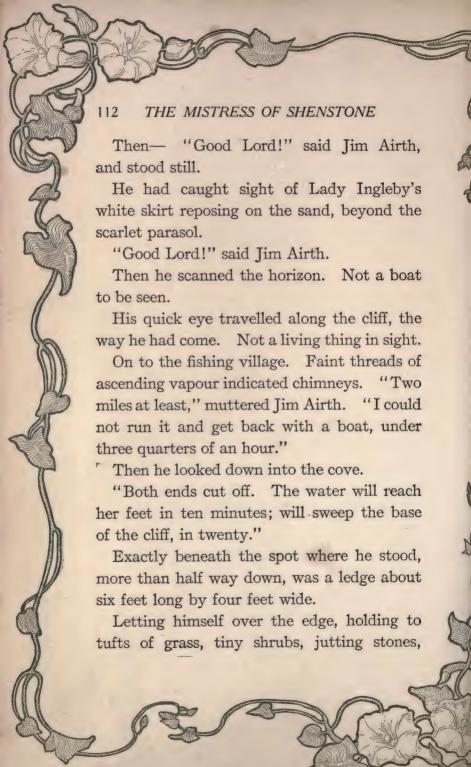


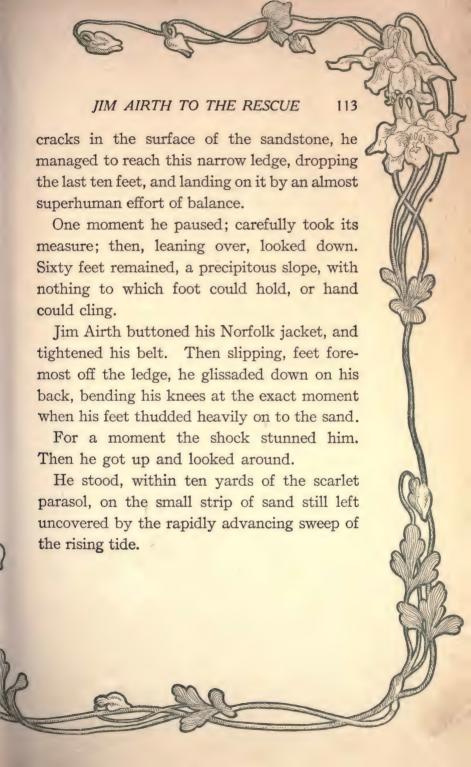


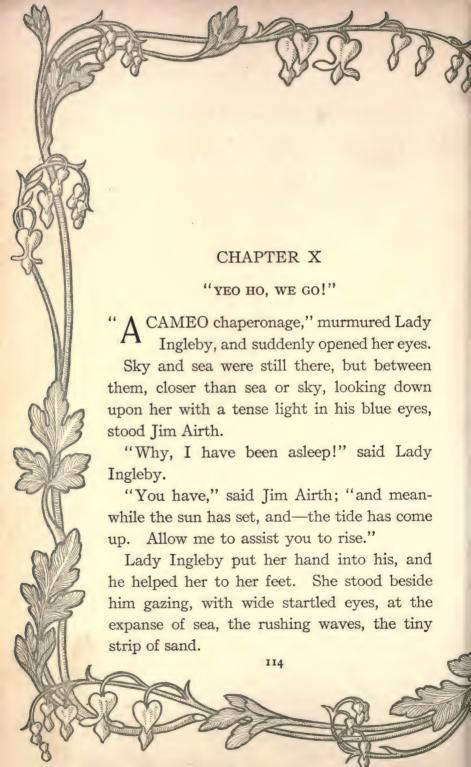


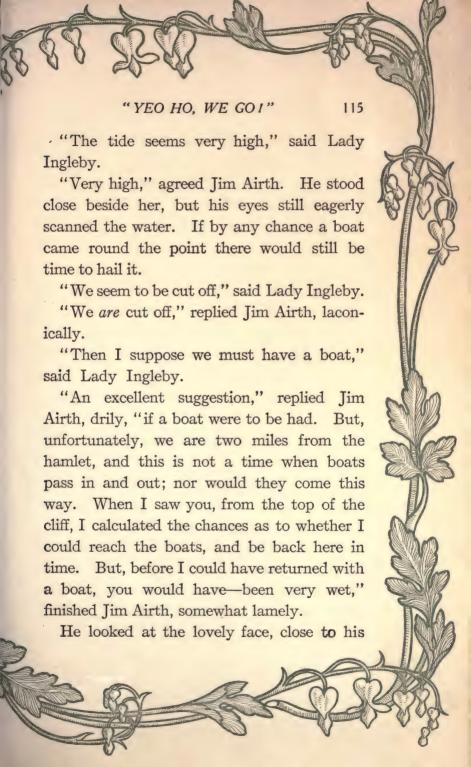


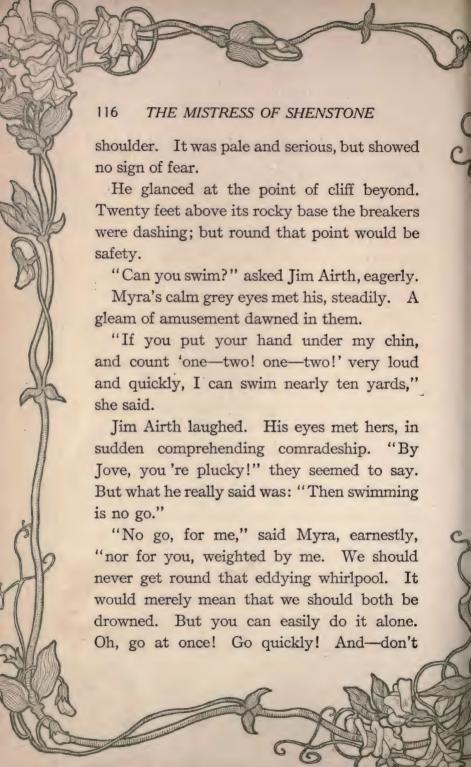


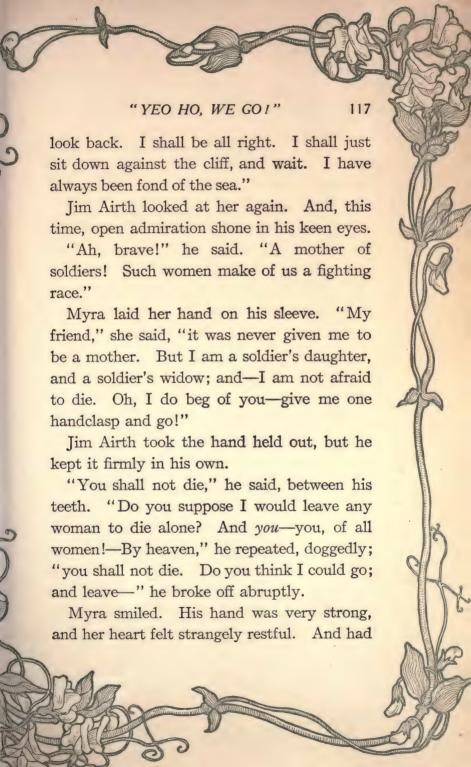


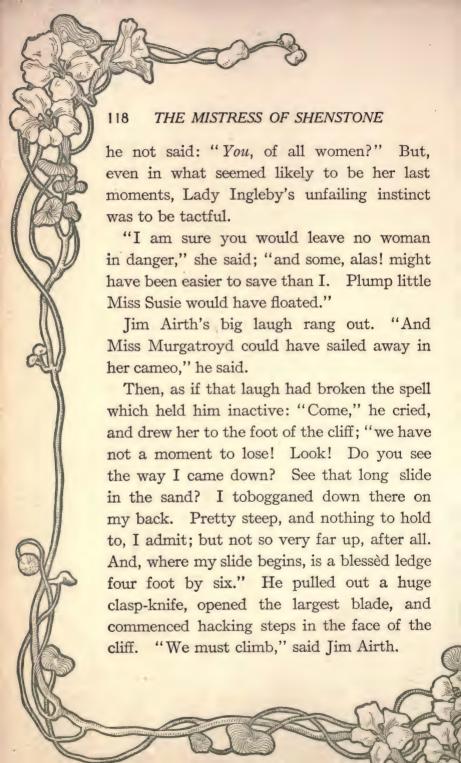


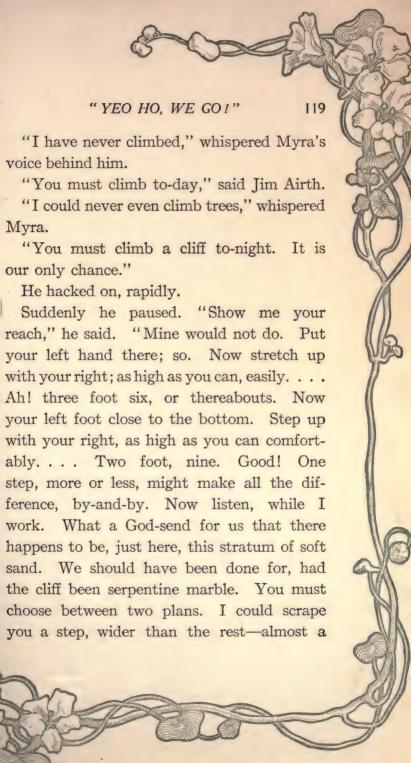




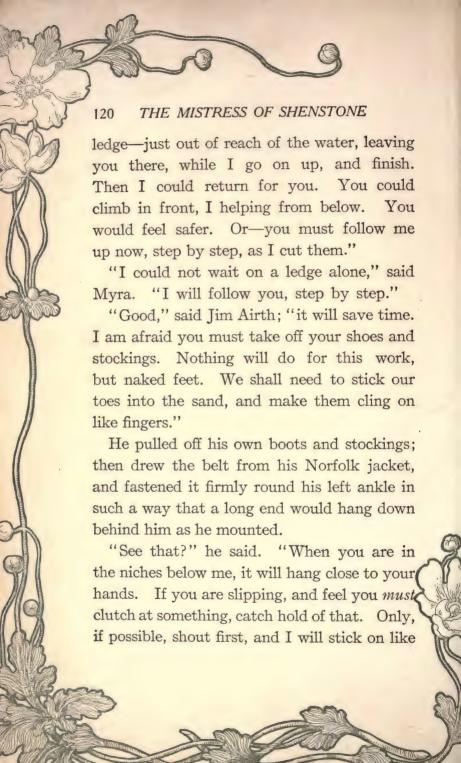


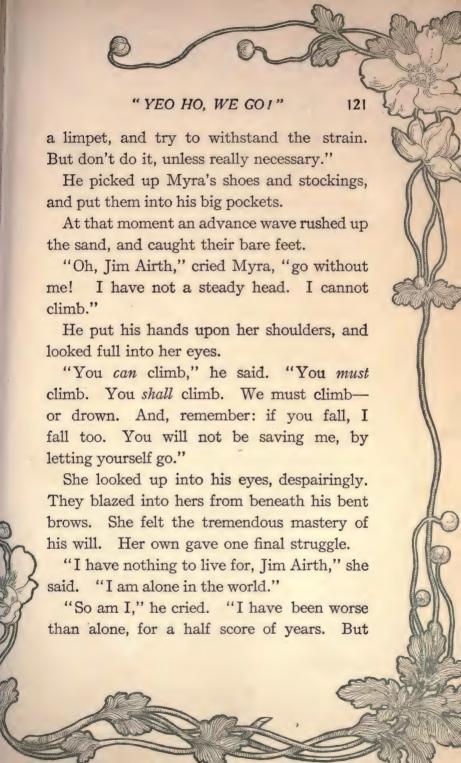


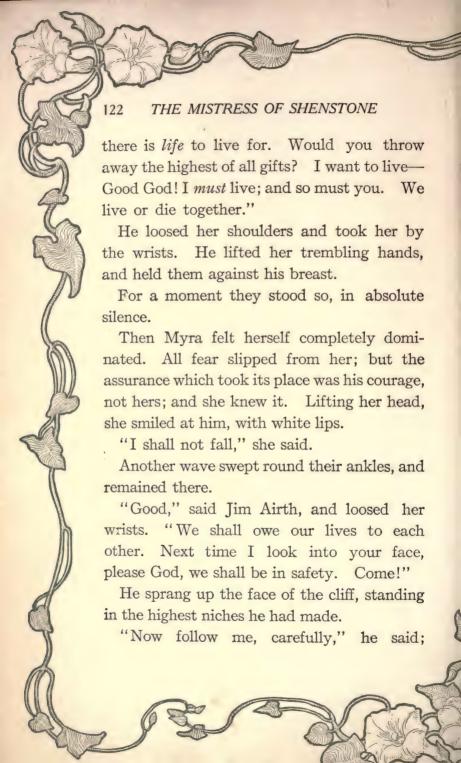


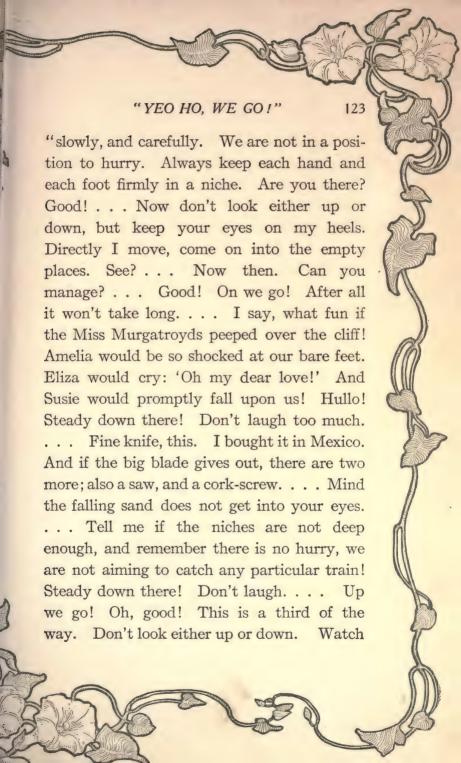


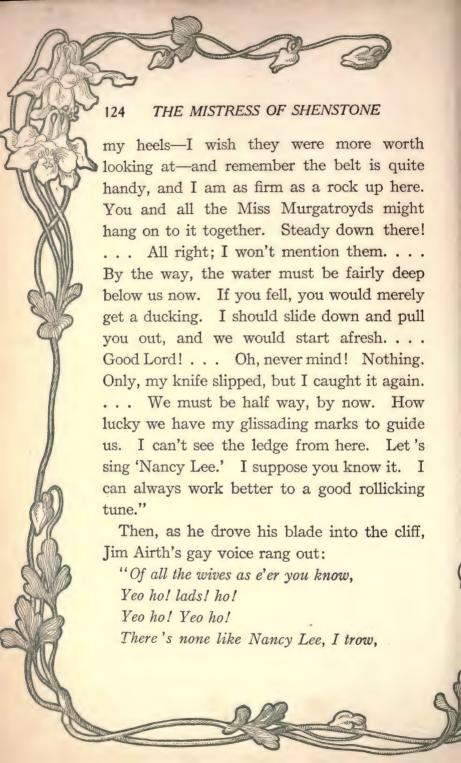
Myra.

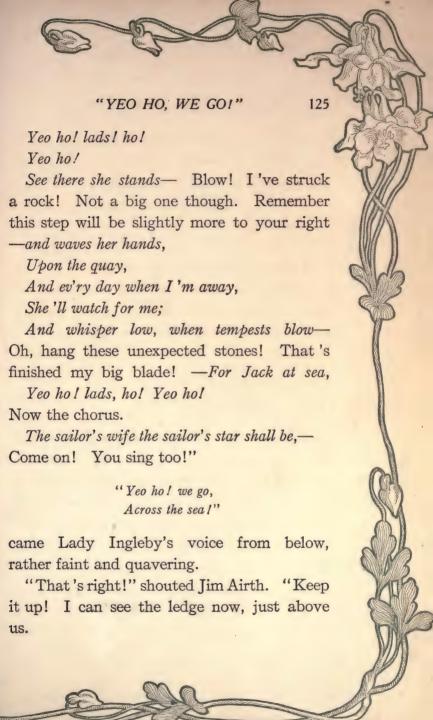


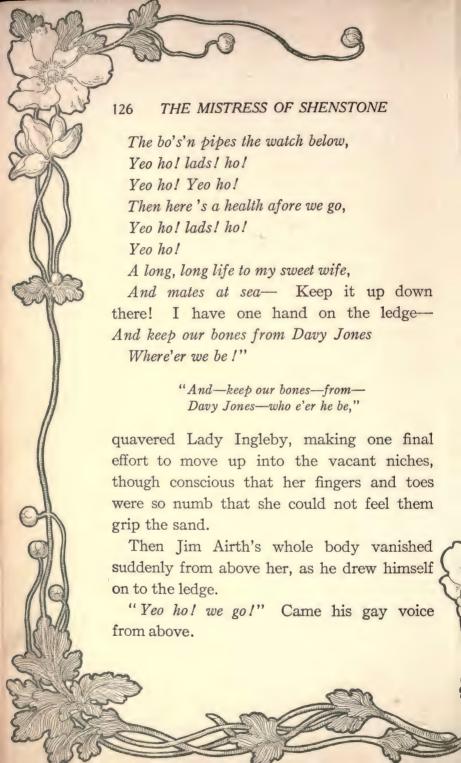


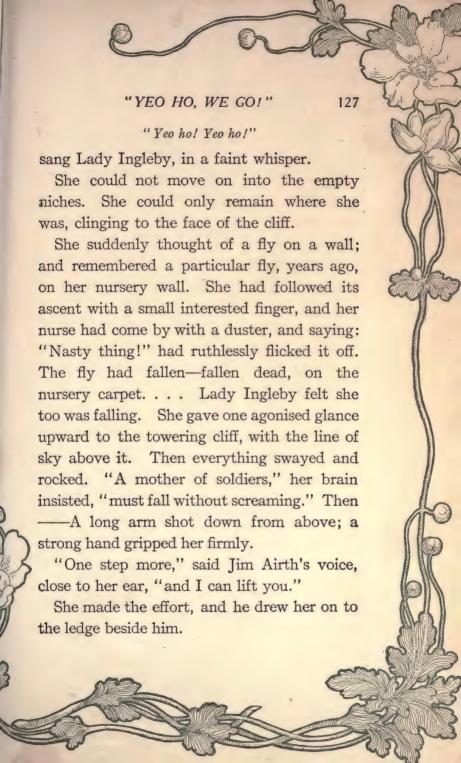


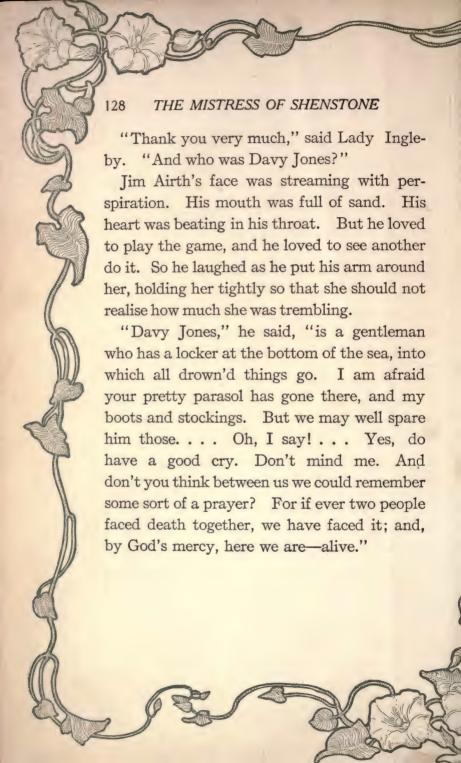


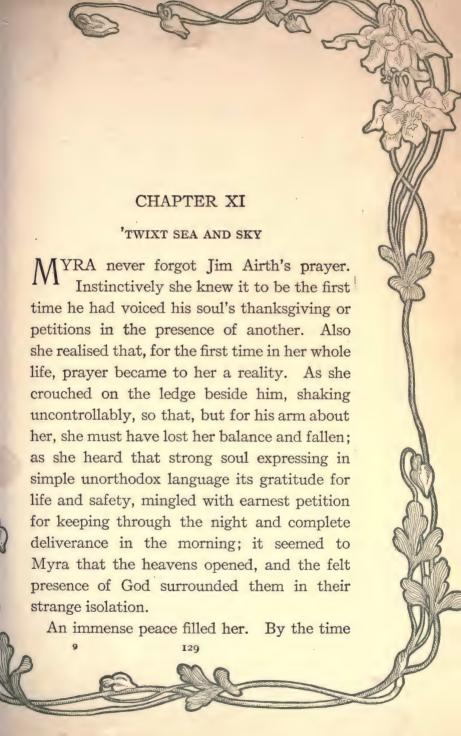


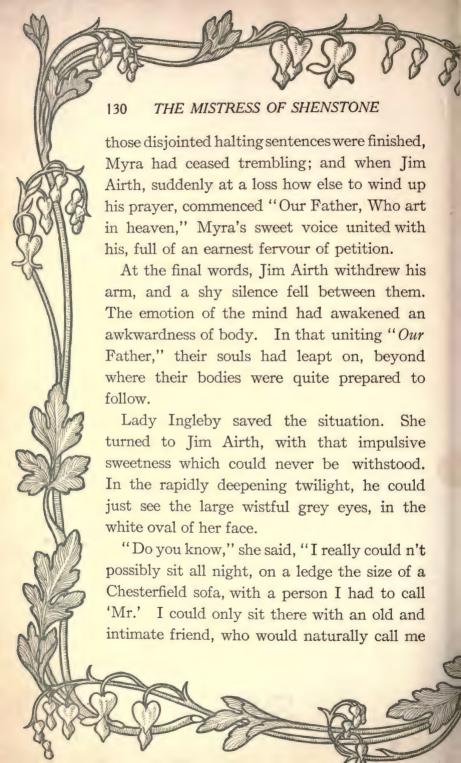


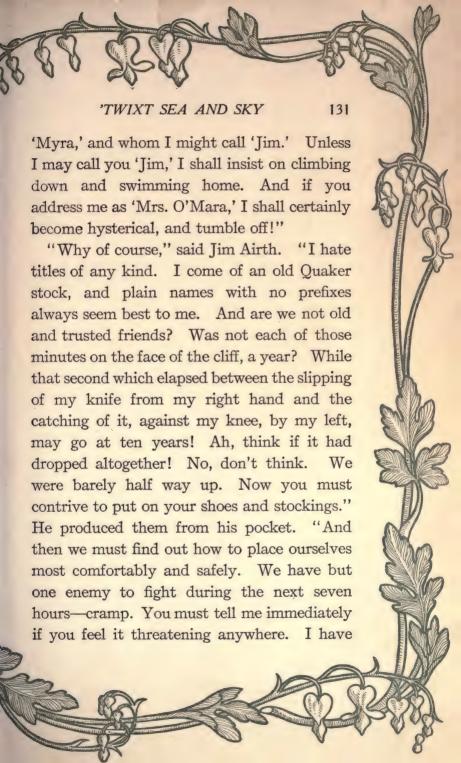


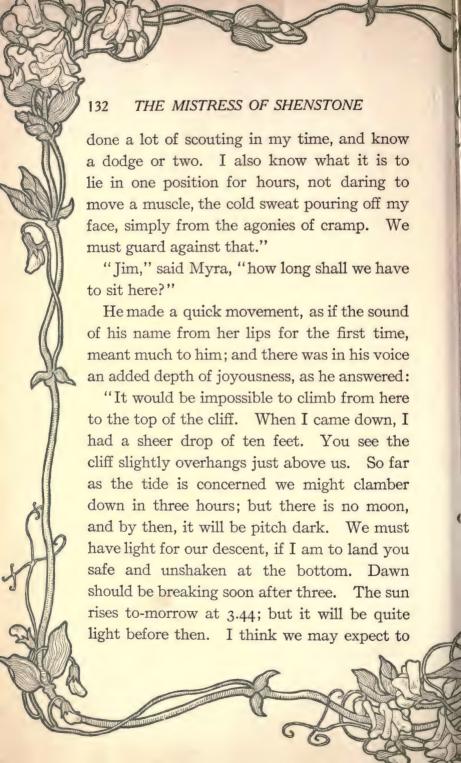


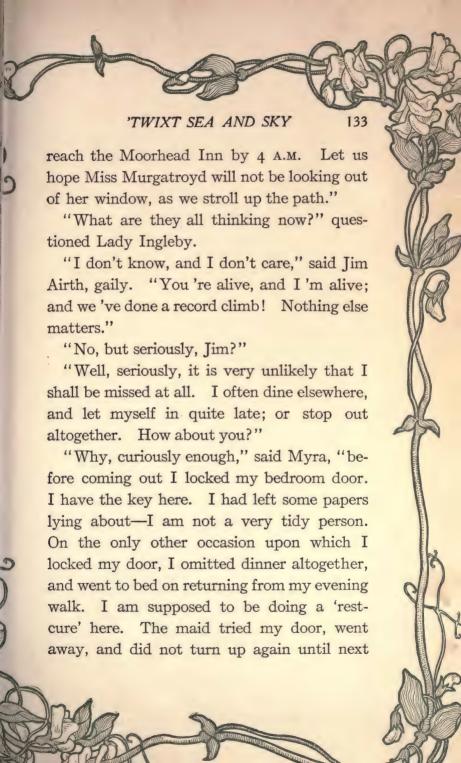


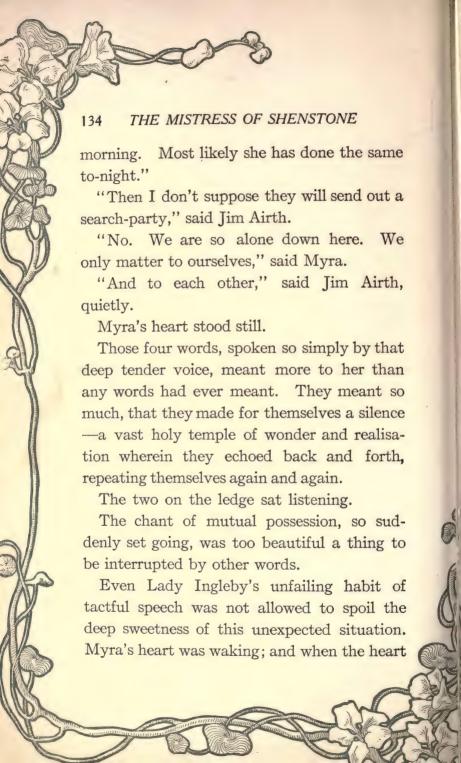












sat listening. the two out the



THE MISTRENS OF SHENSTONE

morning. Most likely she has done the same to-night."

"Then I don't suppose they will send out a search-party," said Jim Airth.

"No. We are so alone down here. We only matter to ourselves," said Myra.

"And to each other," said Jim Airth, quietly.

Myra's heart stood still. lee, sat listening. From a drawing by F. H. Townsend to her than any words had ever meant. They meant so much, that they made for themselves a silence —a vast holy temple of wonder and realisation wherein they echoed back and forth, repeating themselves again and again.

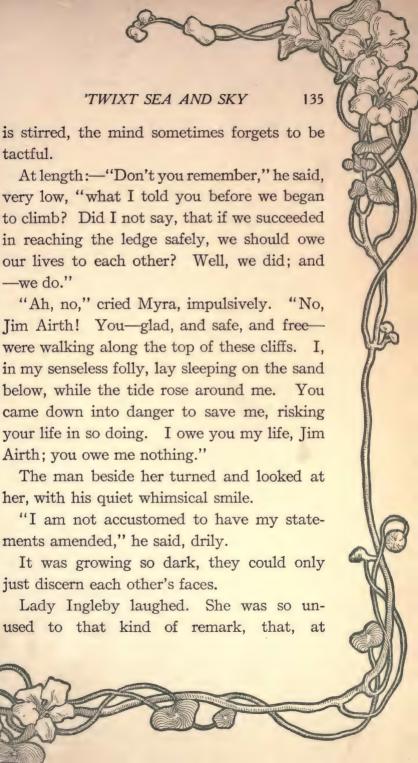
The two on the ledge sat listening.

The chant of mutual possession, so suddenie set going, was too beautiful a thing to he interrupted by other words.

Even Lady Ingleby's unrailing habit of tuctful speech was not allowed to spoil the deep sweetness of this unexpected situation. Myra's heart was waking, and when the heart

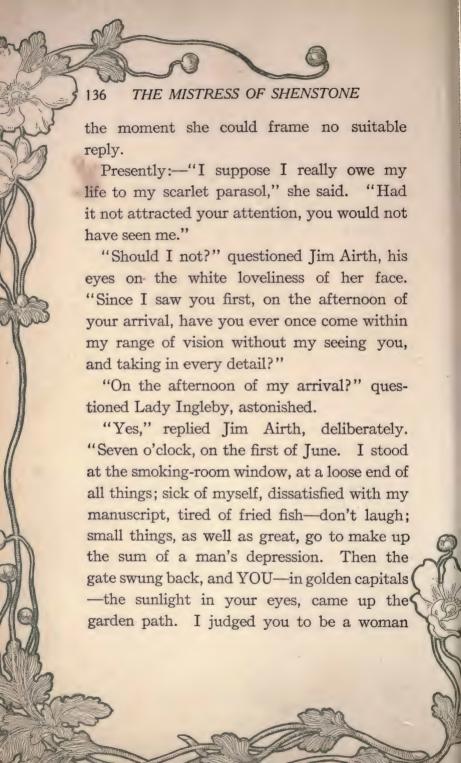


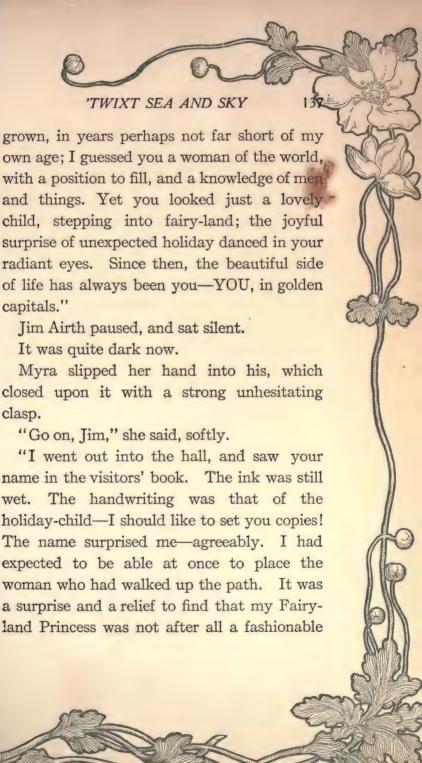


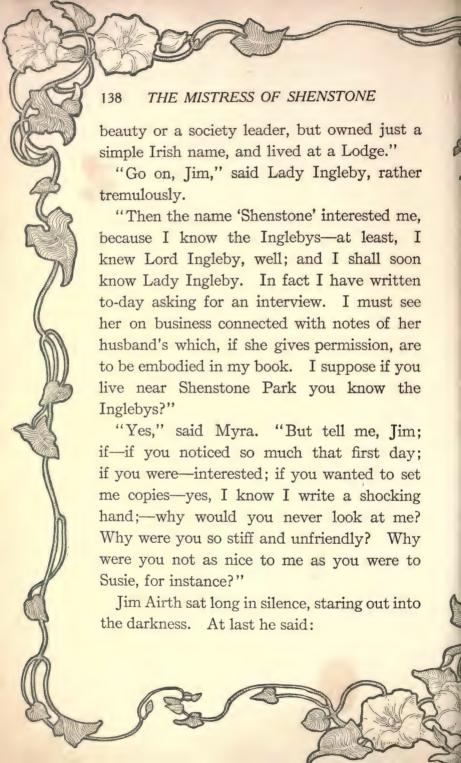


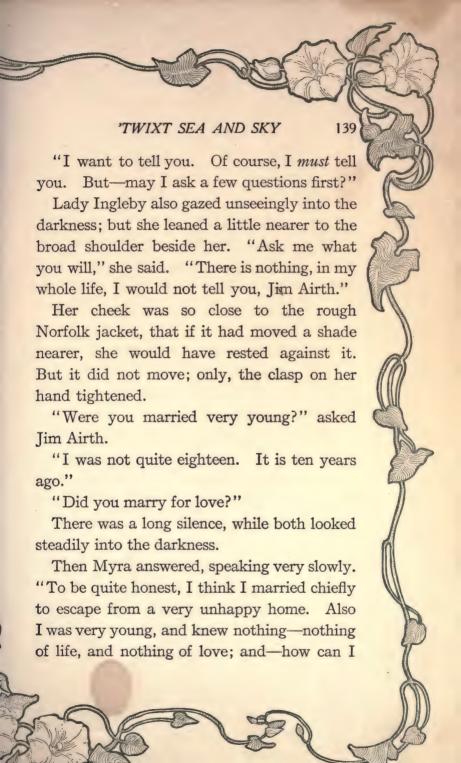
tactful.

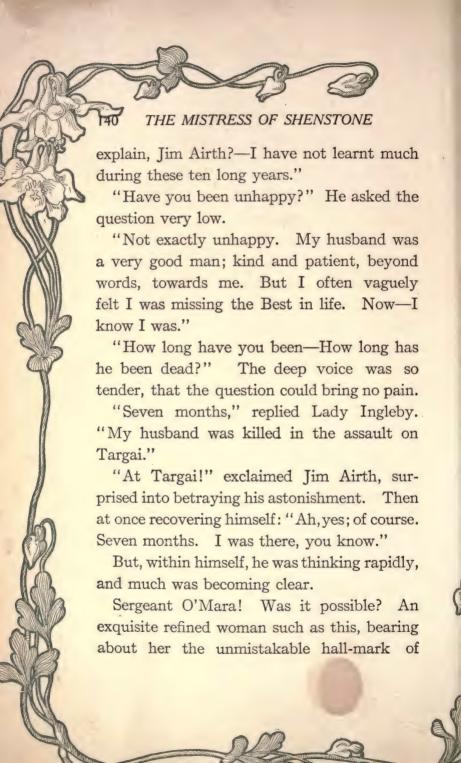
-we do."

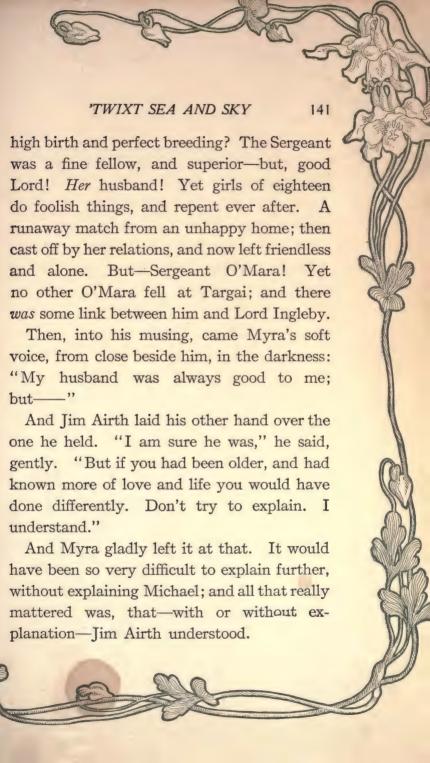


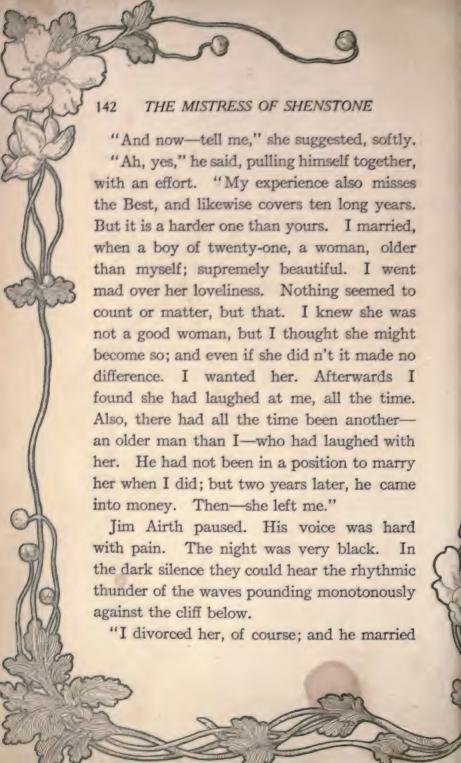


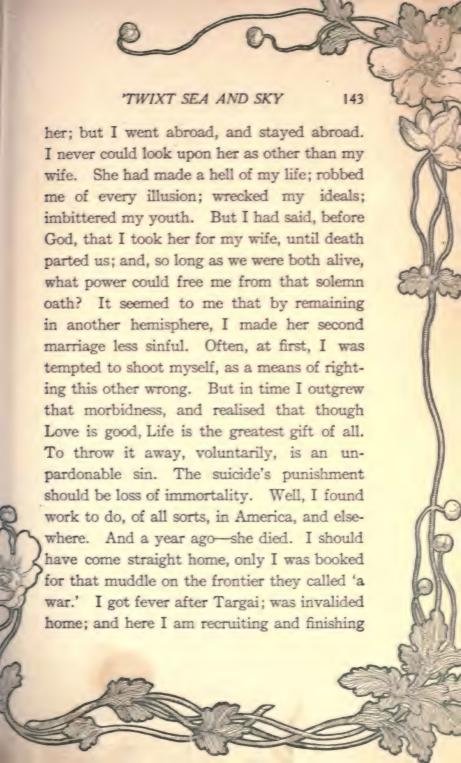






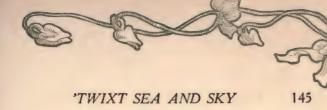






144 THE MISTRESS OF SHENSTONE

my book. Now you can understand why loveliness in a woman, fills me with a sort of panic, even while a part of me still leaps up instinctively to worship it. I had often said to myself that if I ever ventured upon matrimony again, it should be a plain face, and a noble heart; though all the while I knew I should never bring myself really to want the plain face. And yet, just as the burnt child dreads the fire, I have always tried to look away from beauty. Only-my Fairy-land Princess, may I say it?—days ago I began to feel certain that in you-YOU in golden capitals—the loveliness and the noble heart went together. But from the moment when. stepping out of the sunset, you walked up the garden path, right into my heart, the fact of YOU, just being what you are, and being here, meant so much to me, that I did not dare let it mean more. Somehow I never connected you with widowhood; and not until you said this evening on the shore: 'I am a soldier's widow,' did I know that you were free.-There! Now you have heard all there is to



hear. I made a bad mistake at the beginning; but I hope I am not the sort of chap you need mind sitting on a ledge with, and calling 'Jim'."

For answer, Myra's cheek came trustfully to rest against the sleeve of the rough tweed coat. "Jim," she said; "Oh, Jim!"

Presently: "So you know the Inglebys?" remarked Jim Airth.

"Yes," said Myra.

"Is 'The Lodge' near Shenstone Park?"

"The Lodge is *in* the park. It is not at any of the gates.—I am not a gate-keeper, Jim!—It is a pretty little house, standing by itself, just inside the north entrance."

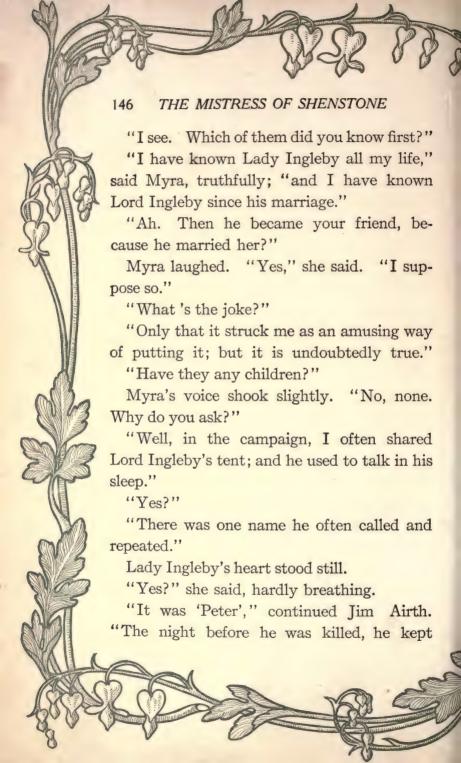
"Do you rent it from them?"

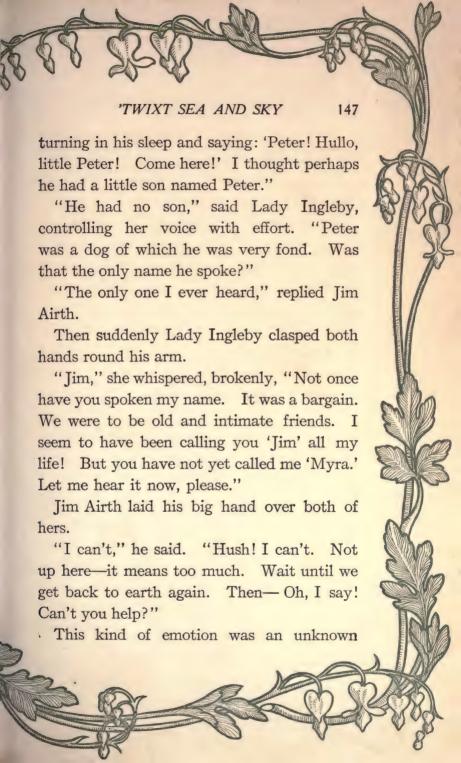
Myra hesitated, but only for the fraction of a second. "No; it is my own. Lord Ingleby gave it to me."

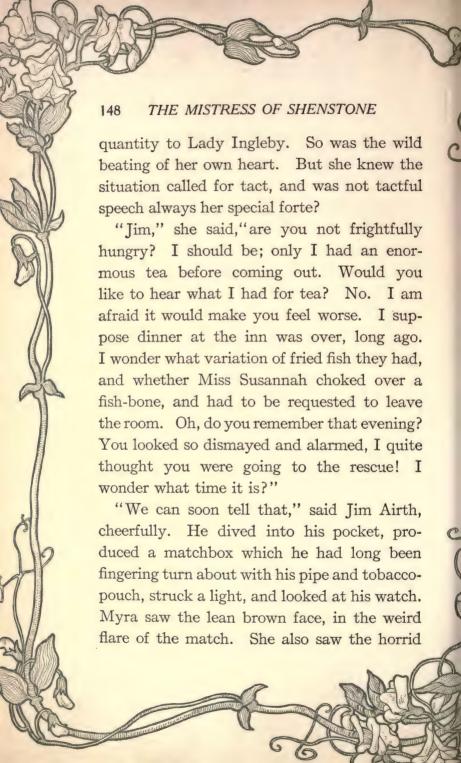
"Lord Ingleby?" Jim Airth's voice sounded like knitted brows. "Why not Lady Ingleby?"

"It was not hers, to give. All that is hers, was his."

10







depth so close to them, which she had almost forgotten. A sense of dizziness came over her. She longed to cling to his arm; but he had drawn it resolutely away.

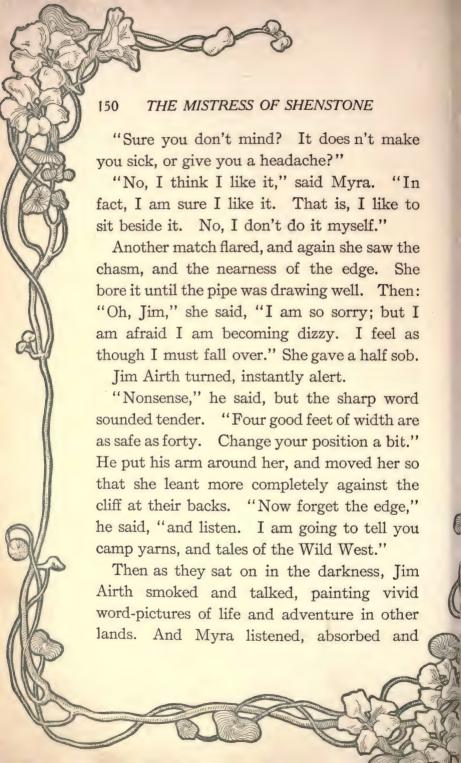
"Half past ten," said Jim Airth. "Miss Murgatroyd has donned her night-cap. Miss Eliza has sighed: 'Good-night, summer, good-night, good-night,' at her open lattice; and Susie, folding her plump hands, has said: 'Now I lay me.'"

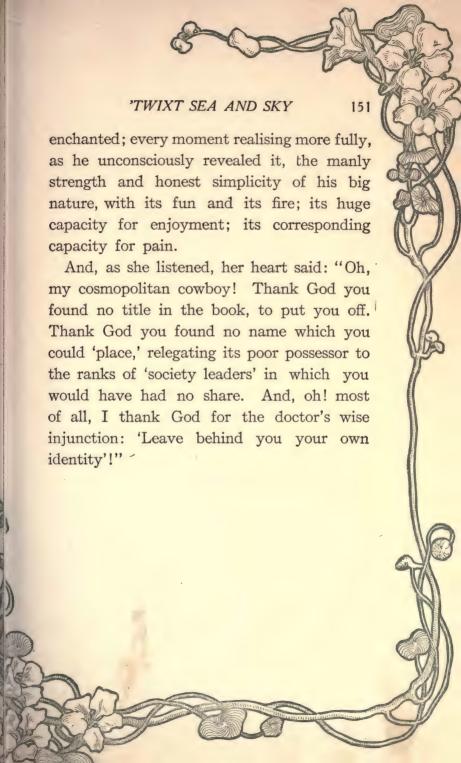
Myra laughed. "And they will all be listening for you to dump out your big boots," she said. "That is always your 'Good-night' to the otherwise silent house."

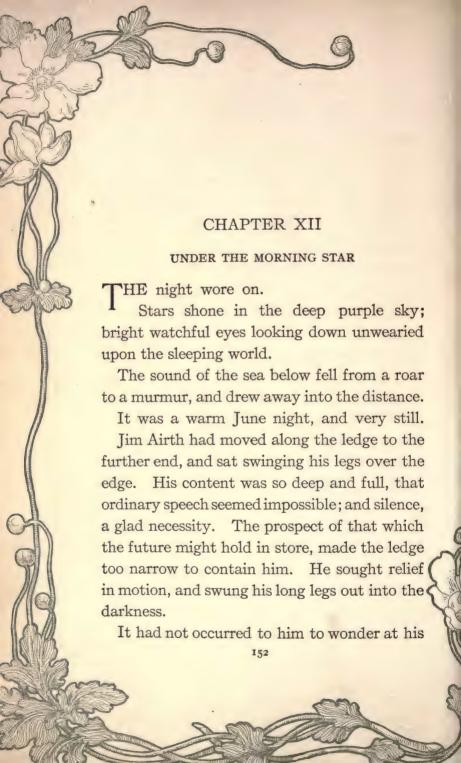
"No, really? Does it make a noise?" said Jim Airth, ruefully. "Never again—"

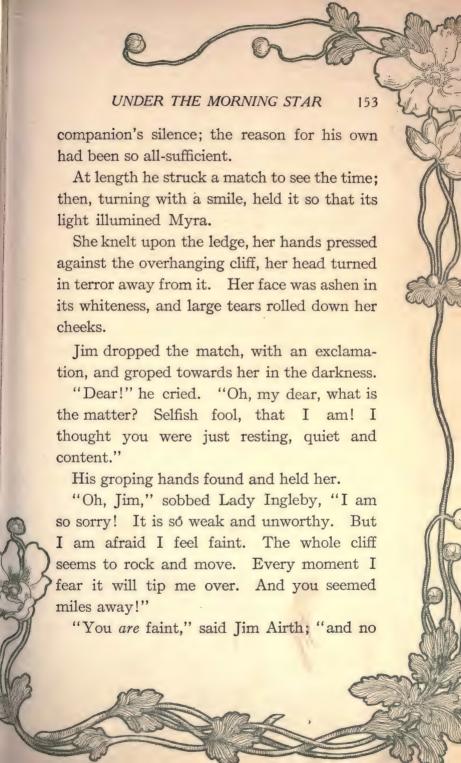
"Oh, but you must," said Myra. "I love—I mean Susie loves the sound, and listens for it. Jim, that match reminds me:—why don't you smoke? Surely it would help the hunger, and be comfortable and cheering."

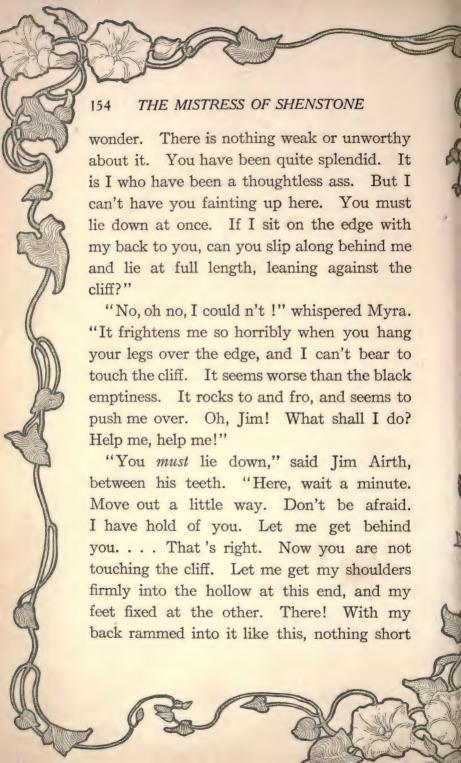
Jim Airth's pipe and pouch were out in a twinkling.

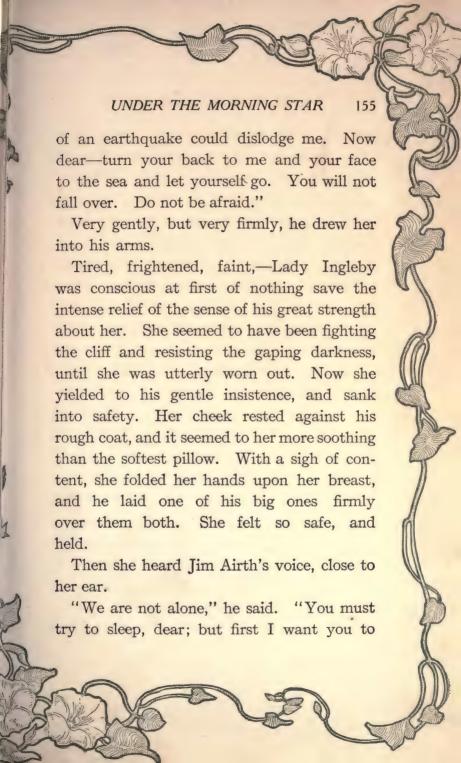


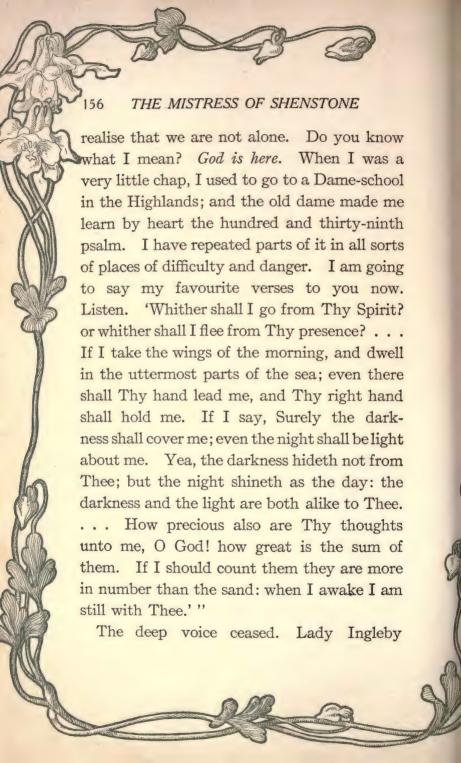


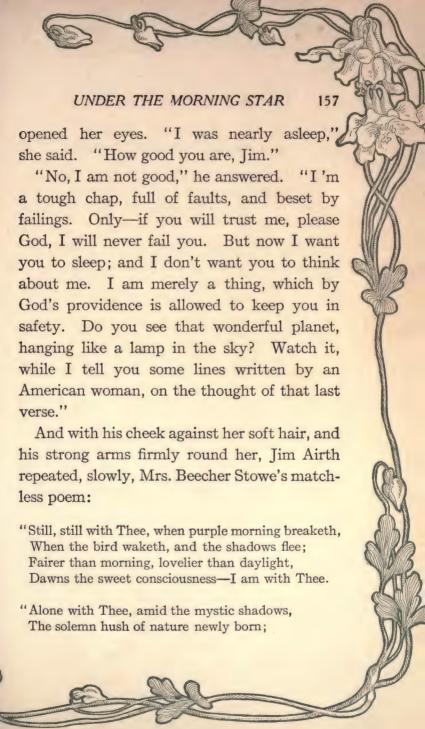


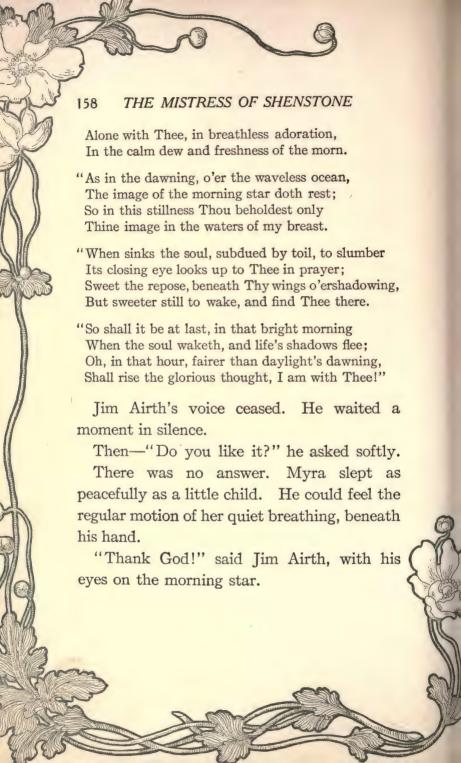












CHAPTER XIII

THE AWAKENING

WHEN Lady Ingleby opened her eyes, she could not, for a moment, imagine where she was.

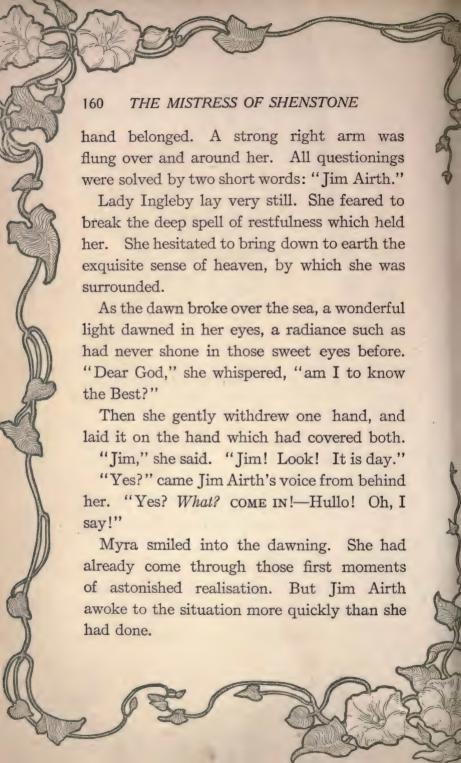
Dawn was breaking over the sea. A rift of silver, in the purple sky, had taken the place of the morning star. She could see the silvery gleam reflected in the ocean.

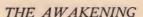
"Why am I sleeping so close to a large window?" queried her bewildered mind. "Or am I on a balcony?"

"Why do I feel so extraordinarily strong and rested?" questioned her slowly awakening body.

She lay quite still and considered the matter.

Then looking down, she saw a large brown hand clasping both hers. Her head was resting in the curve of the arm to which the





161

"Hullo!" he said. "I meant to keep watch all the time; but I must have slept. Are you all right? Sure? No cramp? Well, I have a cramp in my left leg which will make me kick down the cliff in another minute, if I don't move it. Let me help you up. . . . That 's the way. Now you sit safely there, while I get unwedged. . . . By Jove! I believe I 've grown into the cliff, like a fossil ichthyosaurus. Did you ever see an ichthyosaurus? Does n't it seem years since you said: 'And who is Davy Jones?' Don't you want some breakfast? I suppose it 's about time we went home."

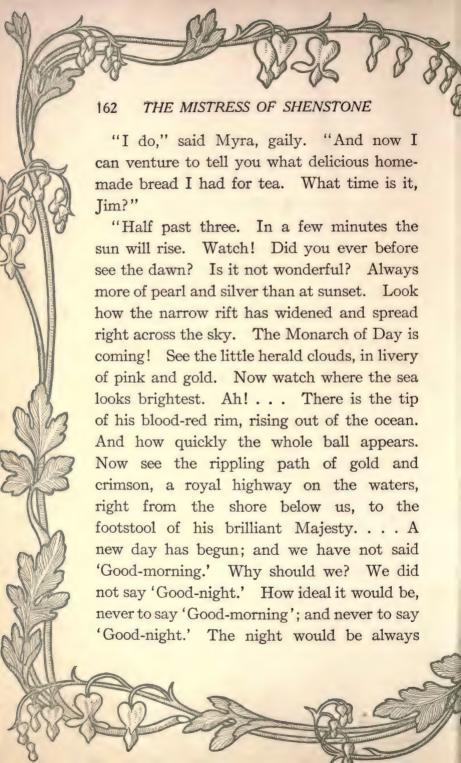
Talking gaily all the time, Jim Airth drew up his long limbs, rubbing them vigorously; stretched his arms above his head; then passed his hand over his tumbled hair.

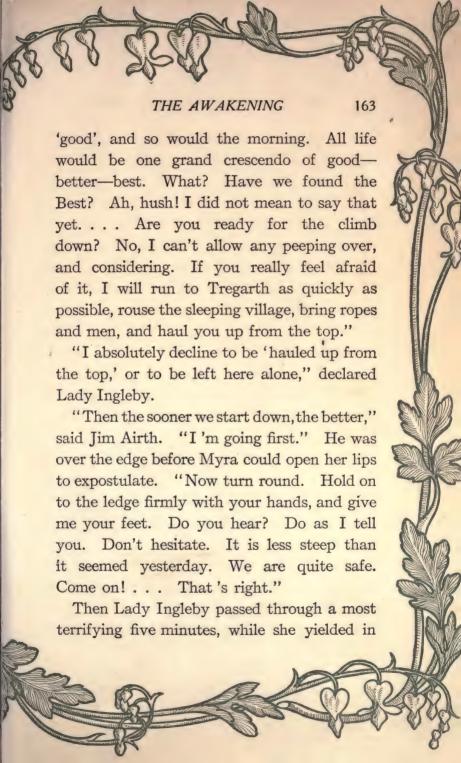
"My wig!" he said. "What a morning! And how good to be alive!"

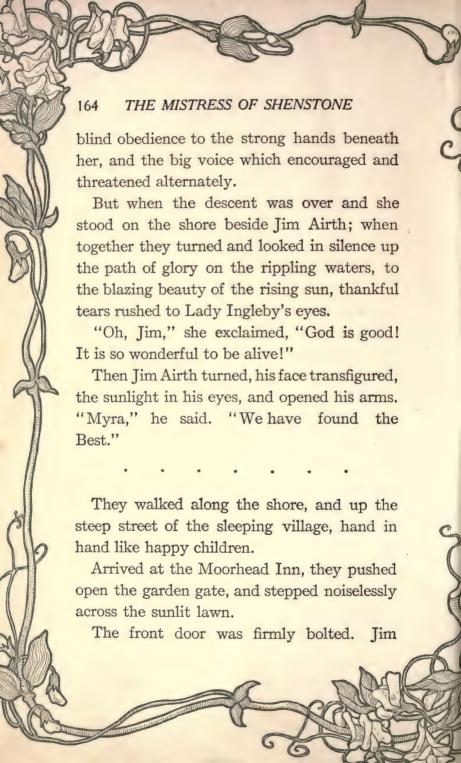
Myra stole a look at him. His eyes were turned seaward. The same dawn-light was in them, as shone in her own.

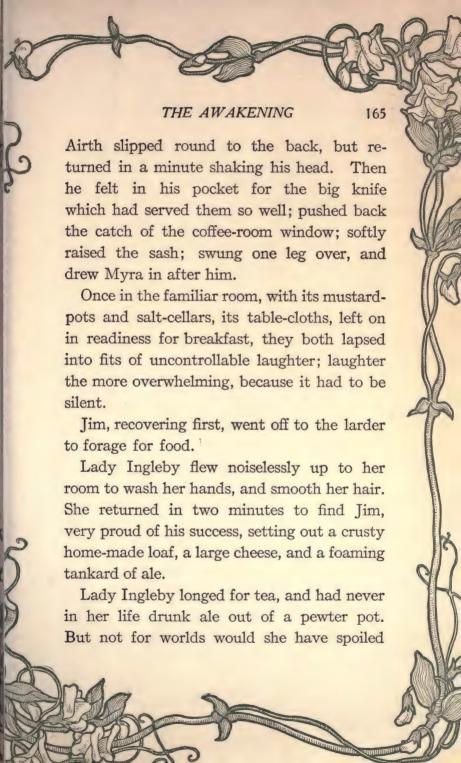
"Don't you want breakfast?" said Jim Airth, and pulled out his watch.

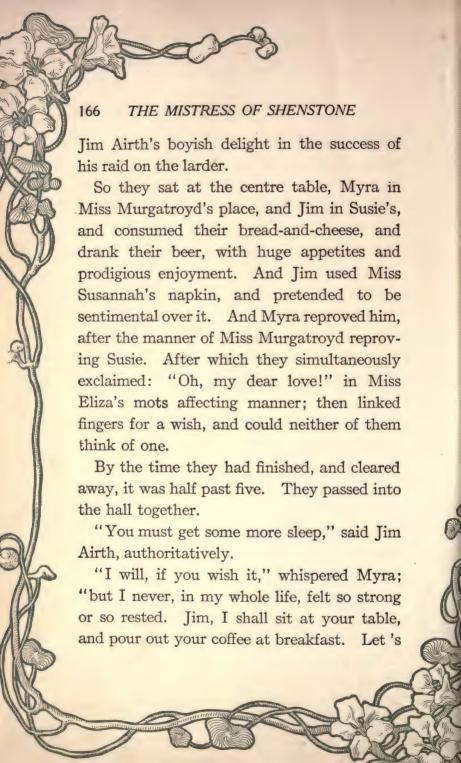












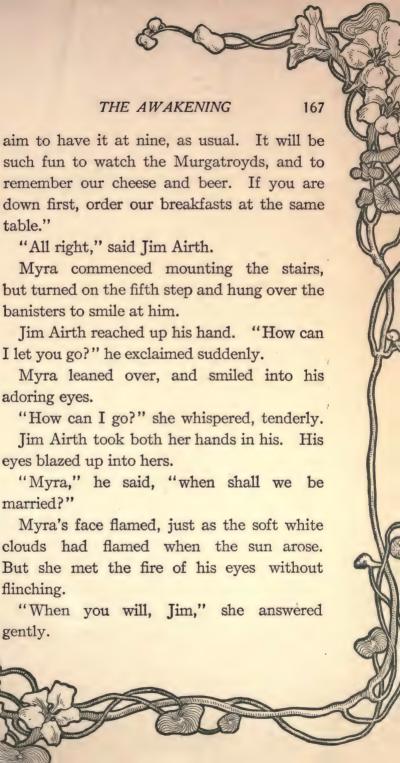


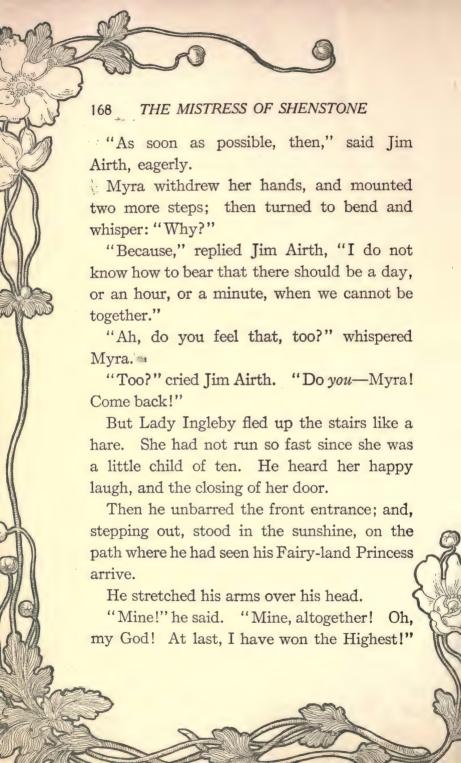
table."

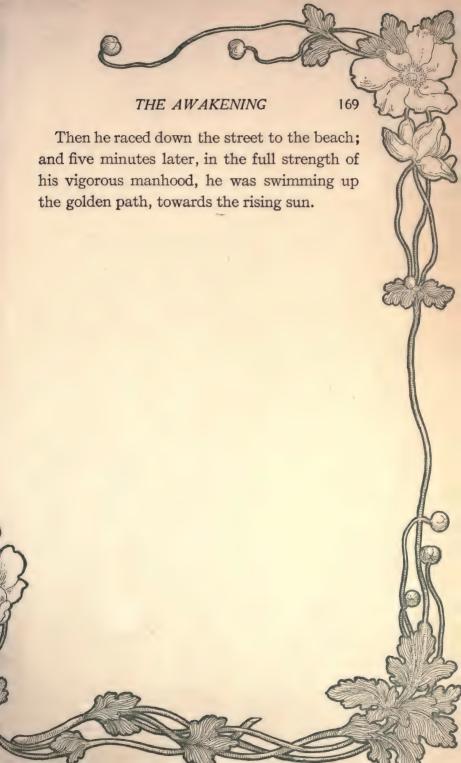
adoring eyes.

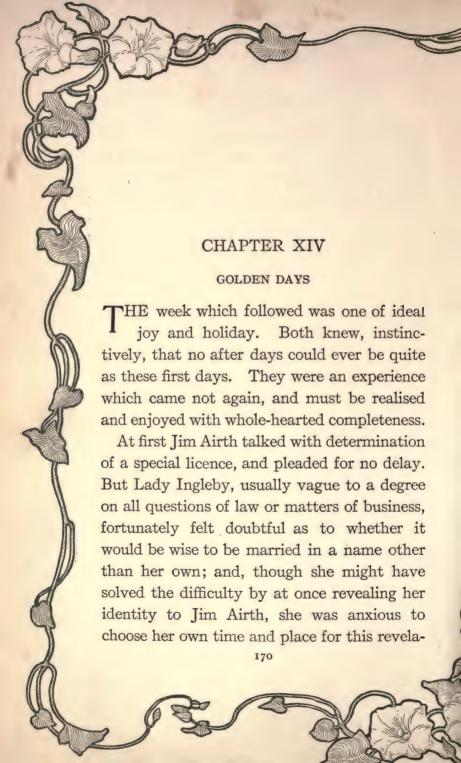
married?"

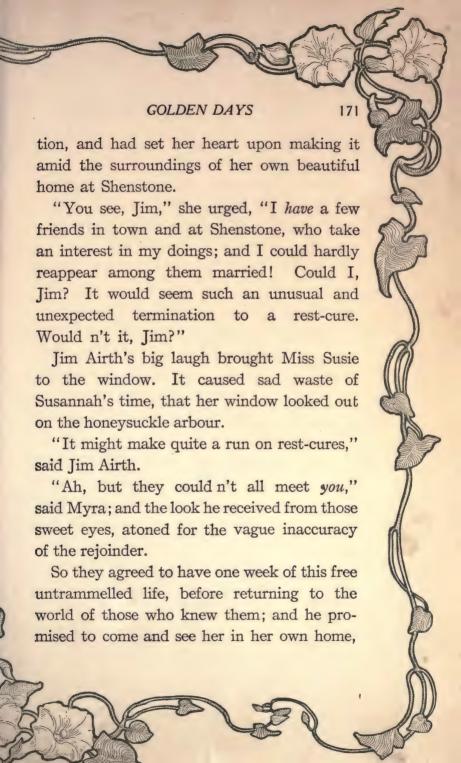
flinching.

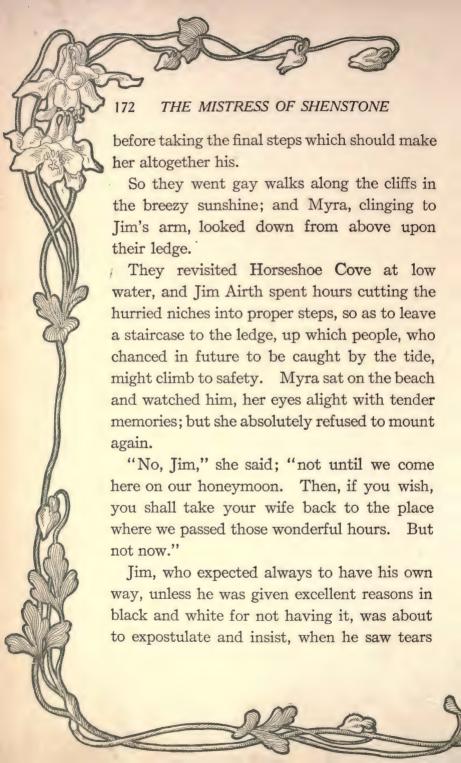
gently.

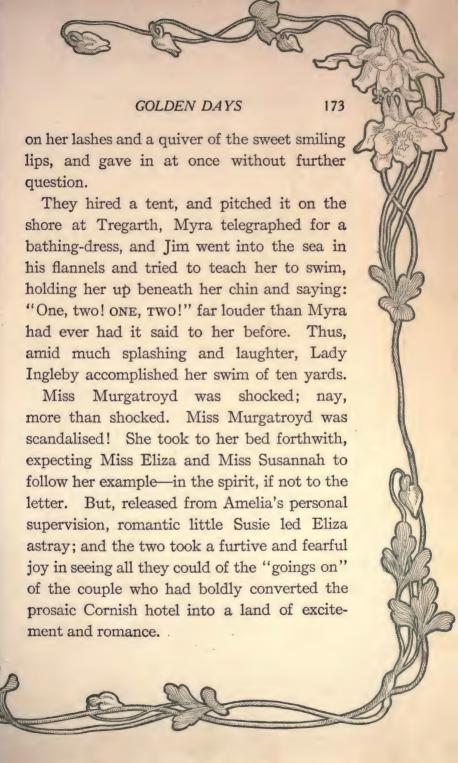


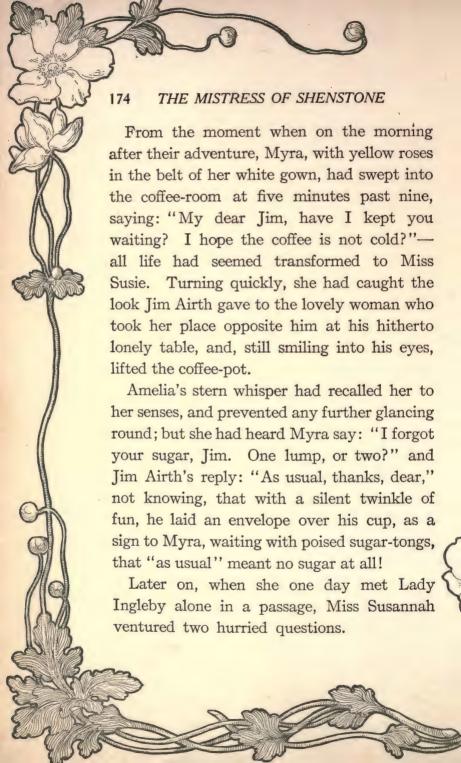


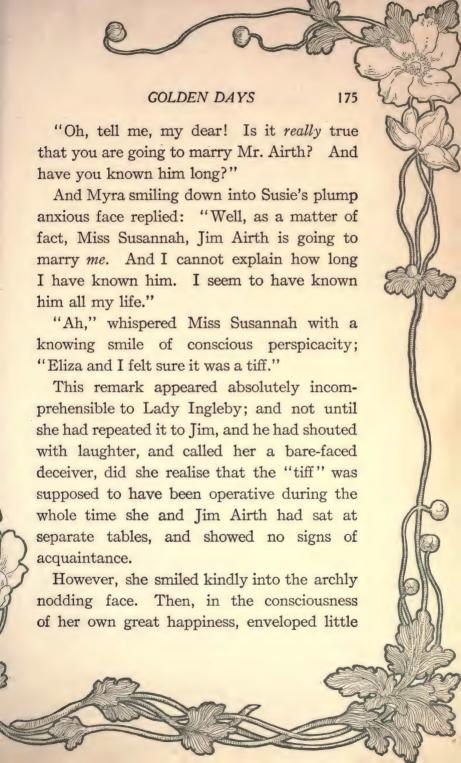


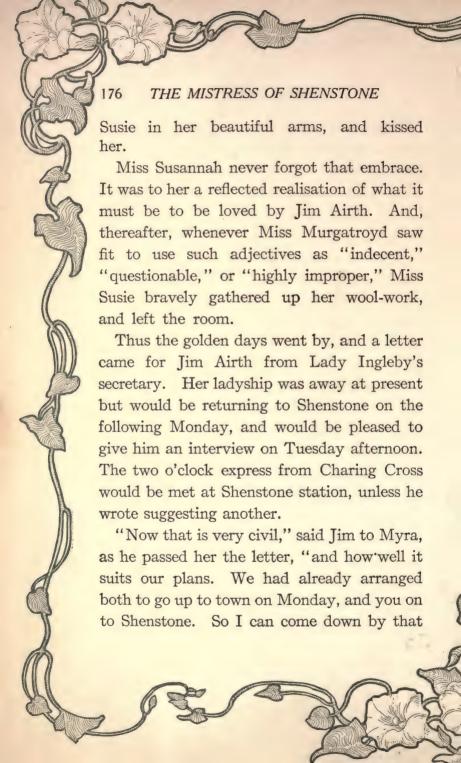


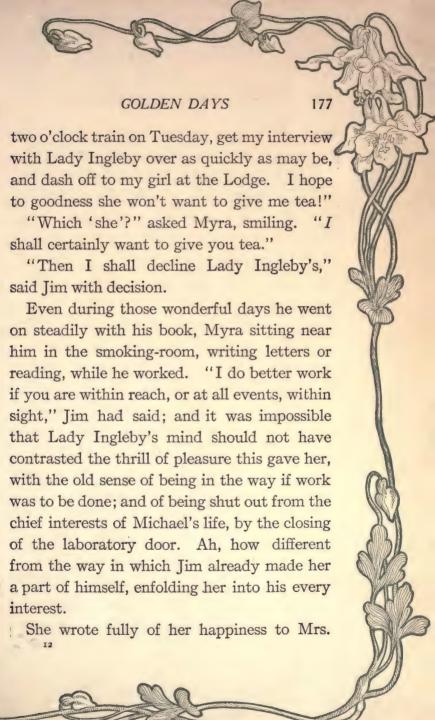


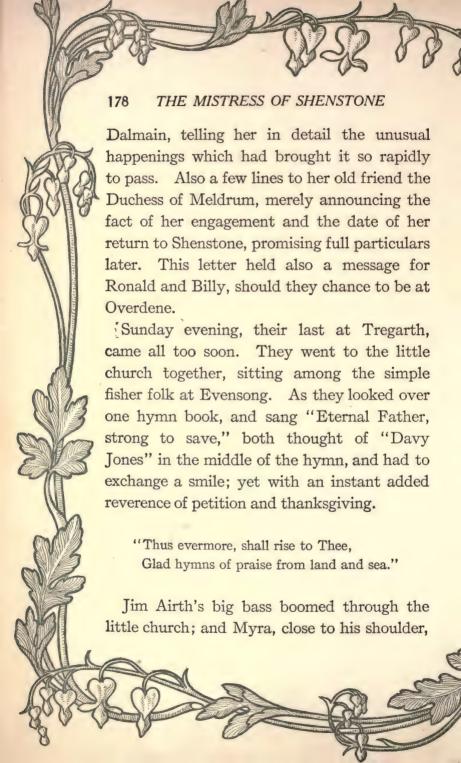


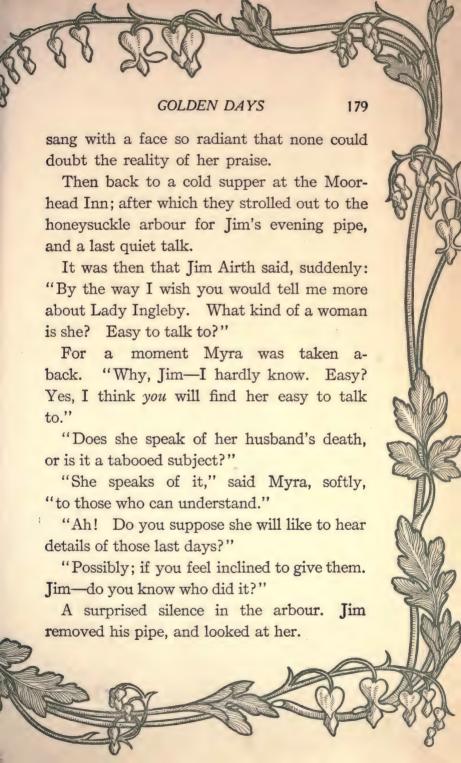


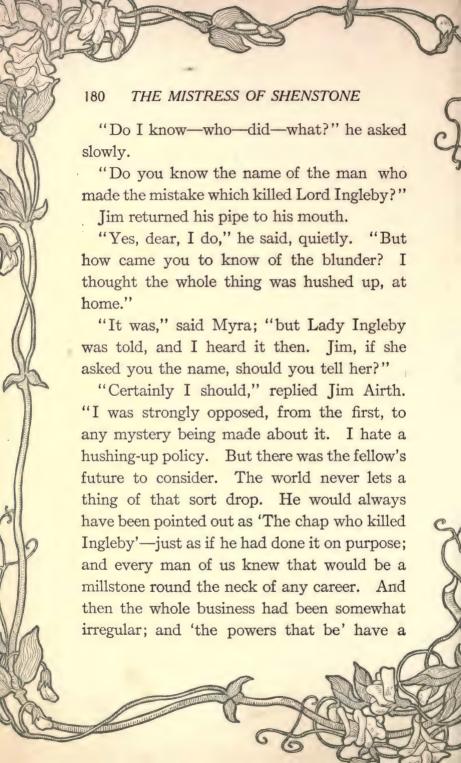


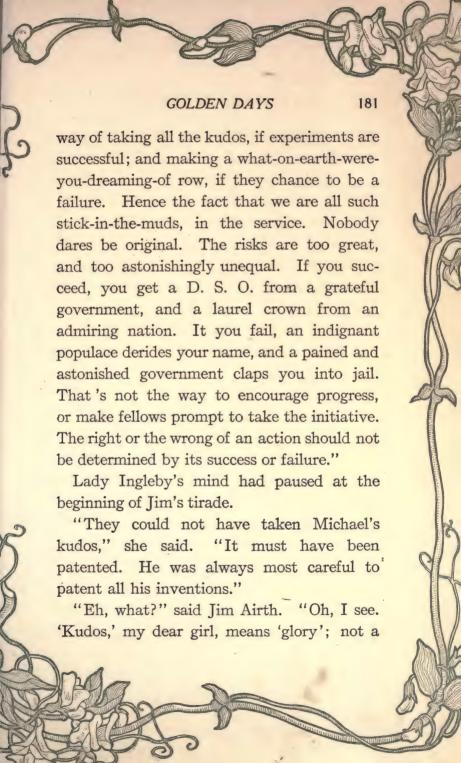


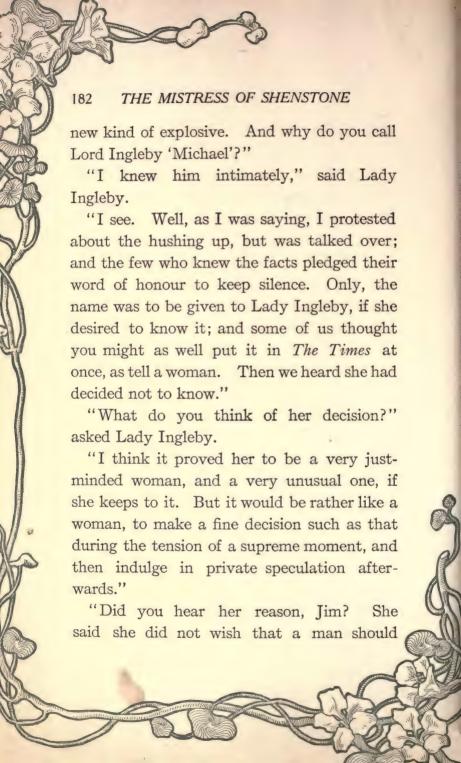


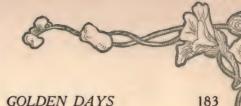












walk this earth, whose hand she could not bring herself to touch in friendship."

"Poor loyal soul!" said Jim Airth, greatly moved. "Myra, if I got accidentally done for, as Ingleby was,—should you feel so, for my sake?"

"No!" cried Myra, passionately. "If I lost you, my beloved, I should never want to touch any other man's hand, in friendship or otherwise, as long as I lived!"

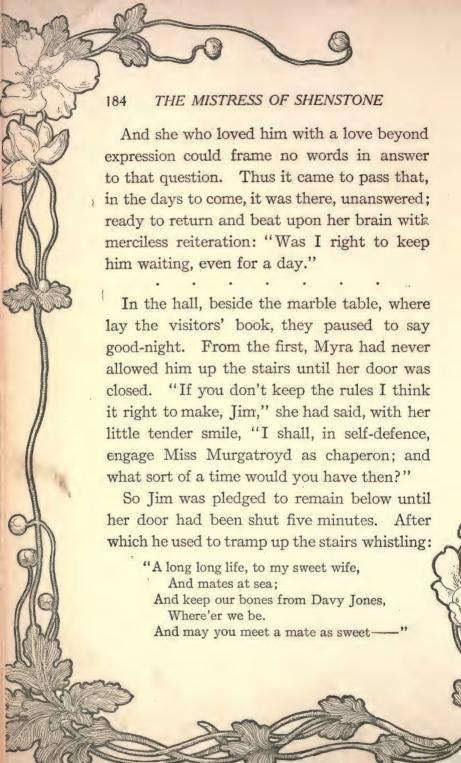
"Ah," mused Jim Airth. "Then you don't consider Lady Ingleby's reason for her decision proved a love such as ours?"

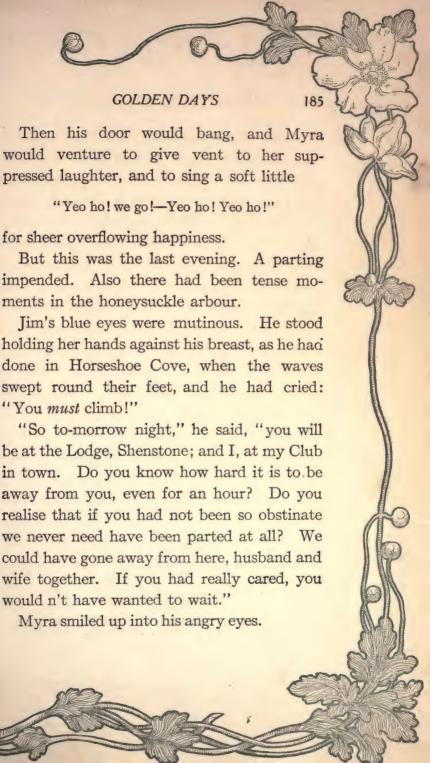
Myra laid her beautiful head against his shoulder.

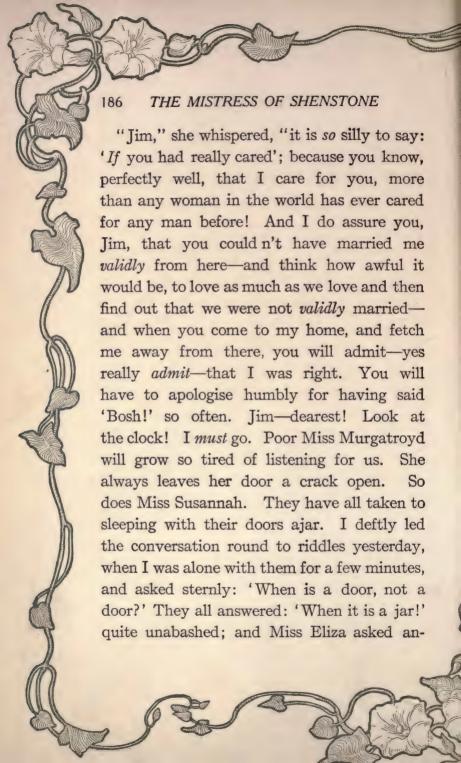
"Jim," she said, brokenly, "I do not feel myself competent to discuss any other love. One thing only is clear to me:—I never realised what love meant, until I knew you."

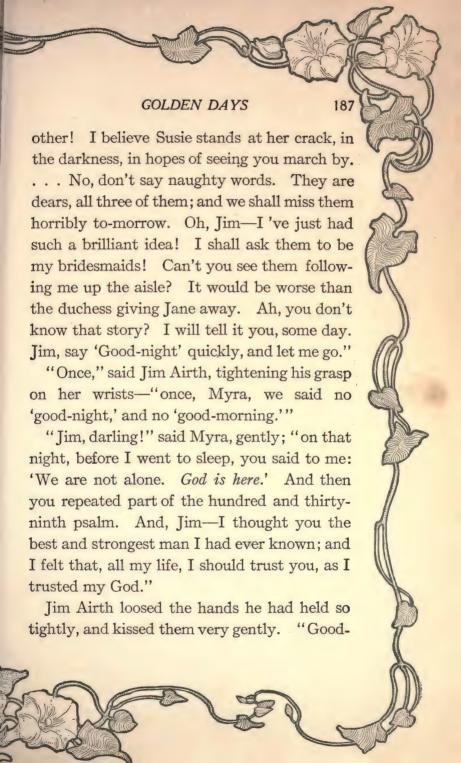
A long silence in the honeysuckle arbour.

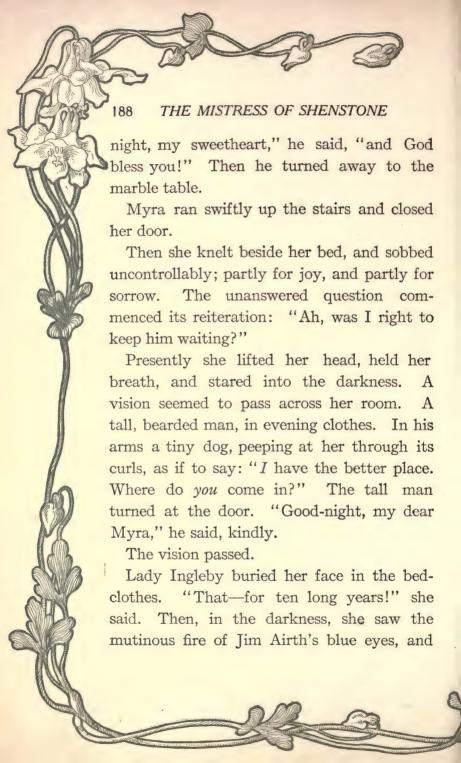
Then Jim Airth cried almost fiercely to the woman in his arms: "Can you really think you have been right to keep me waiting, even for a day?"

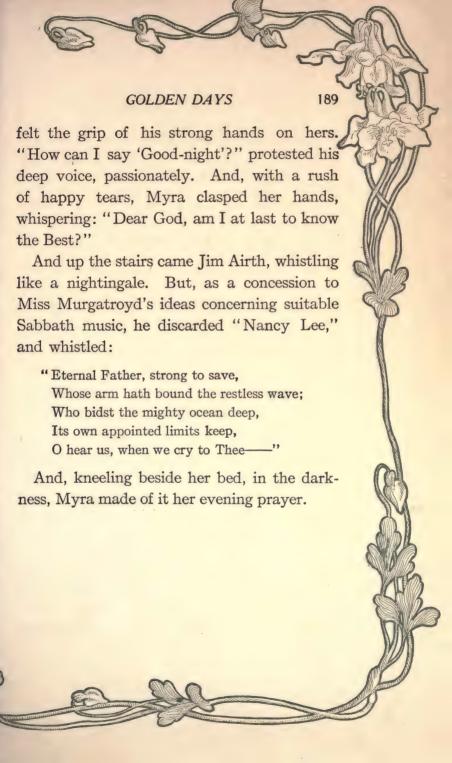


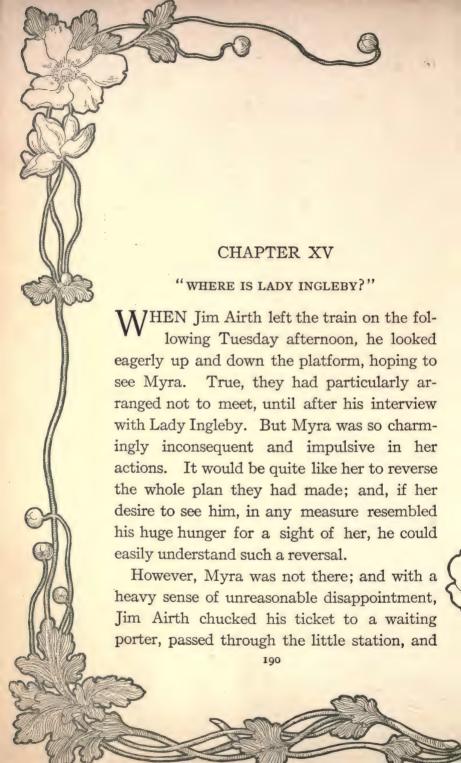


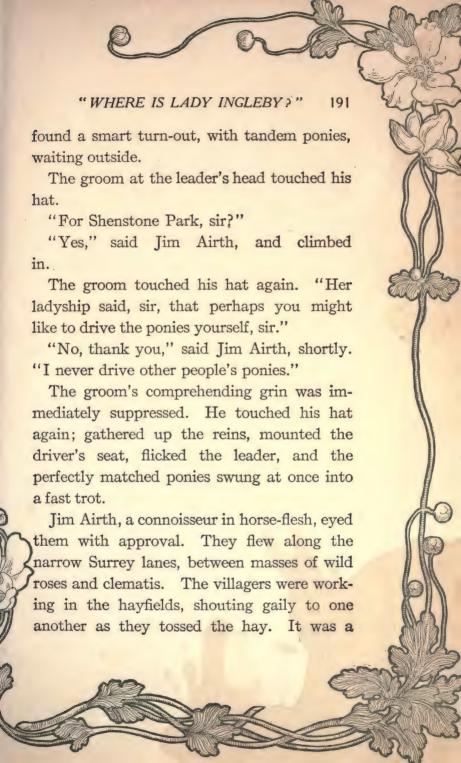


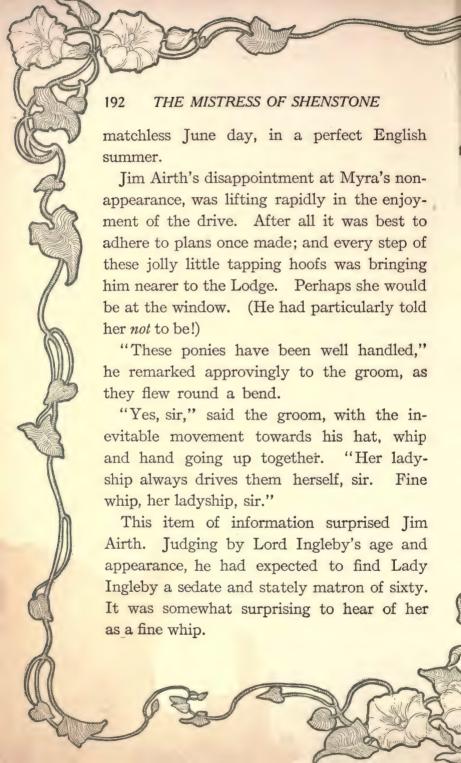


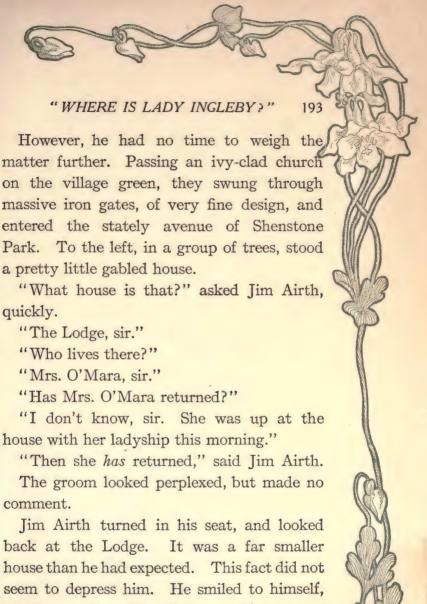




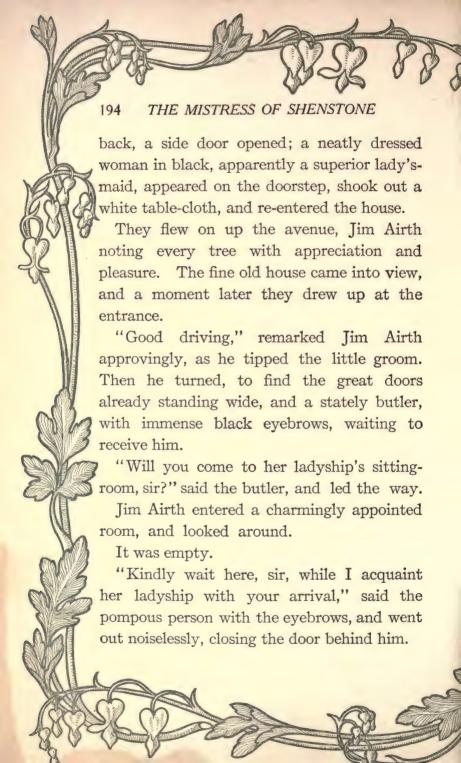


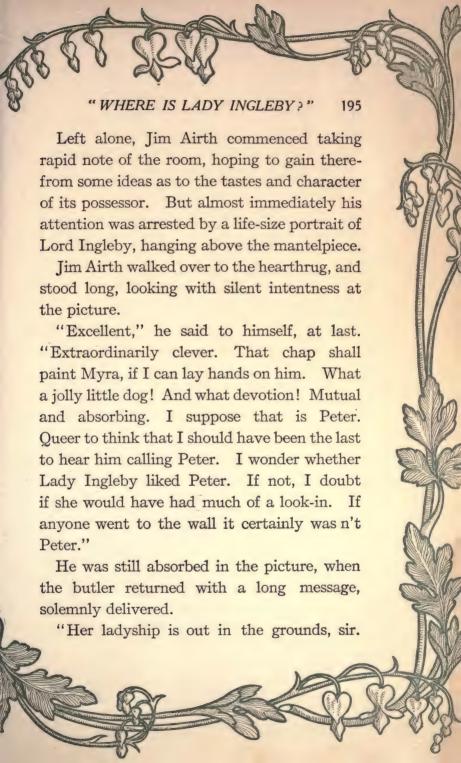


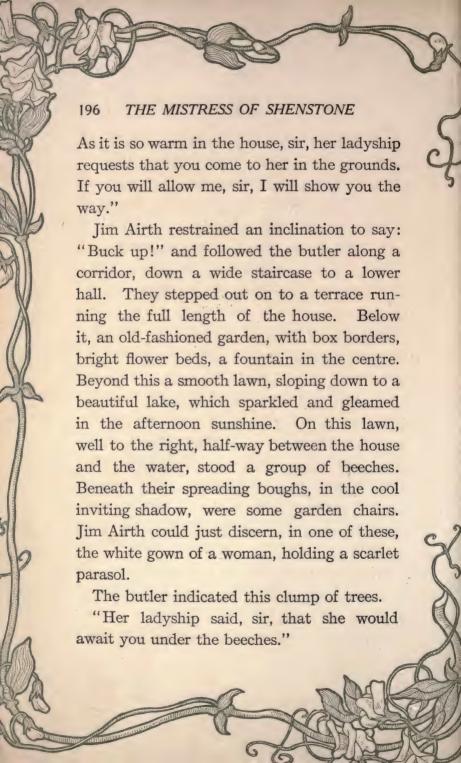


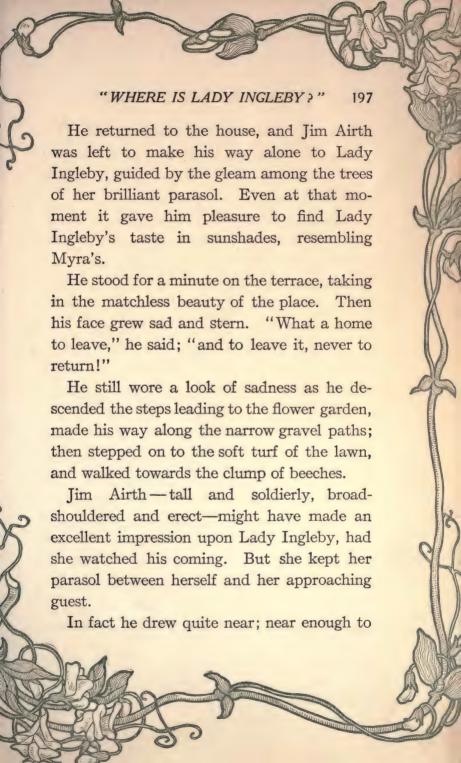


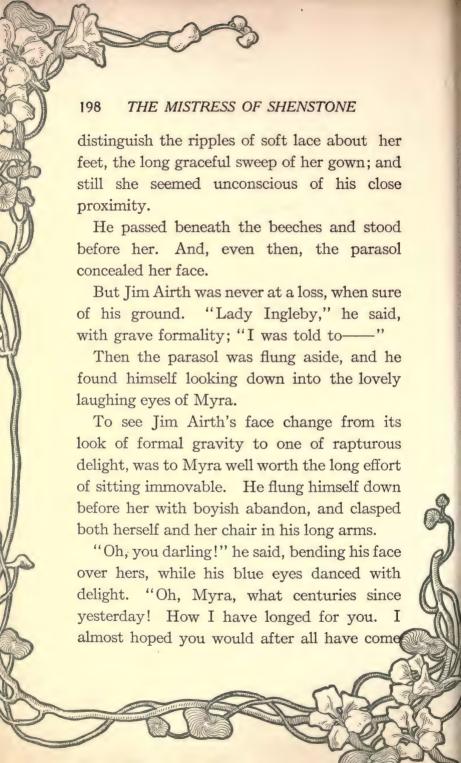
back at the Lodge. It was a far smaller house than he had expected. This fact did not seem to depress him. He smiled to himself, as at some thought which gave him amusement and pleasure. While he still looked

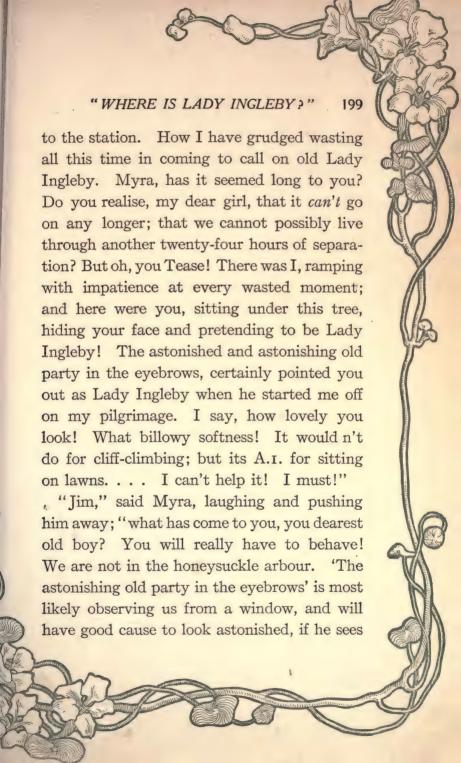


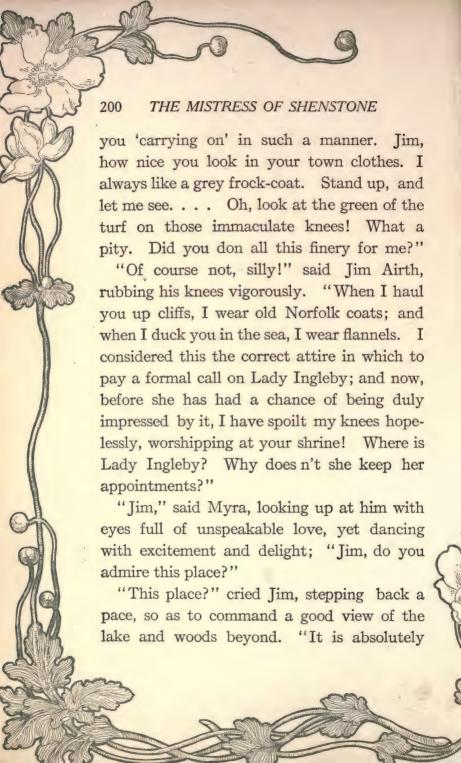


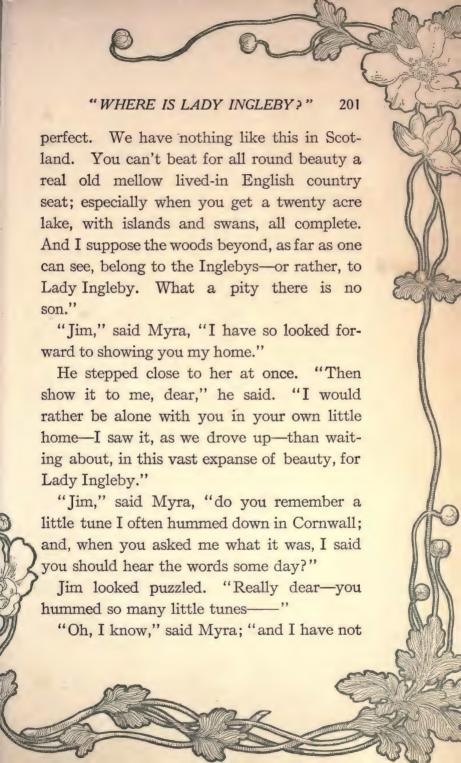


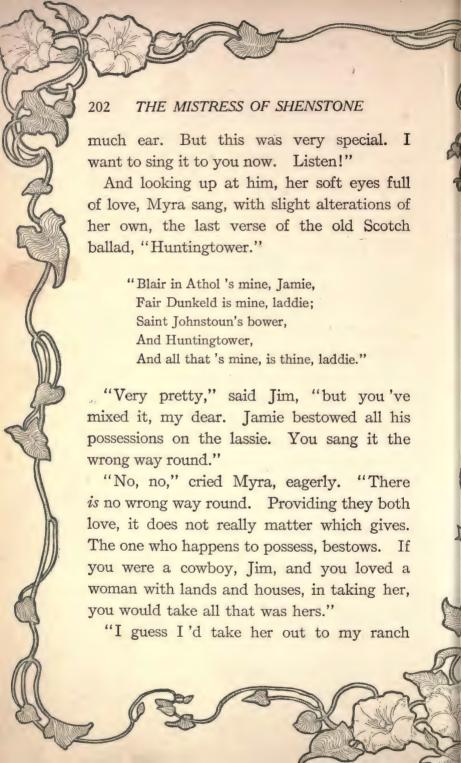


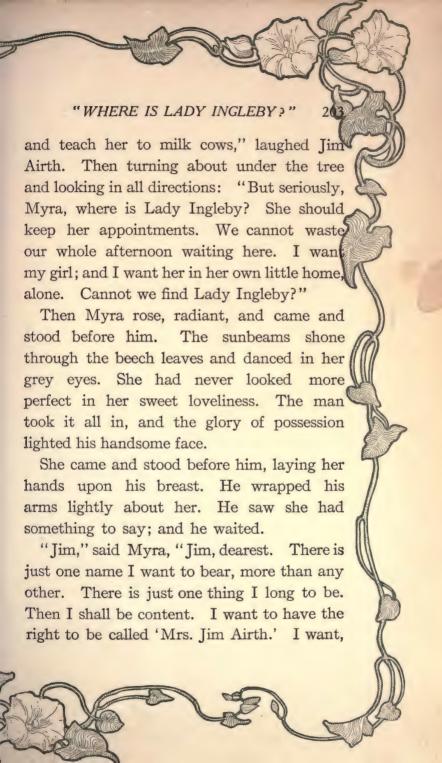


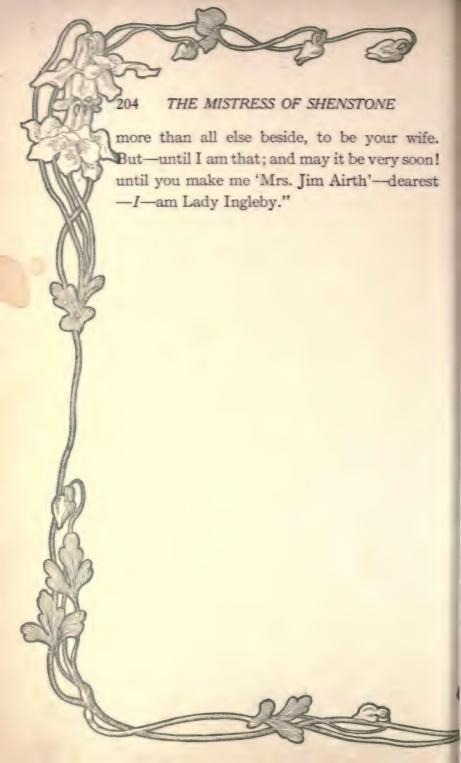




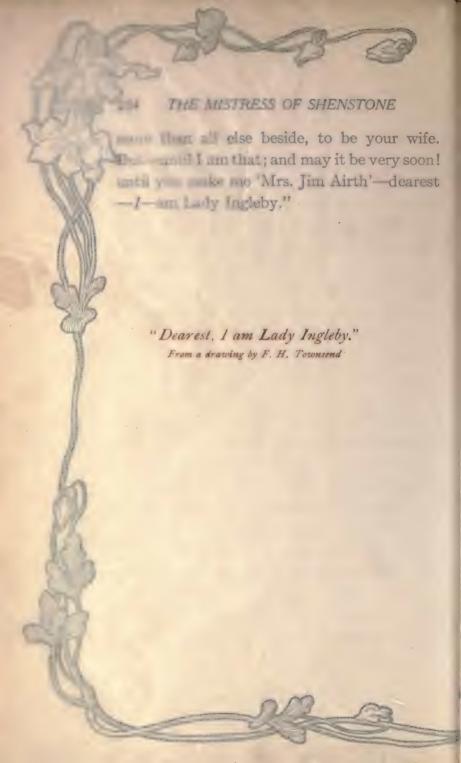


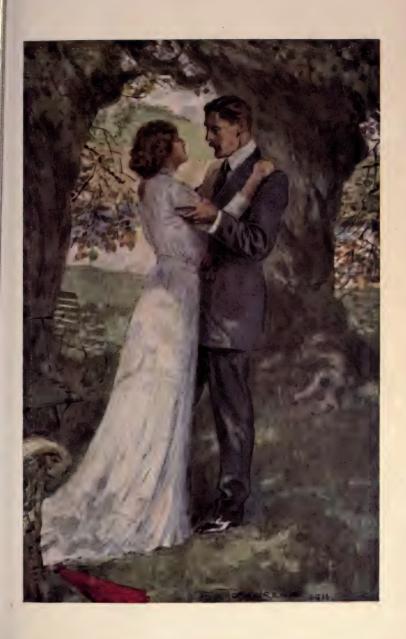




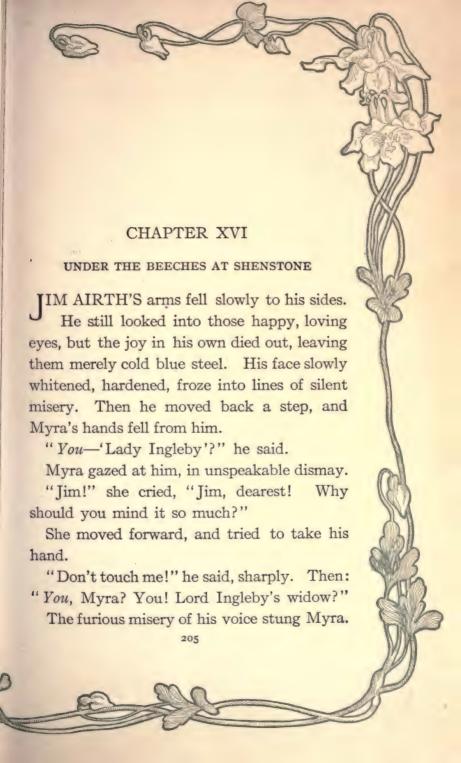


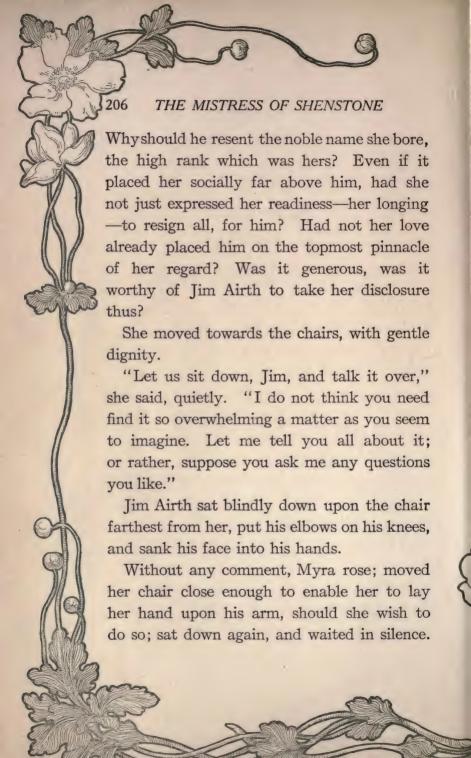


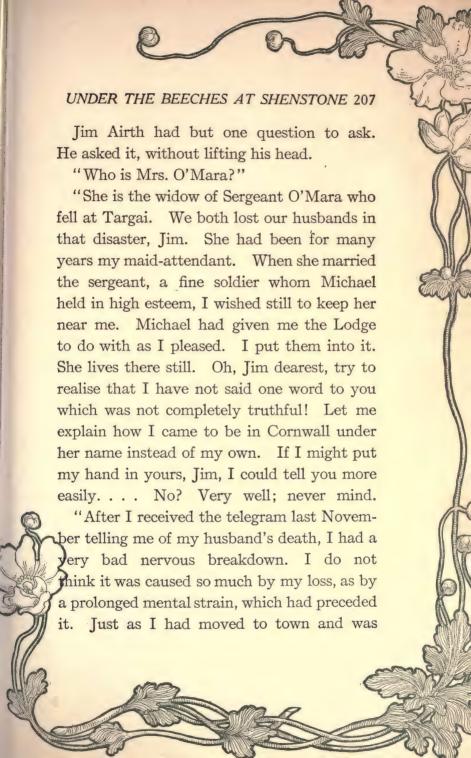


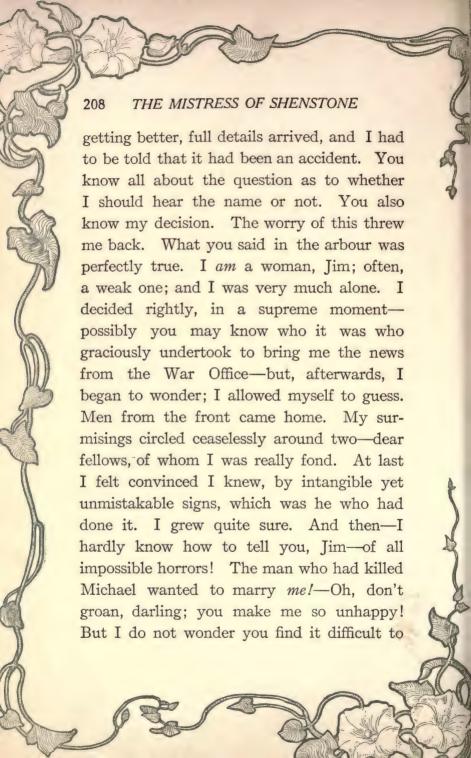


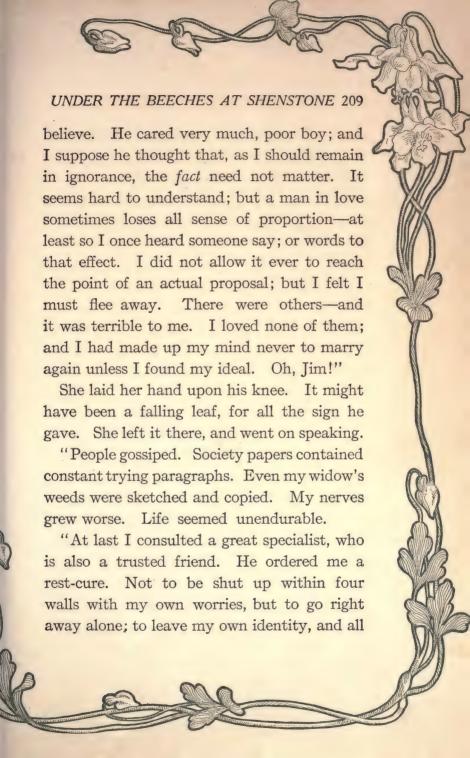


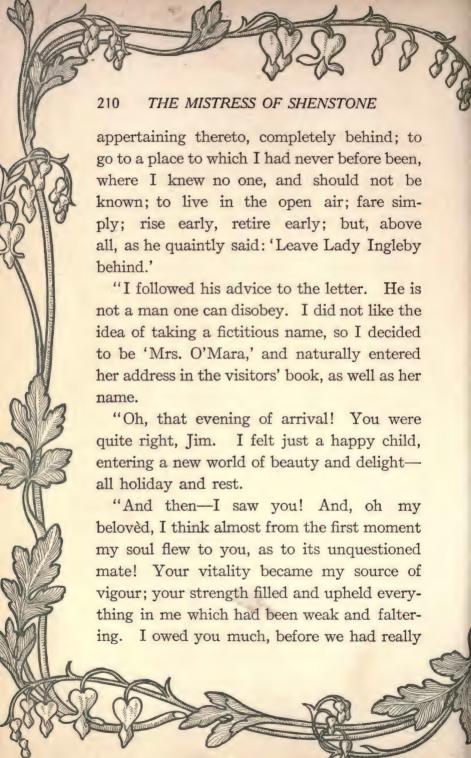


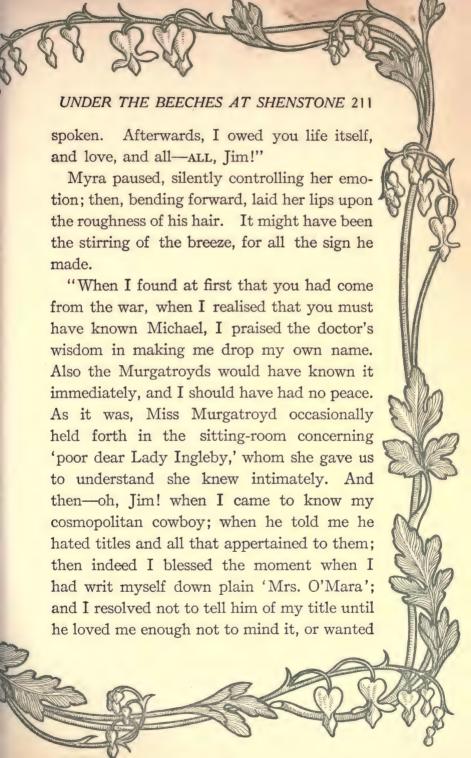


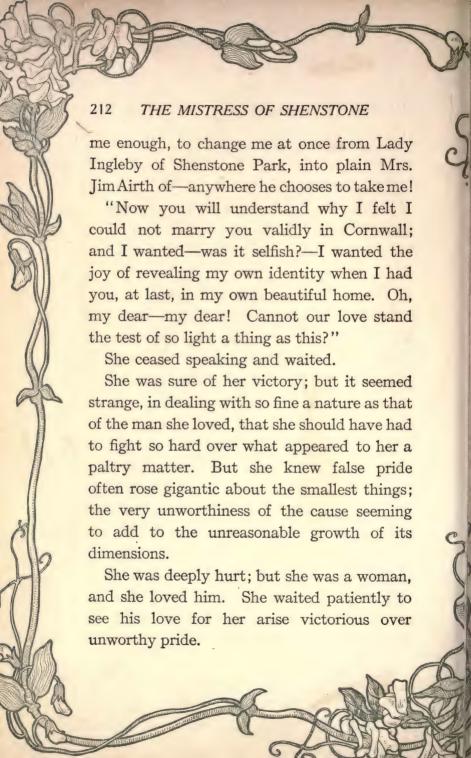


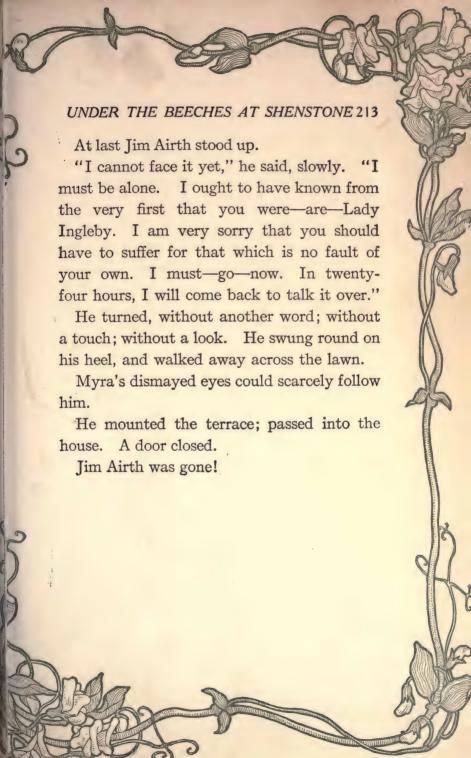


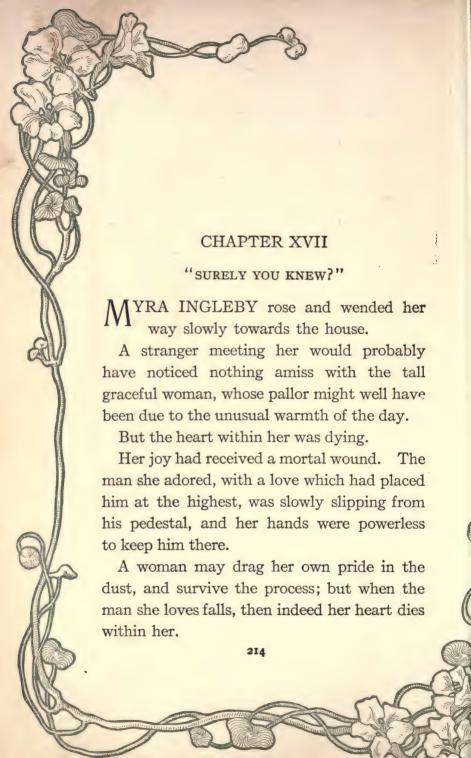


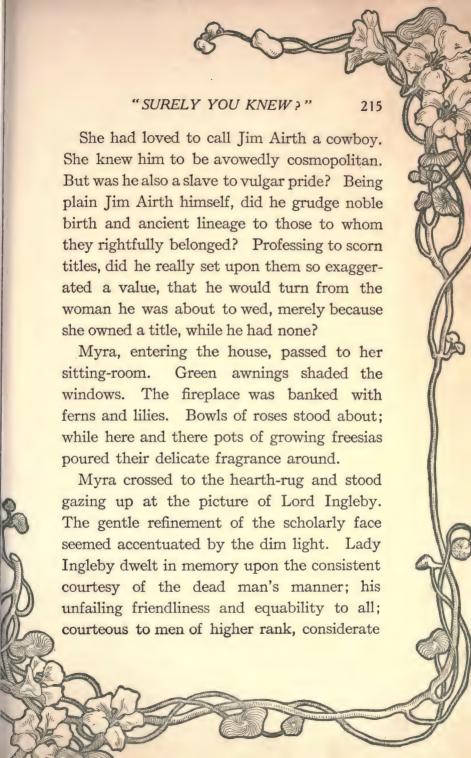


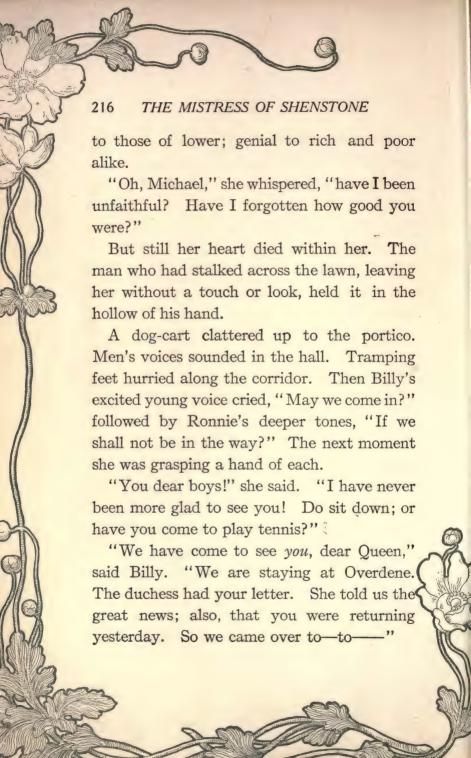


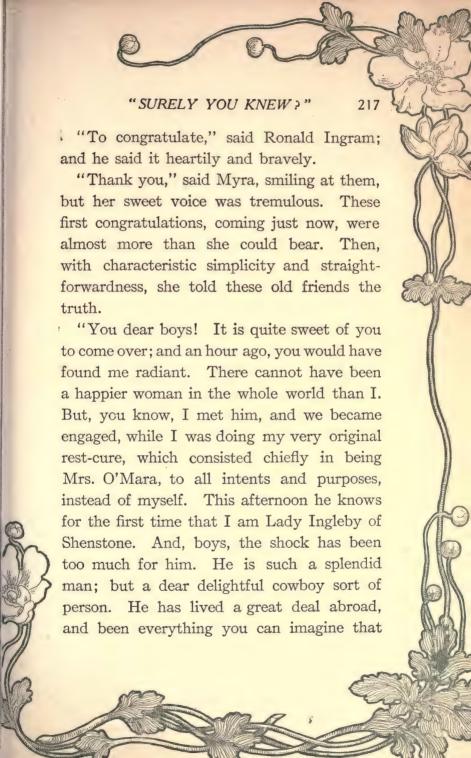


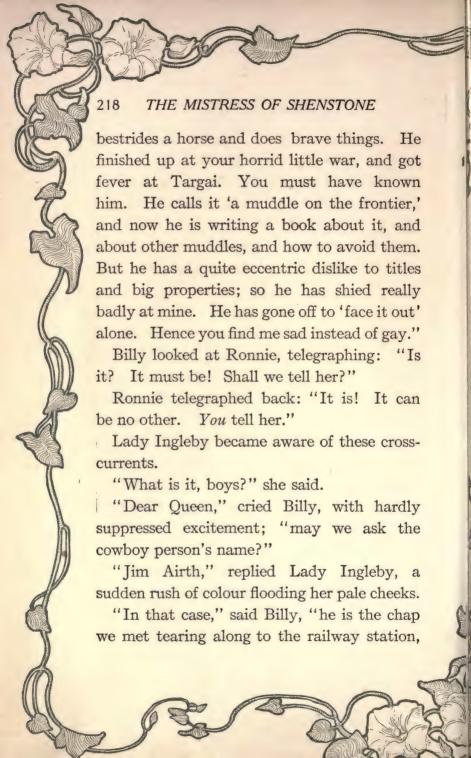


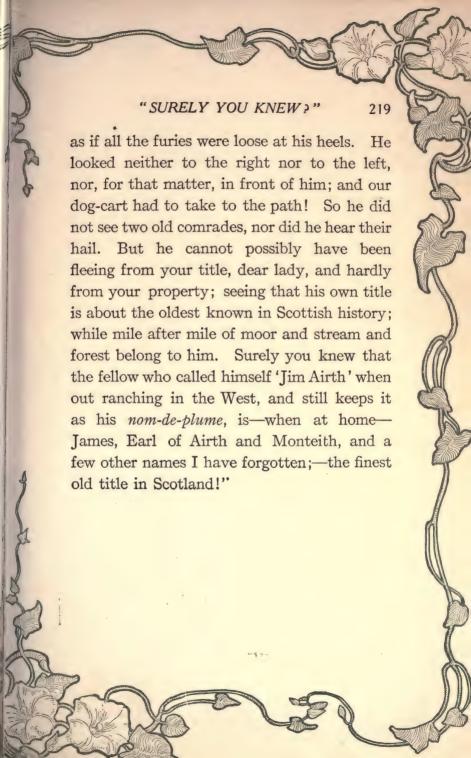


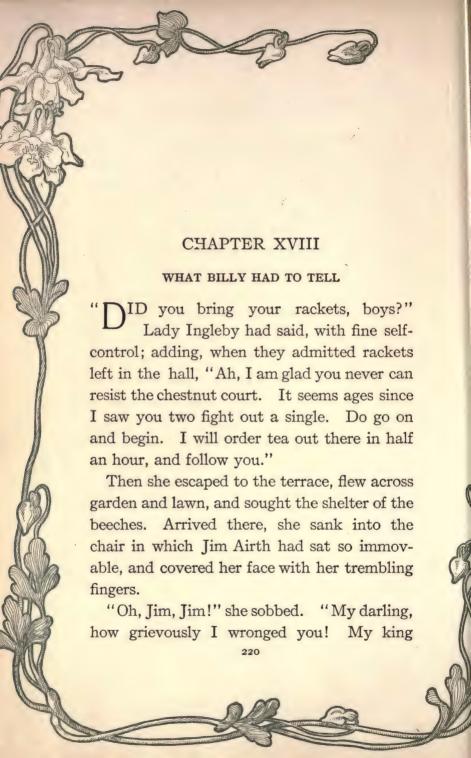


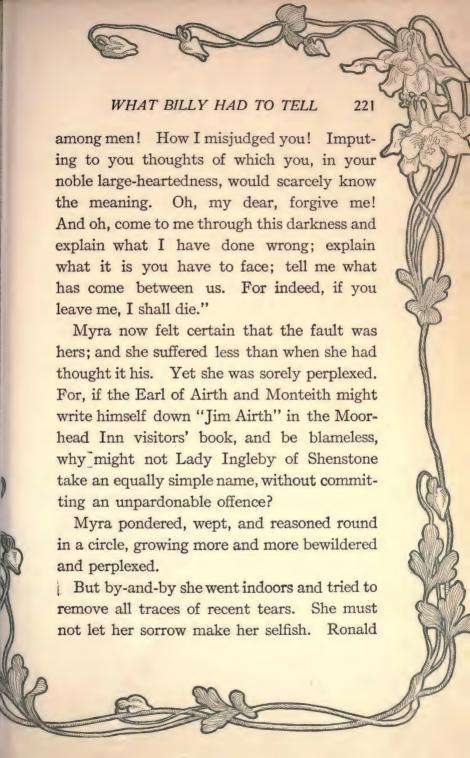


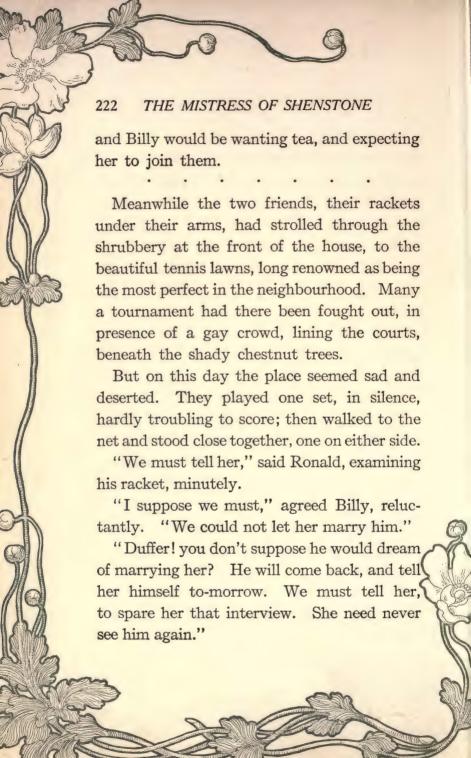


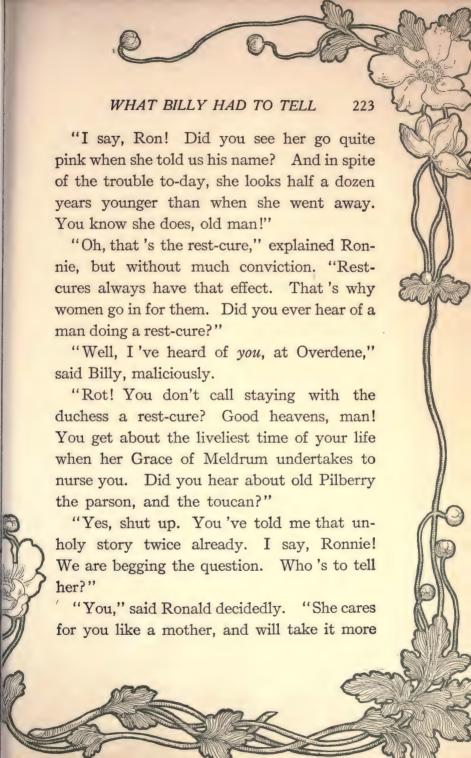


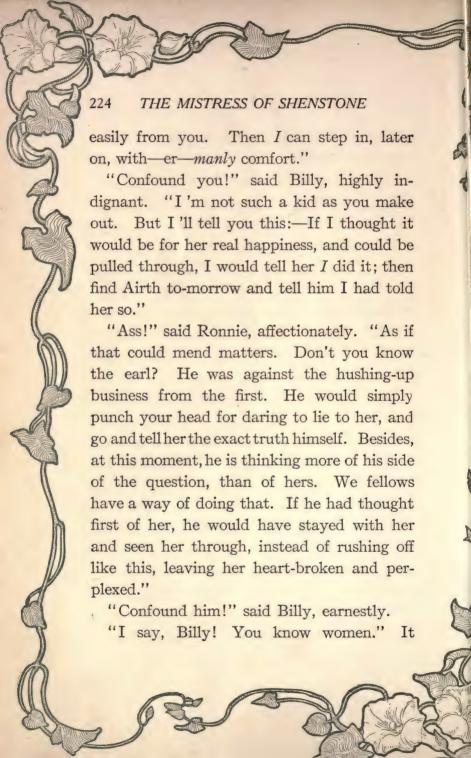


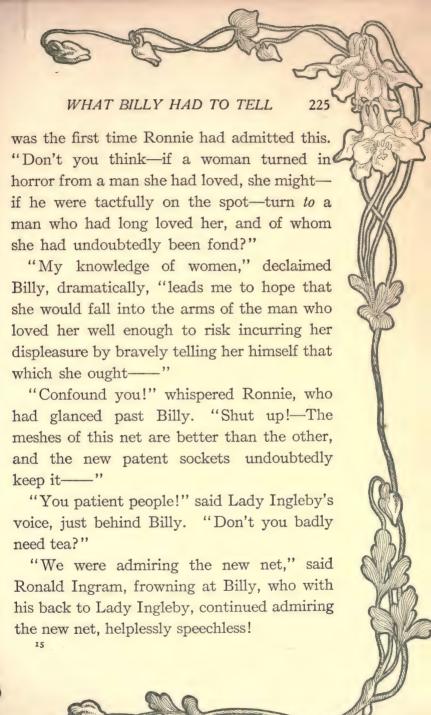


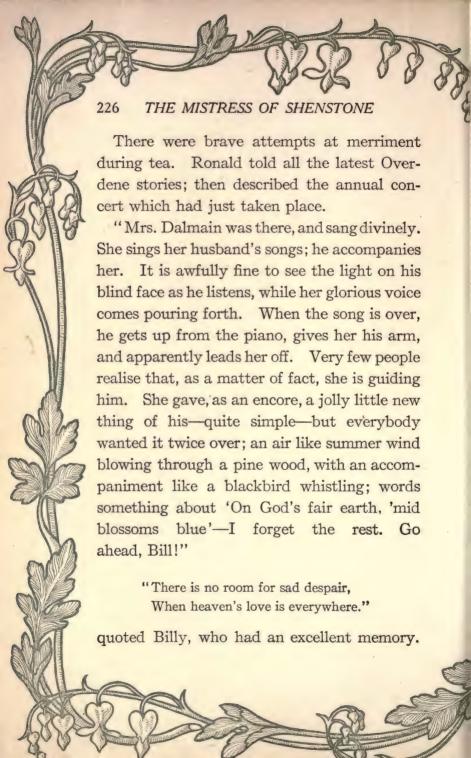


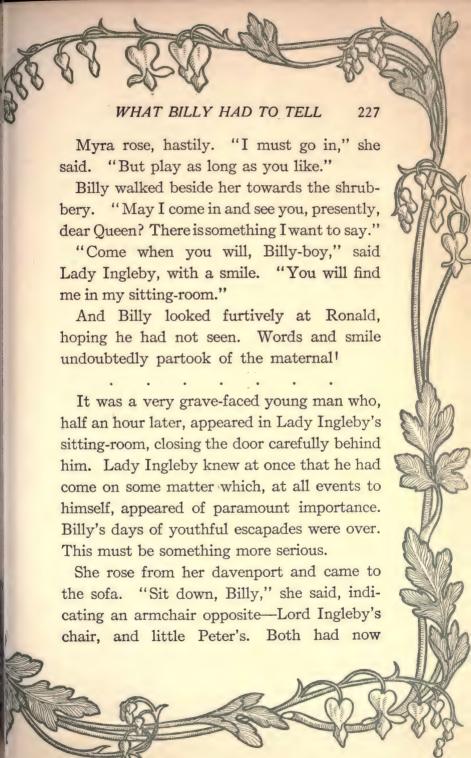


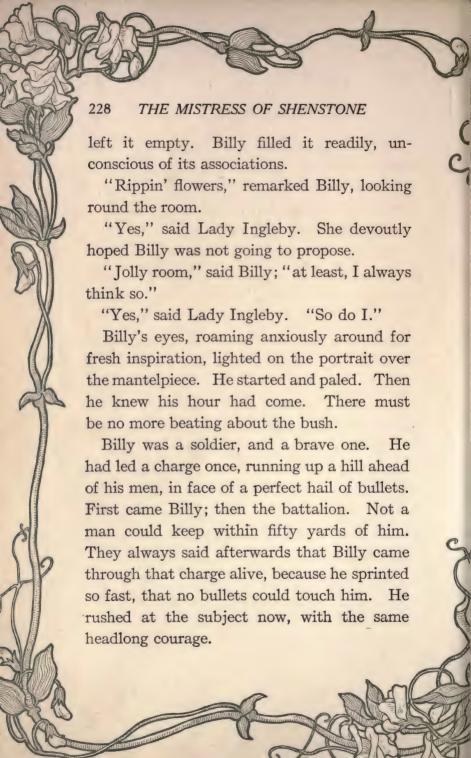


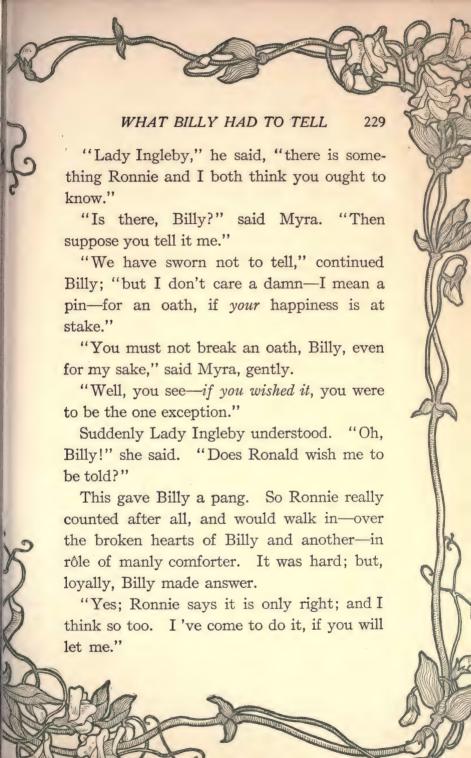


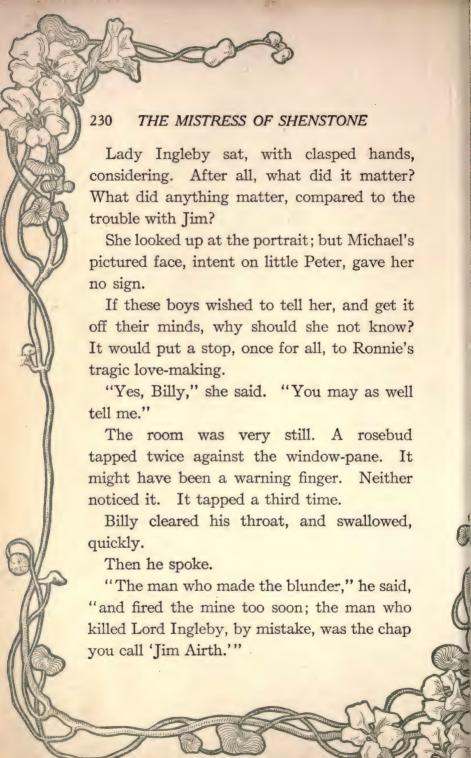




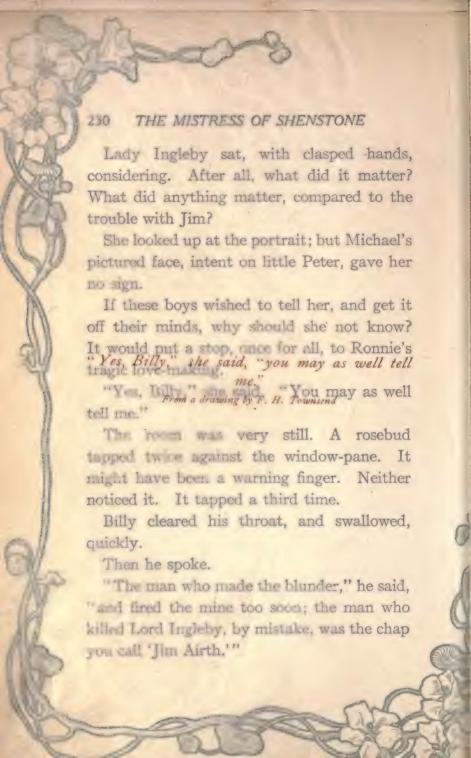






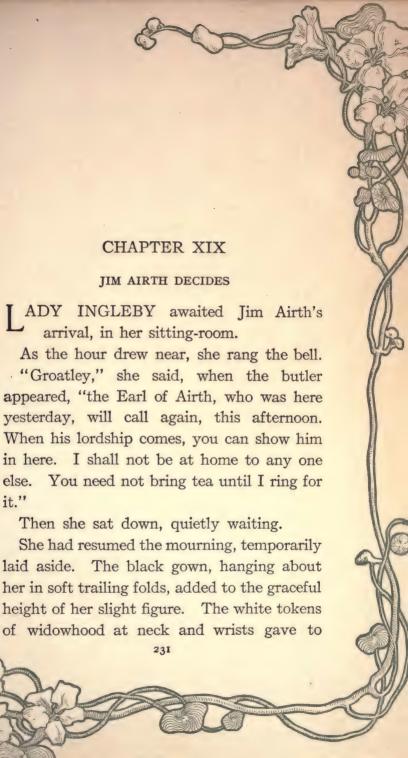




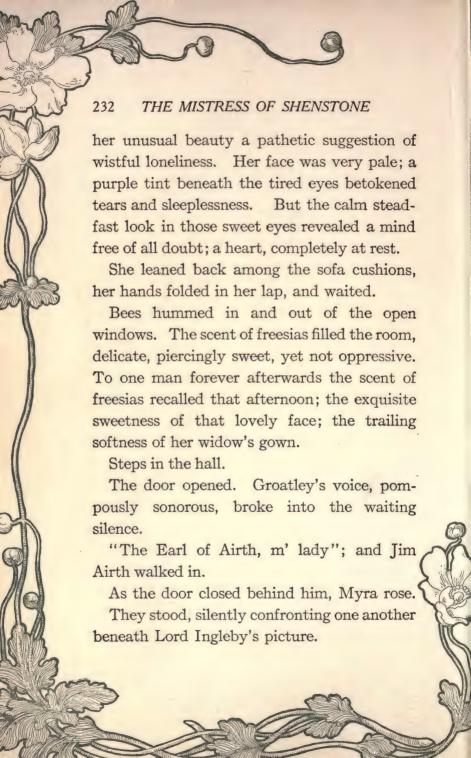


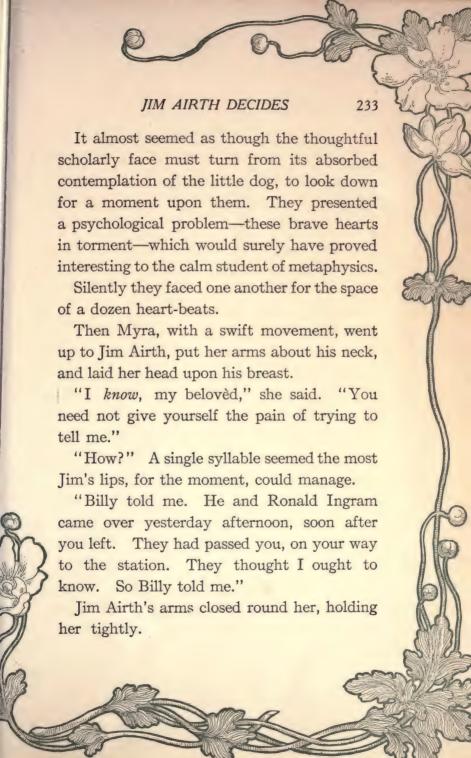


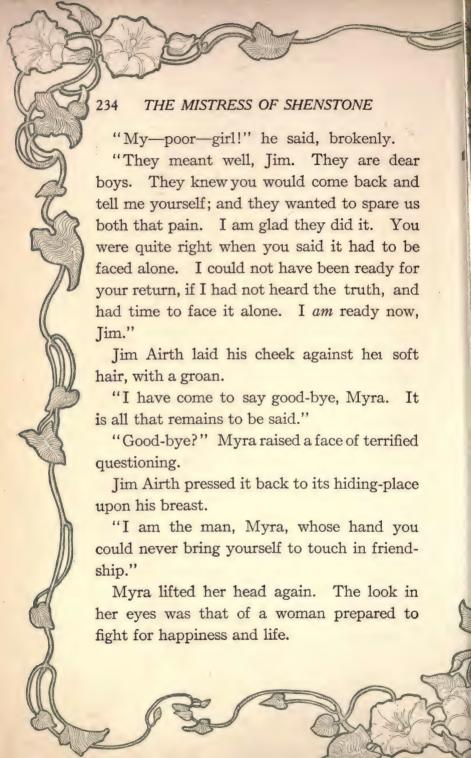


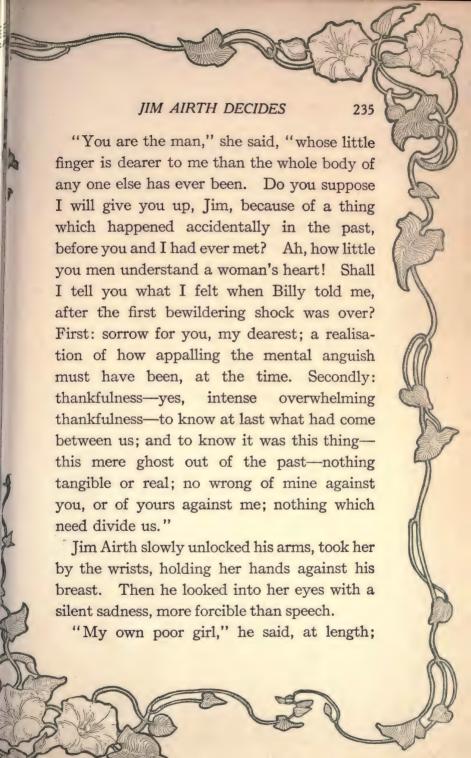


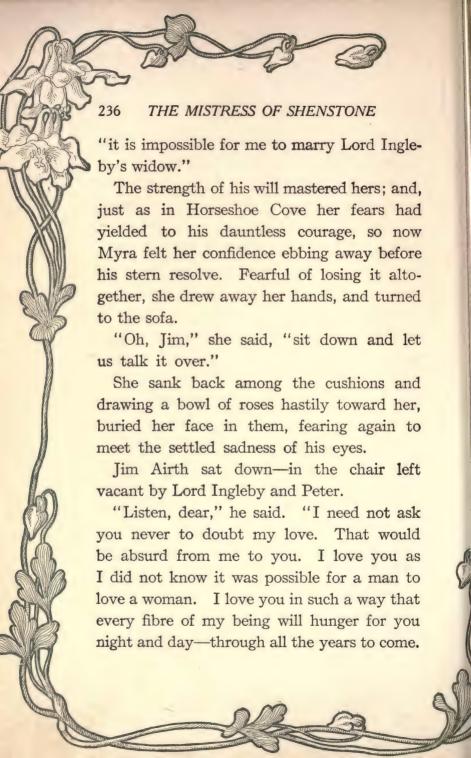
it."

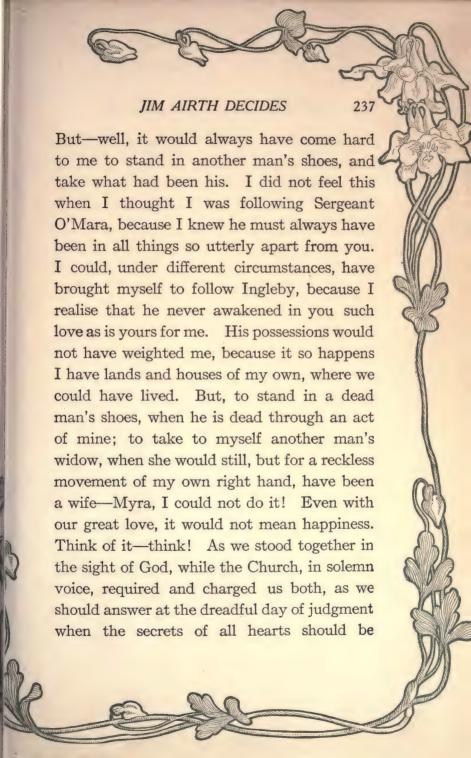


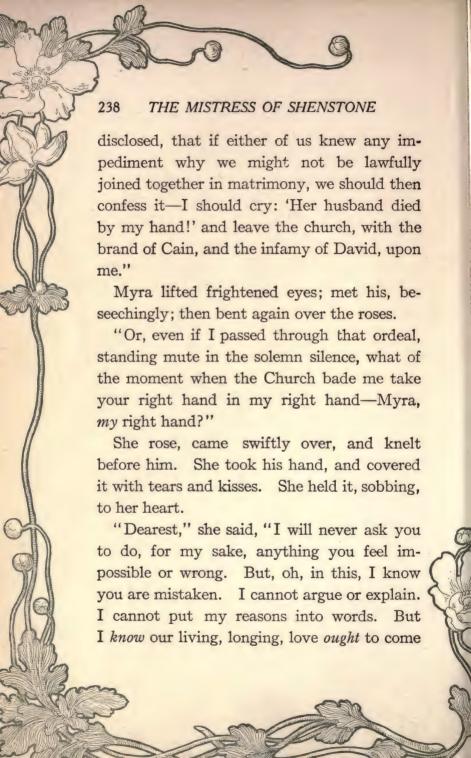


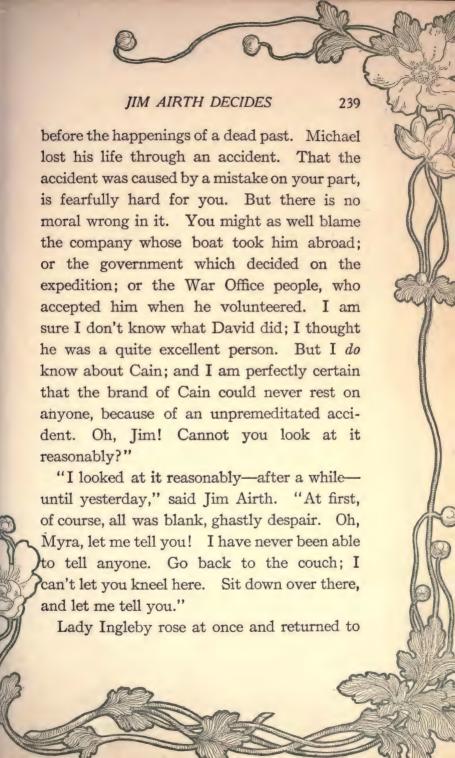


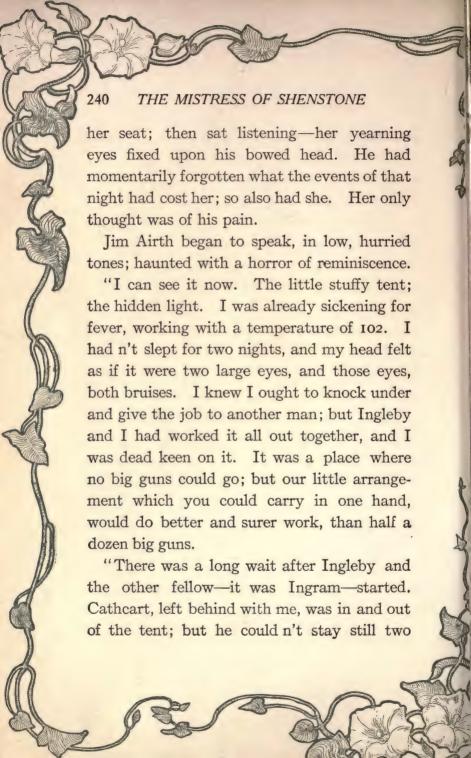


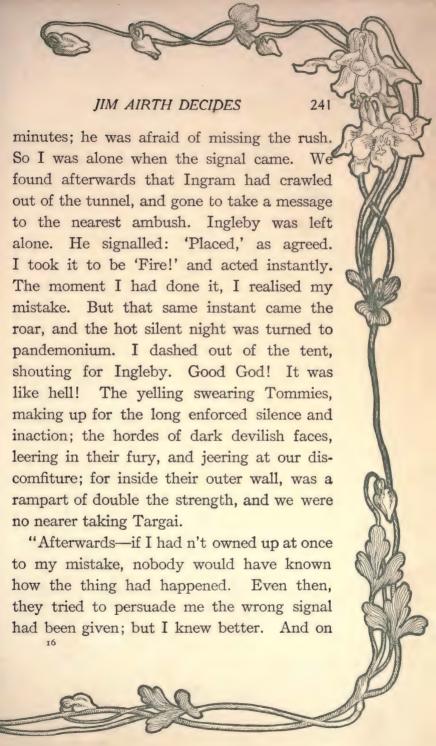


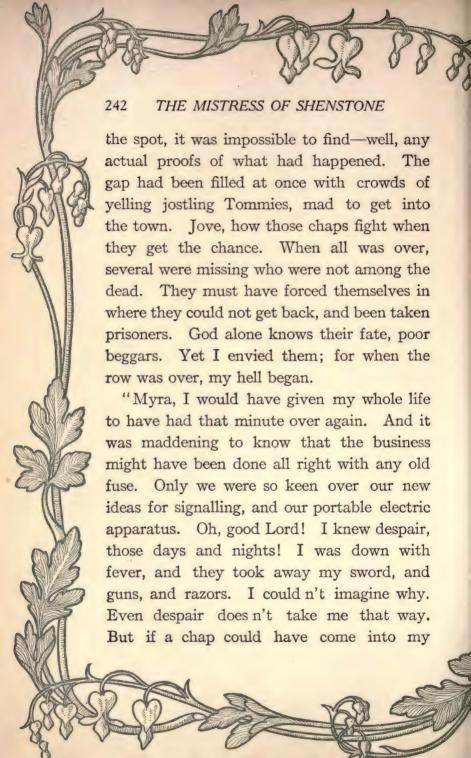


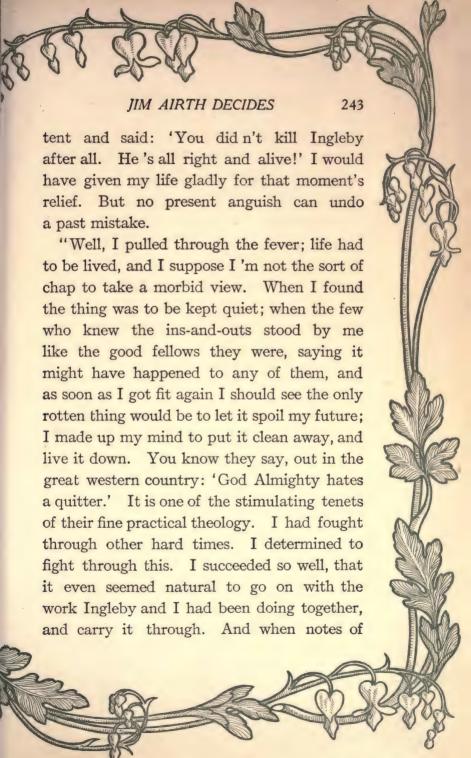


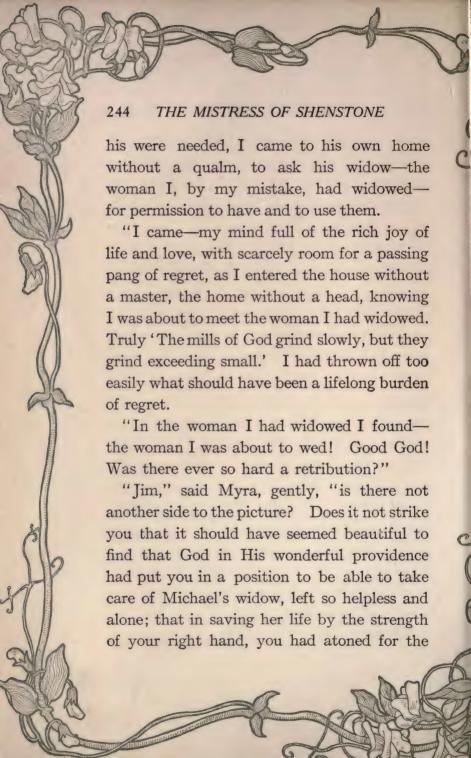


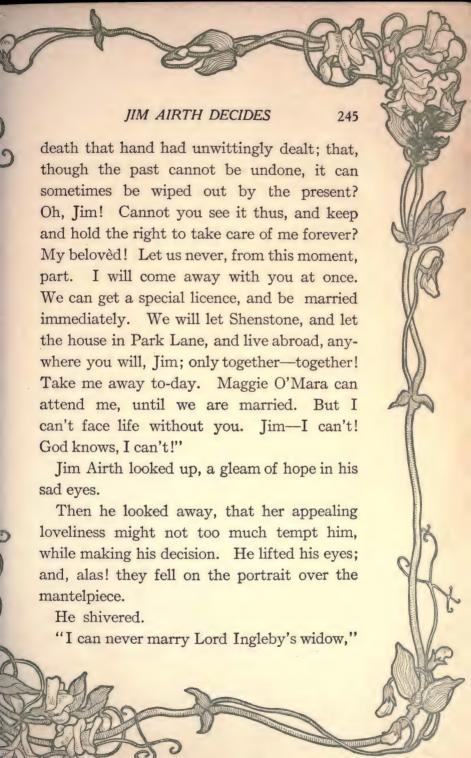


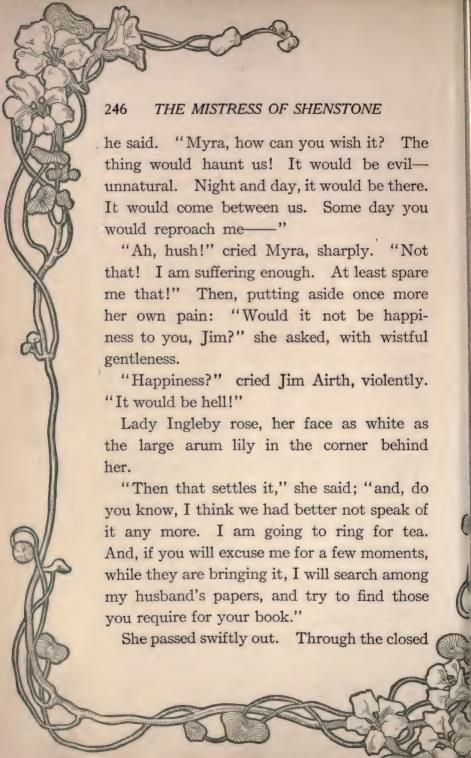


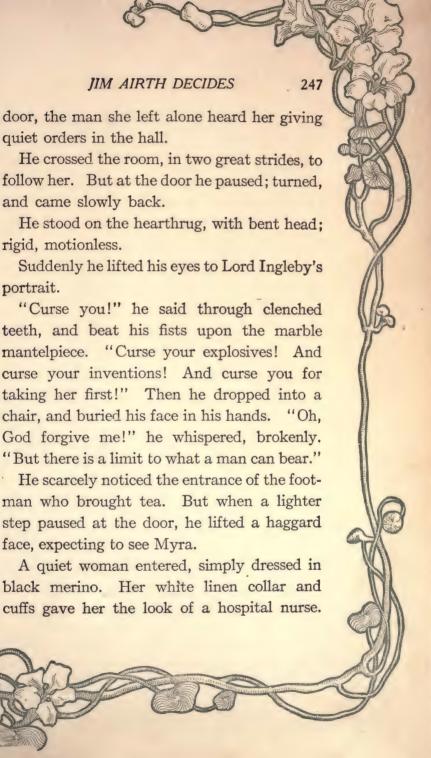


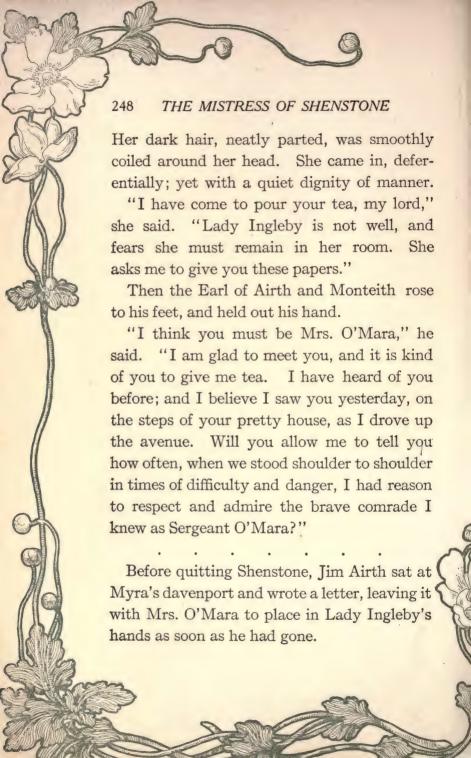


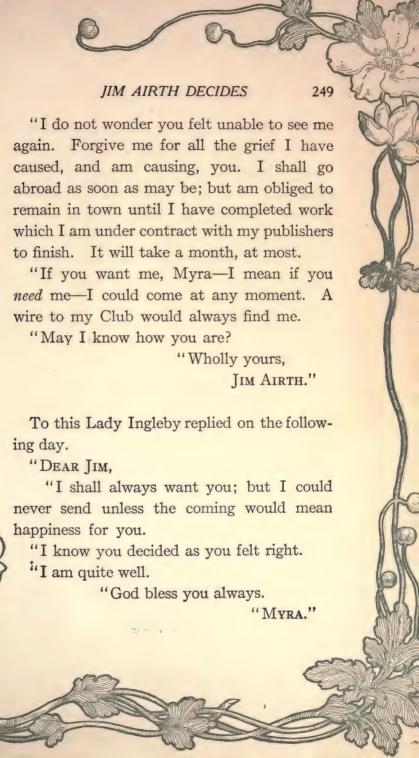


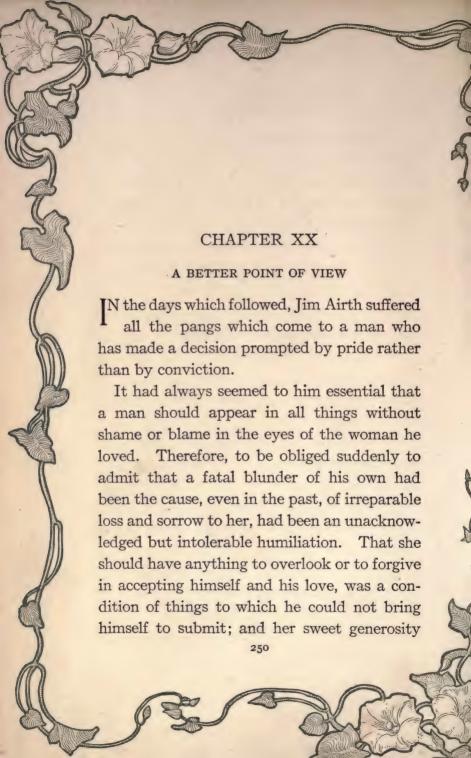


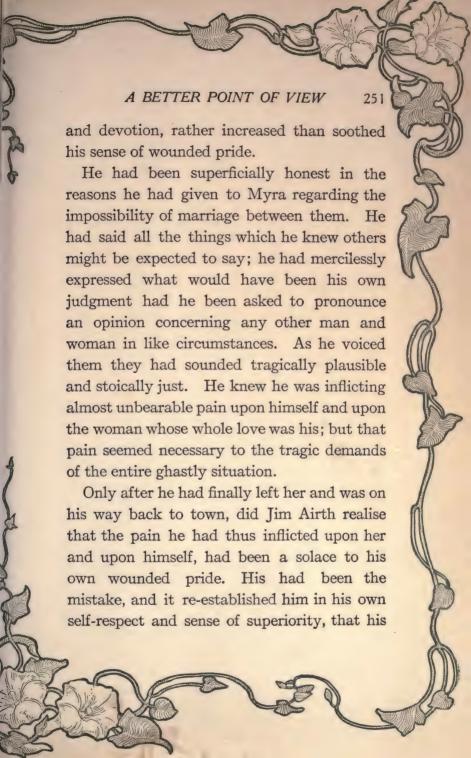


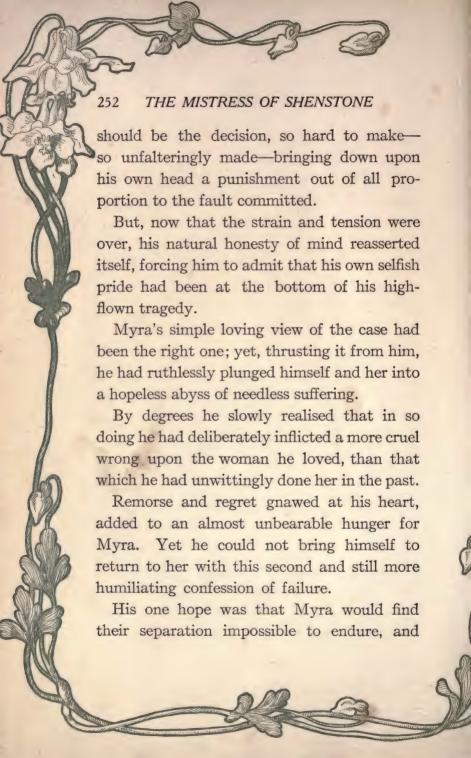


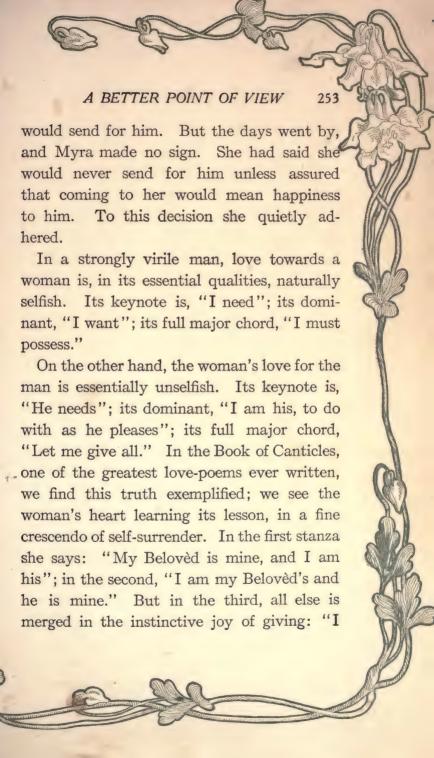


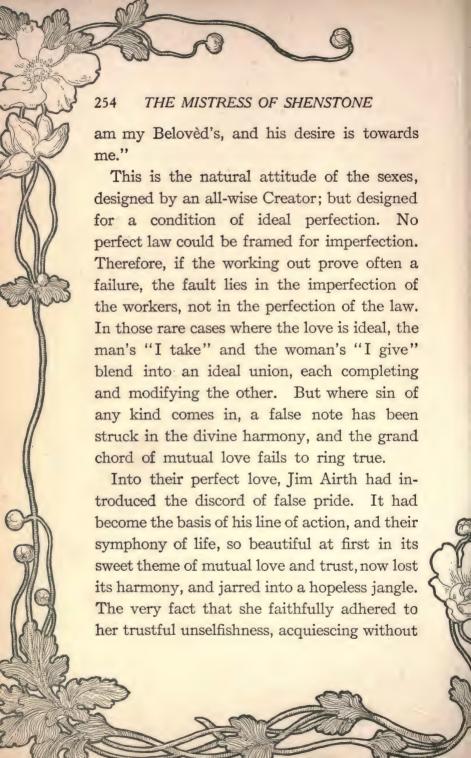


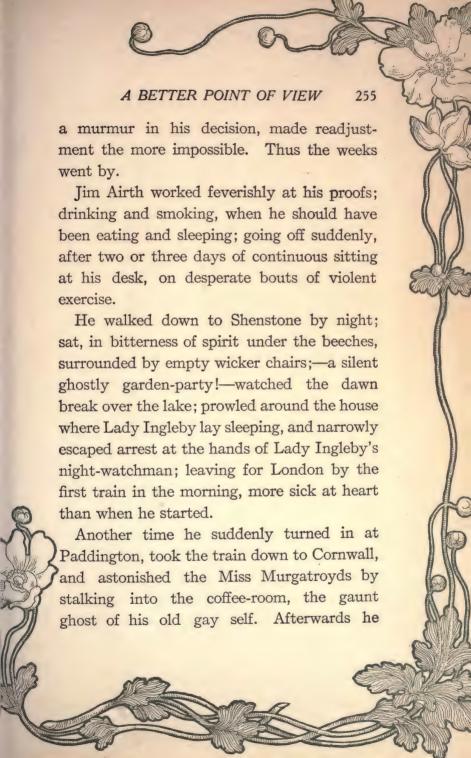


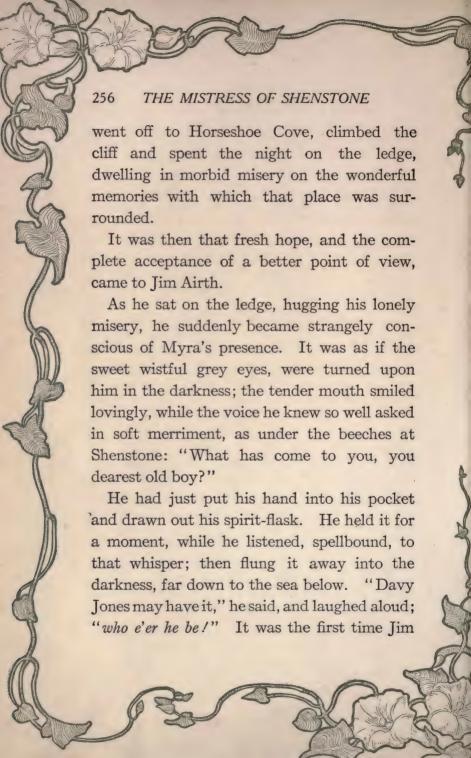


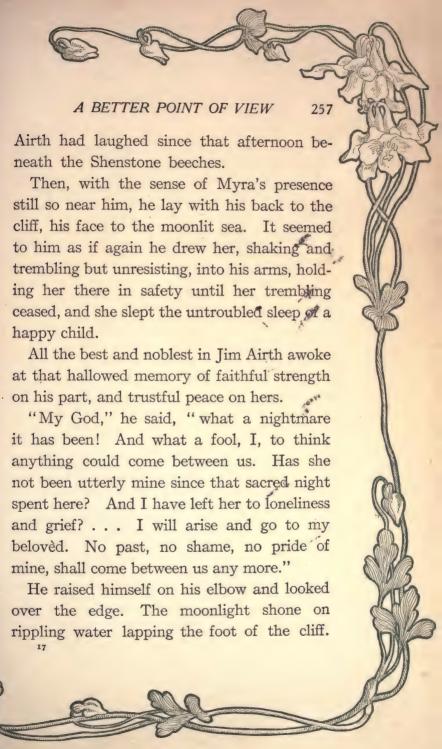


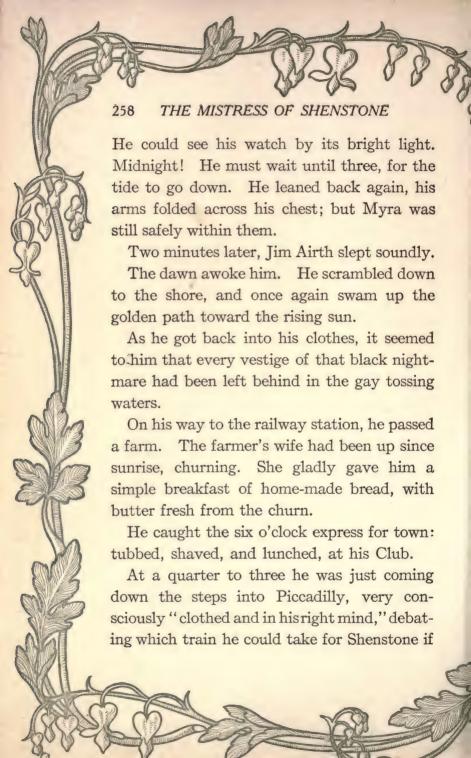


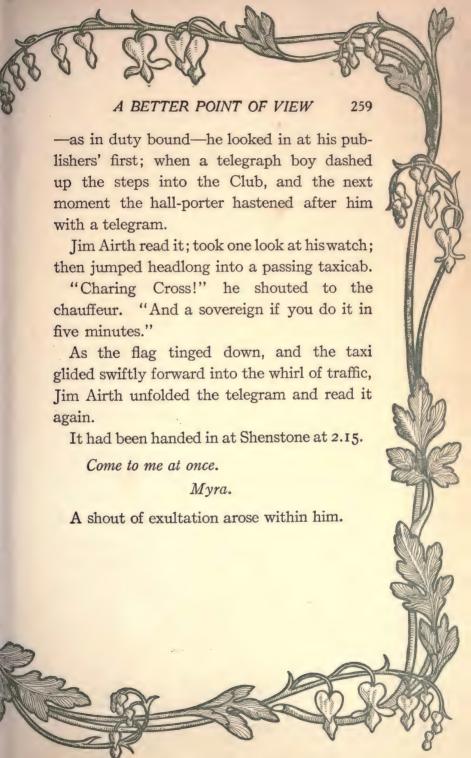


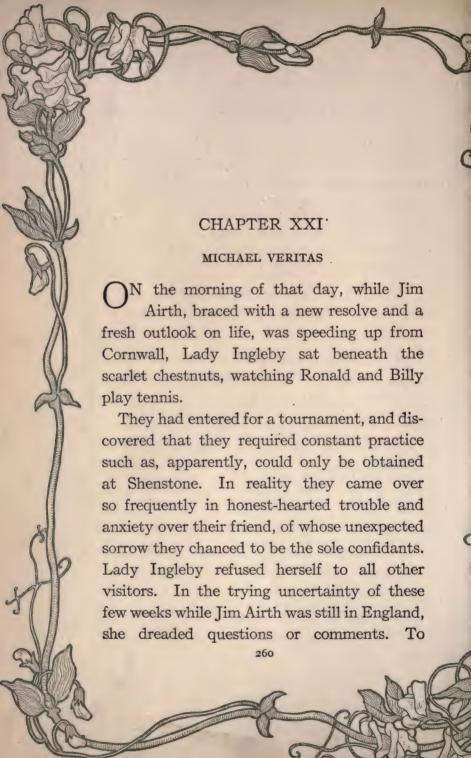


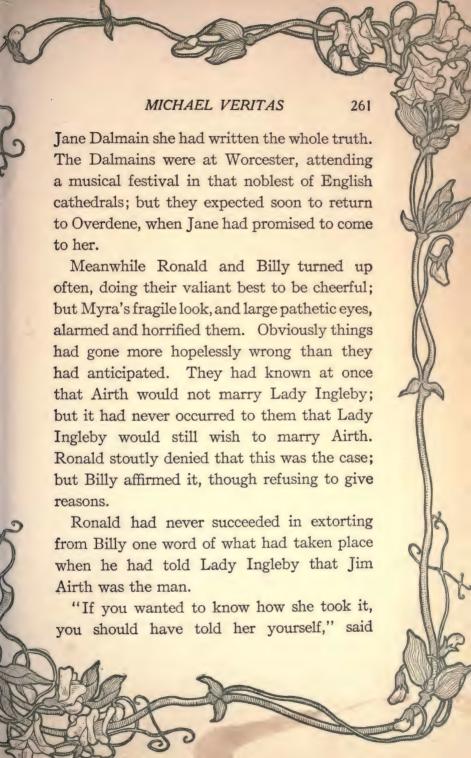


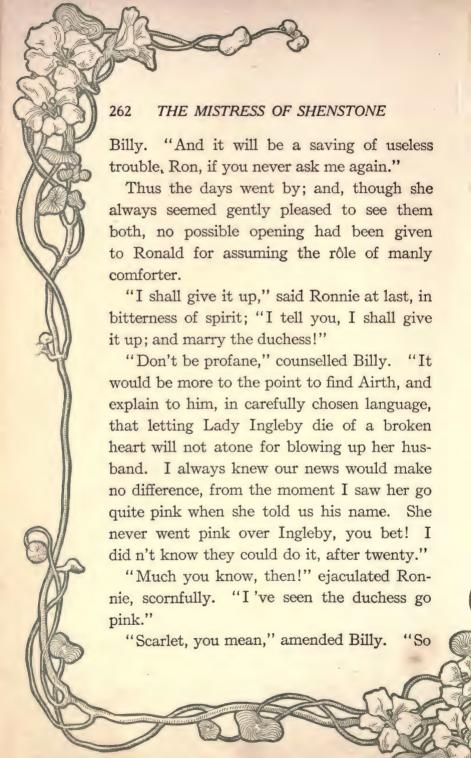


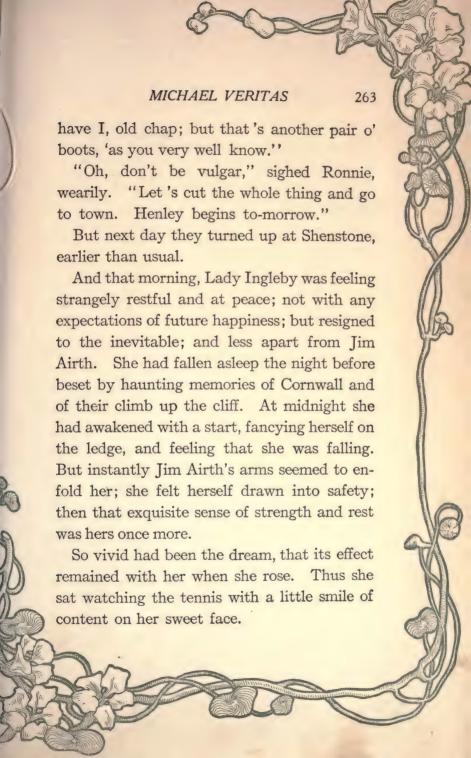


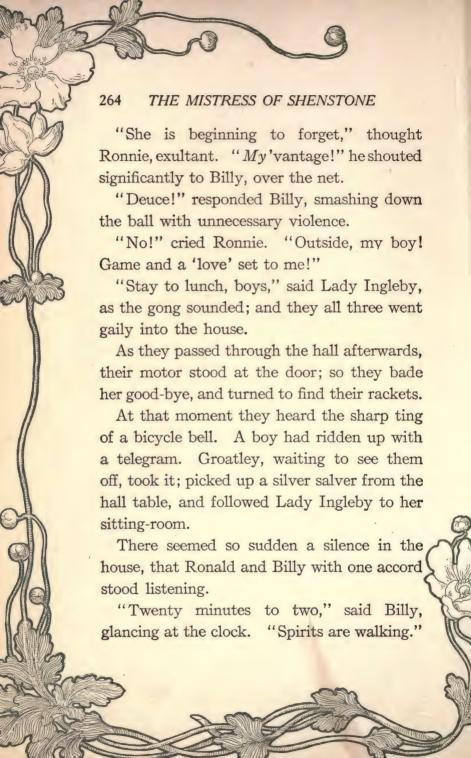


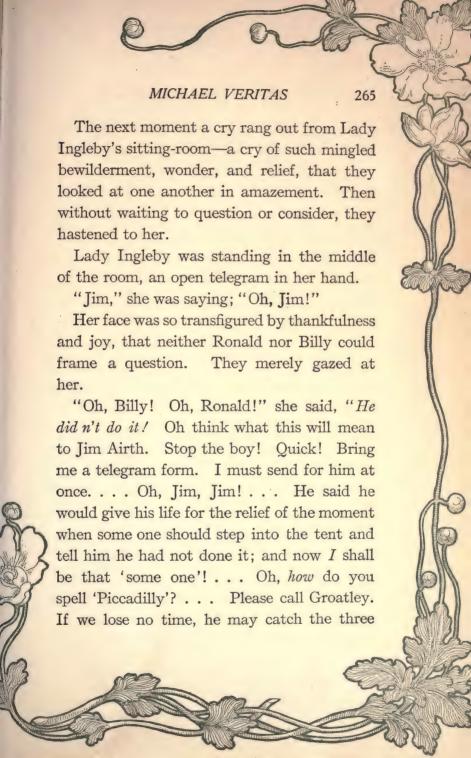


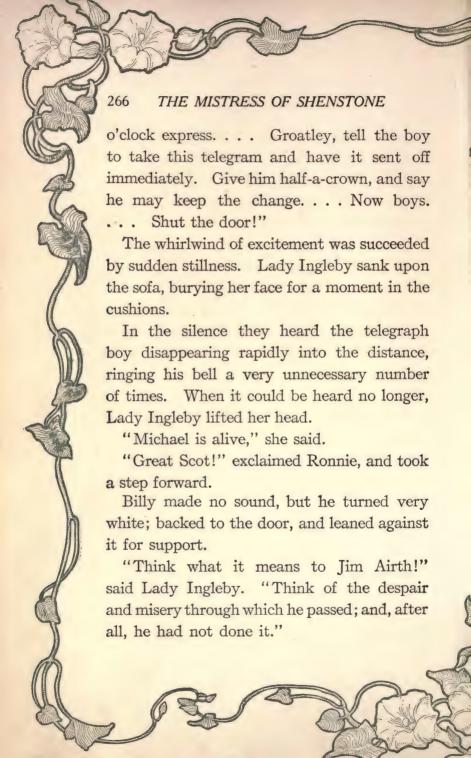


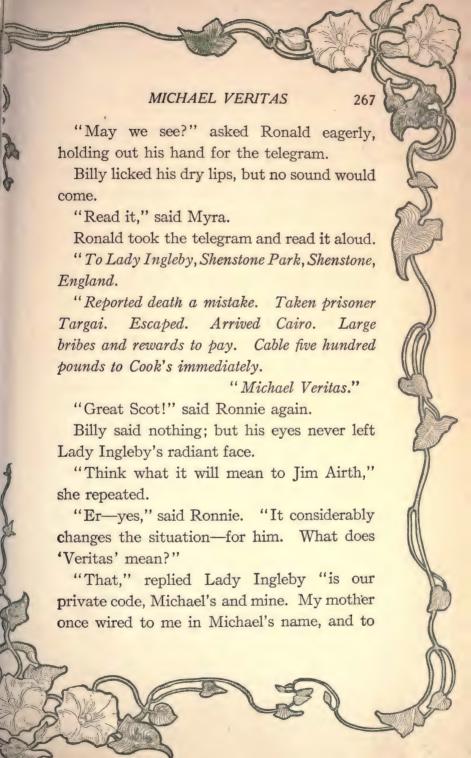


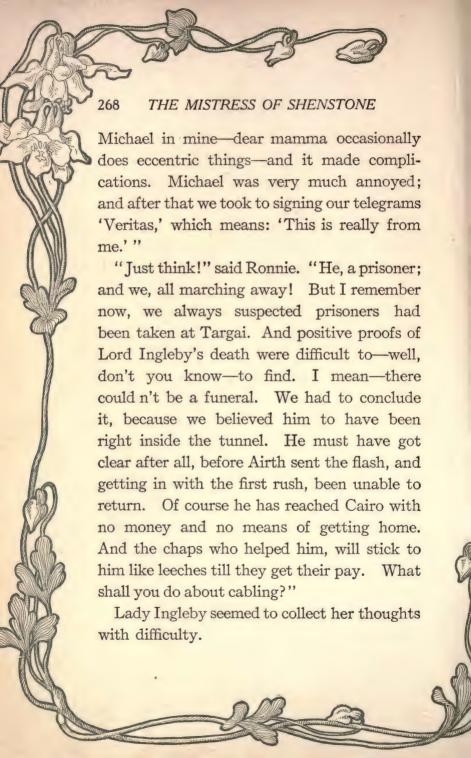


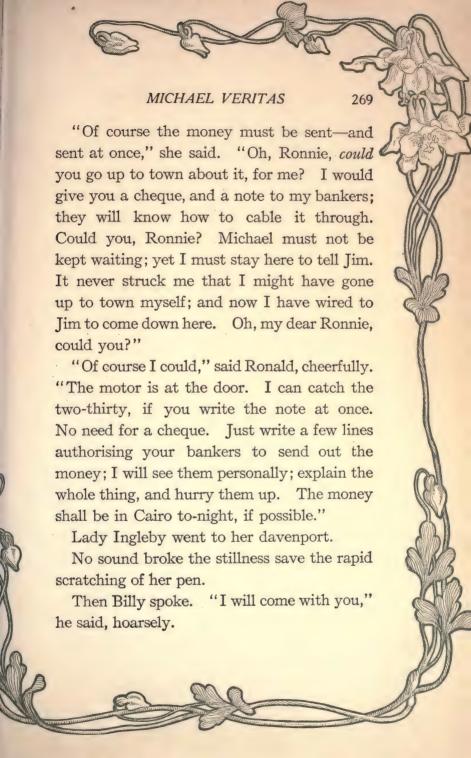


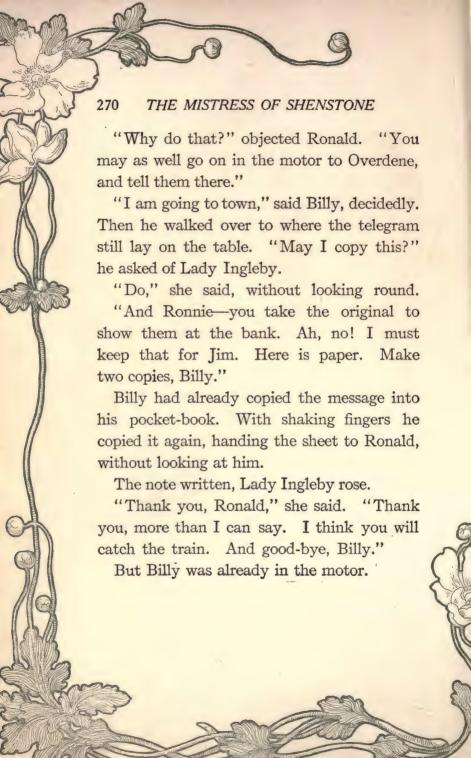


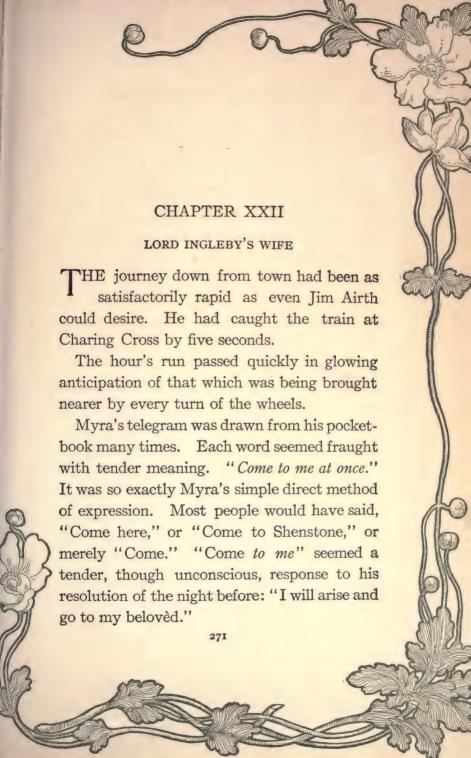


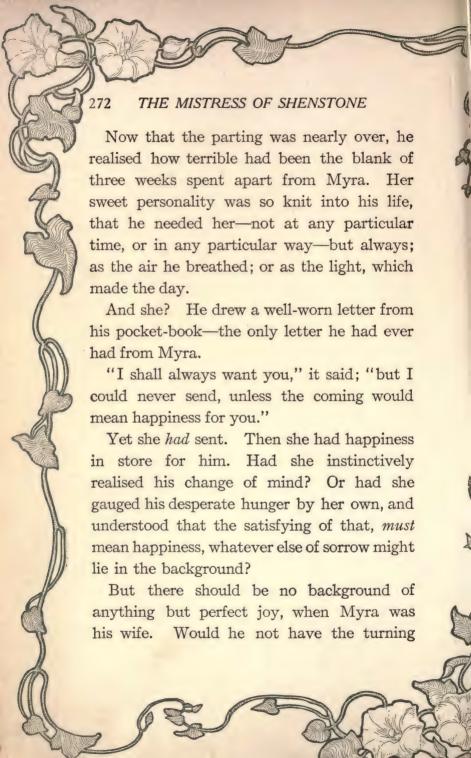


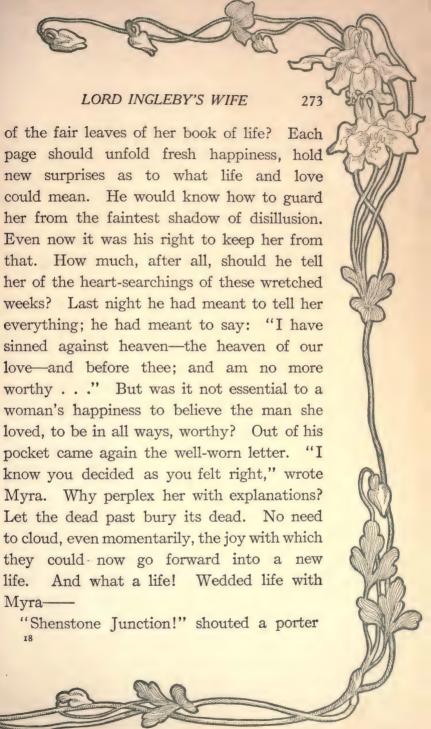


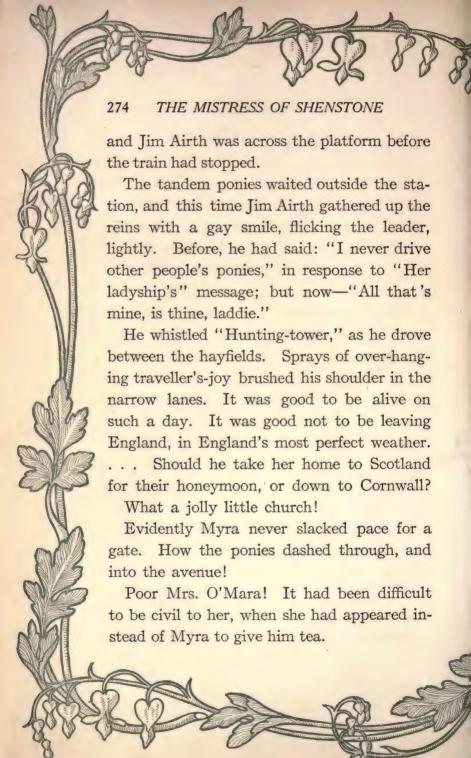


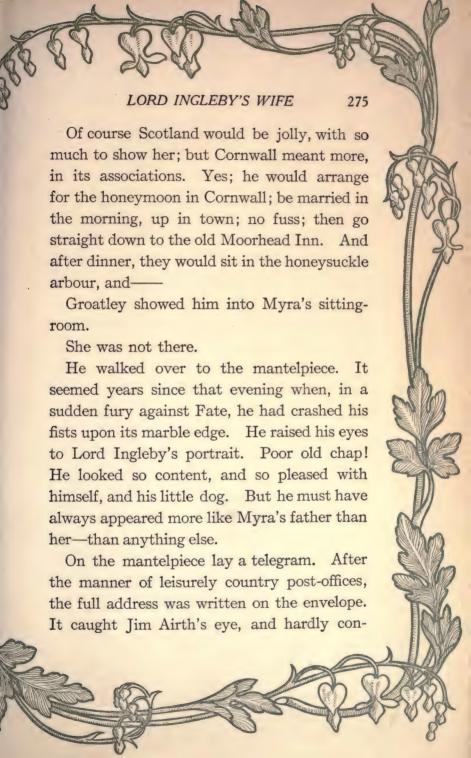


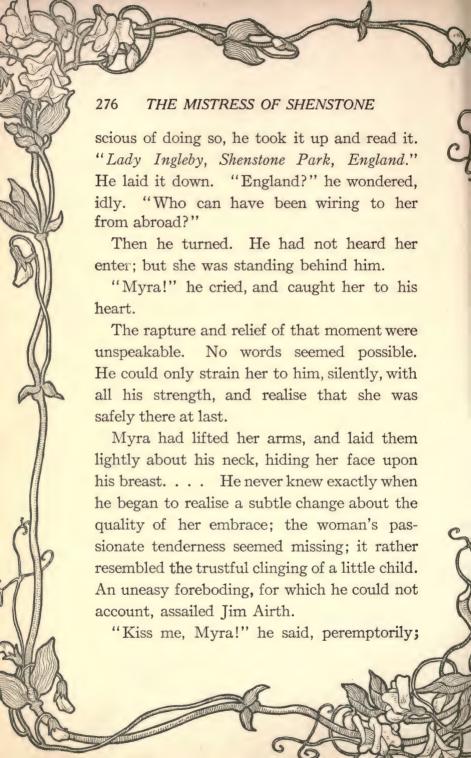


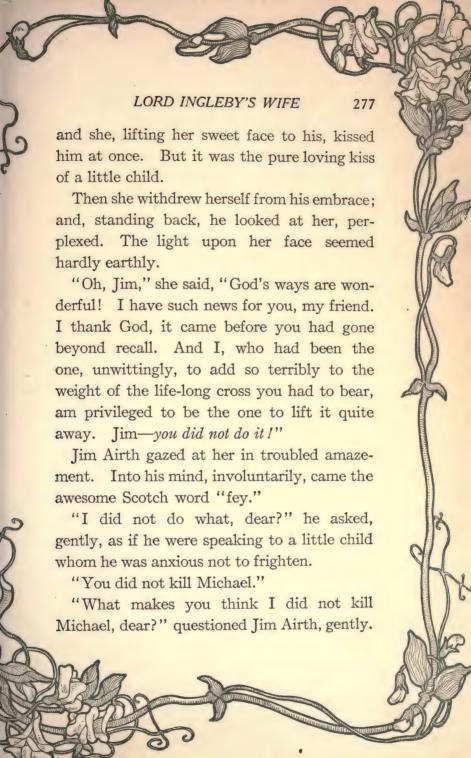


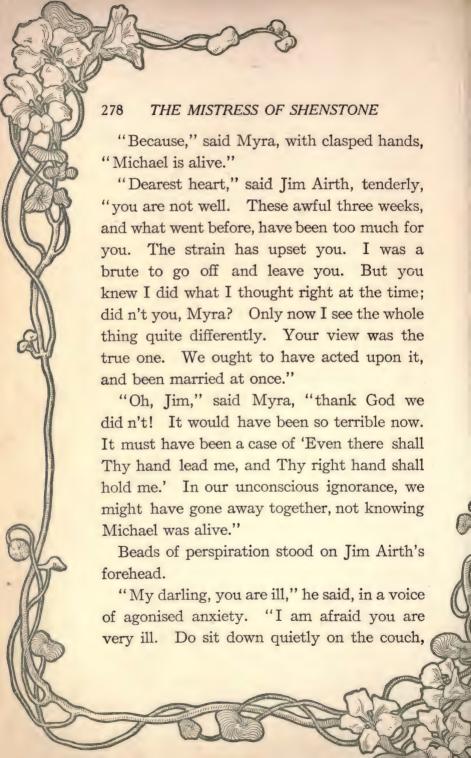


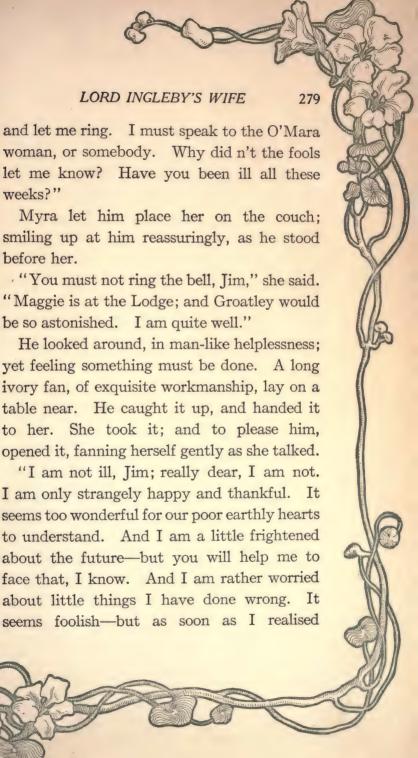


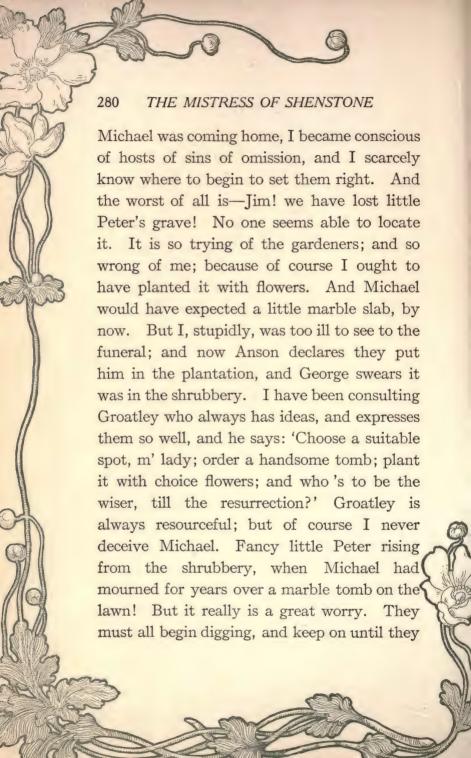


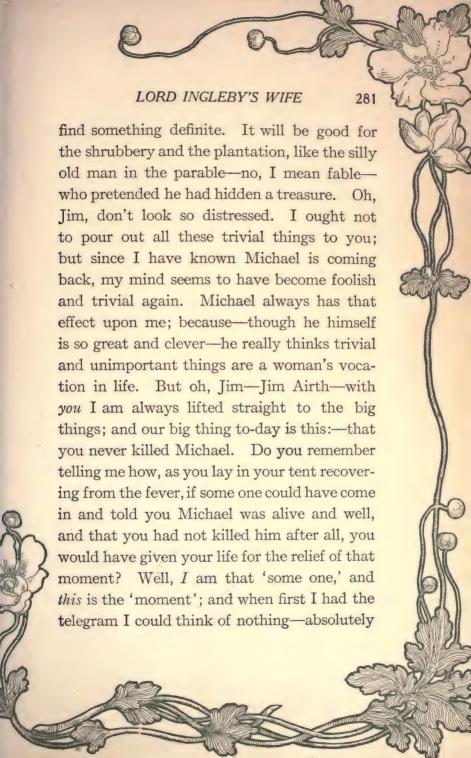


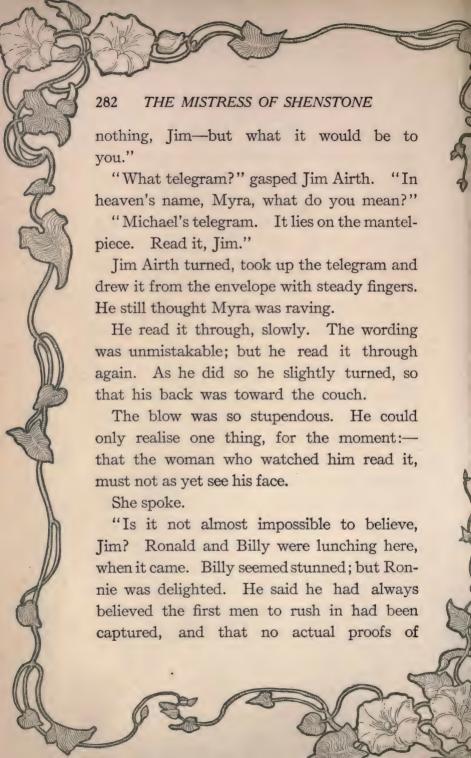


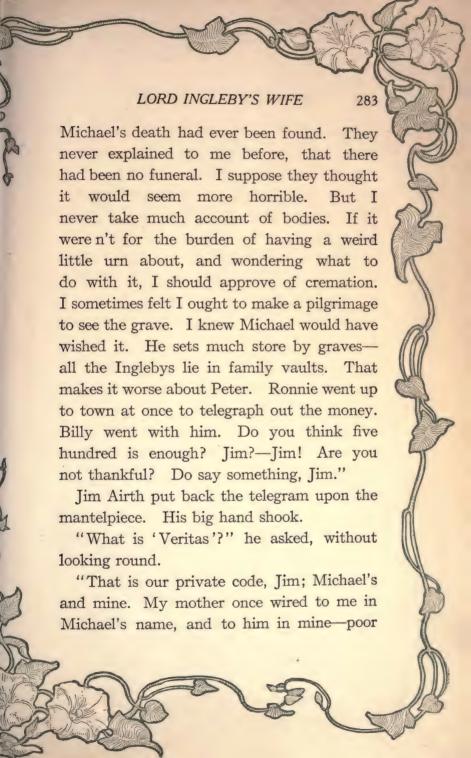


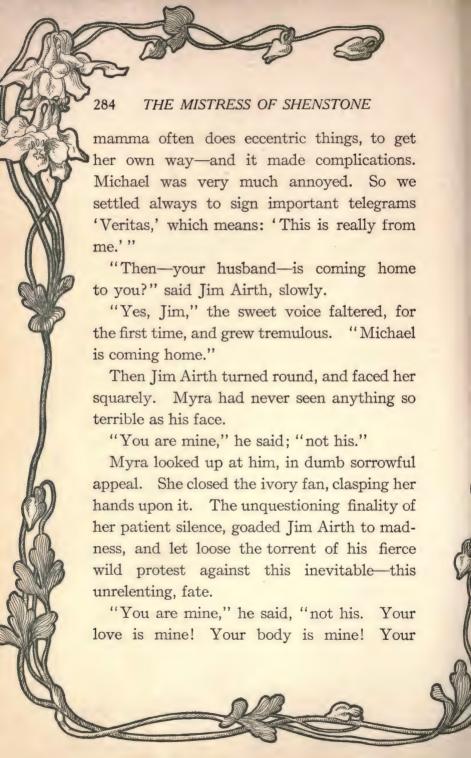


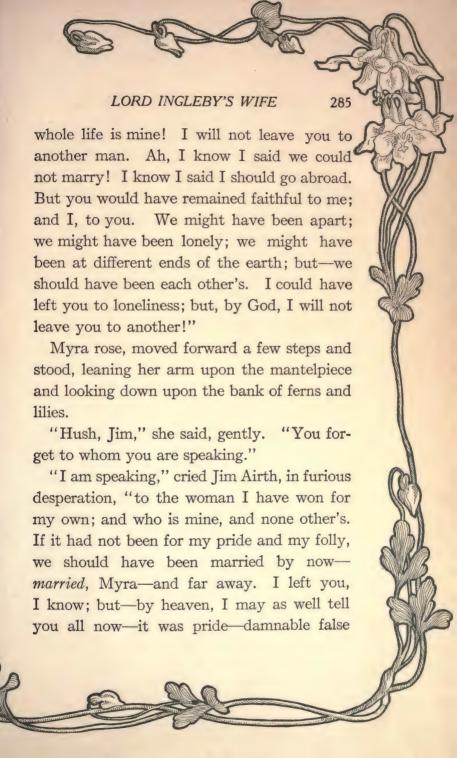


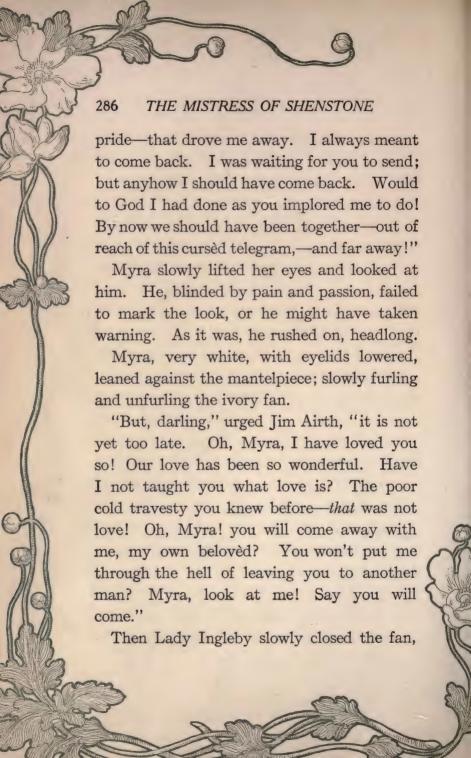


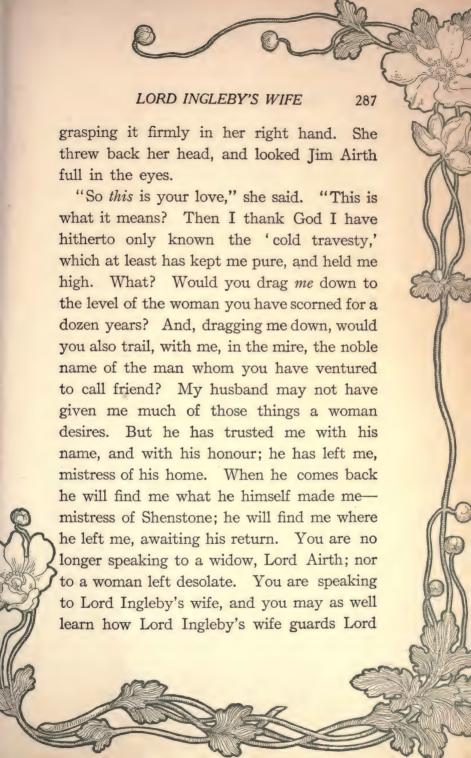


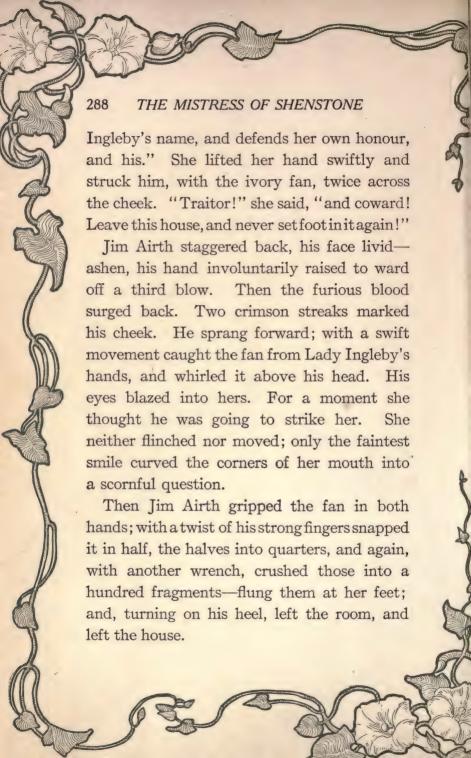




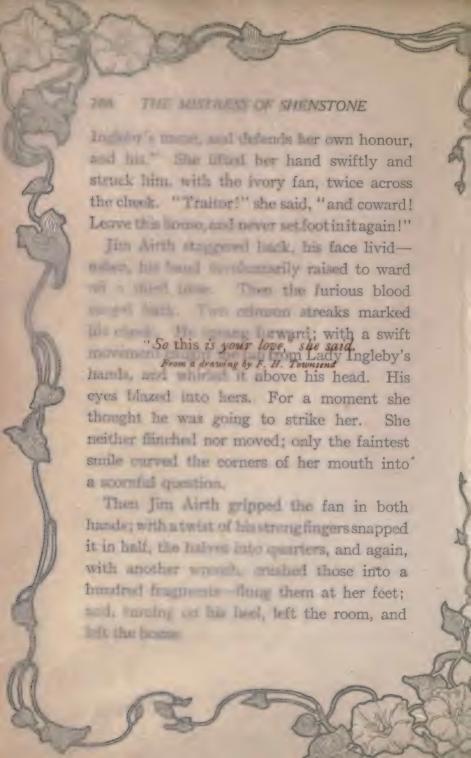






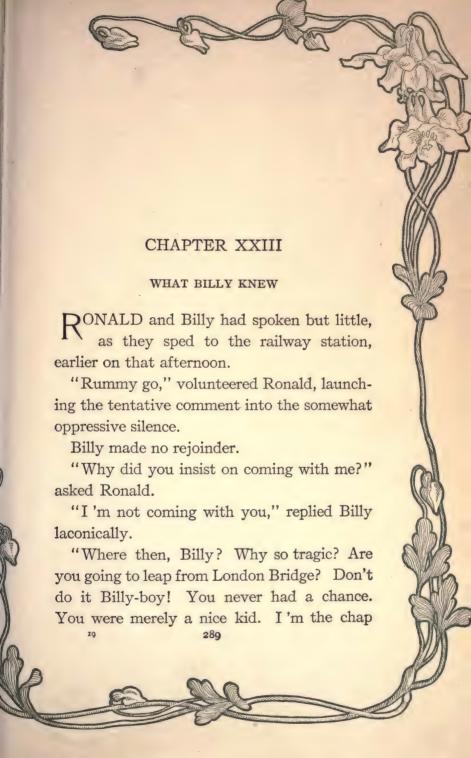


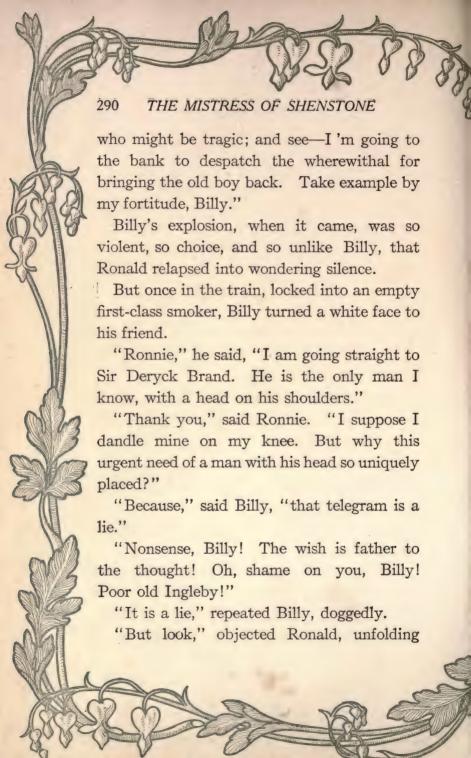


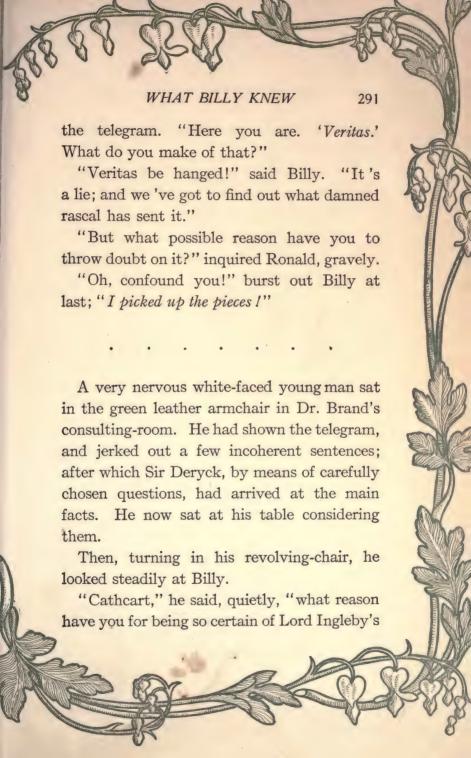


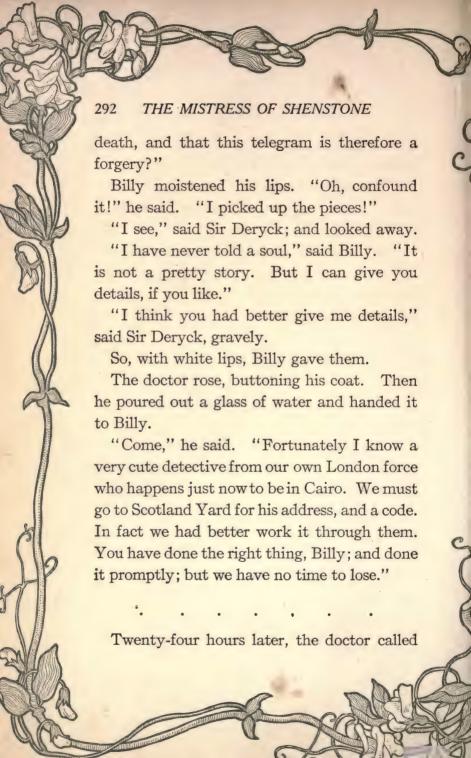


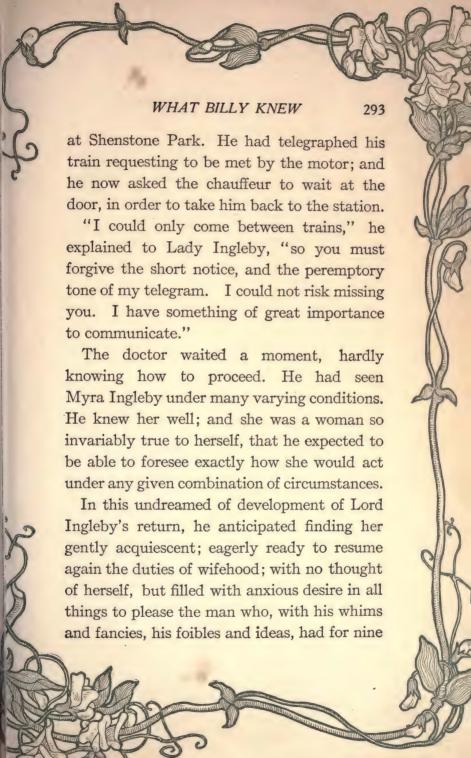


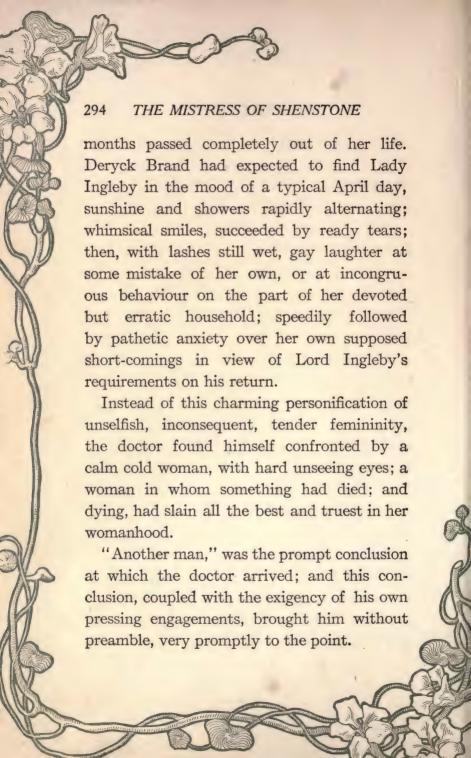


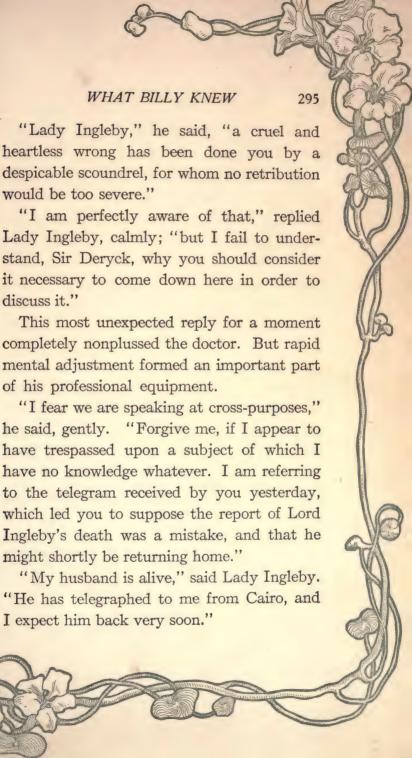


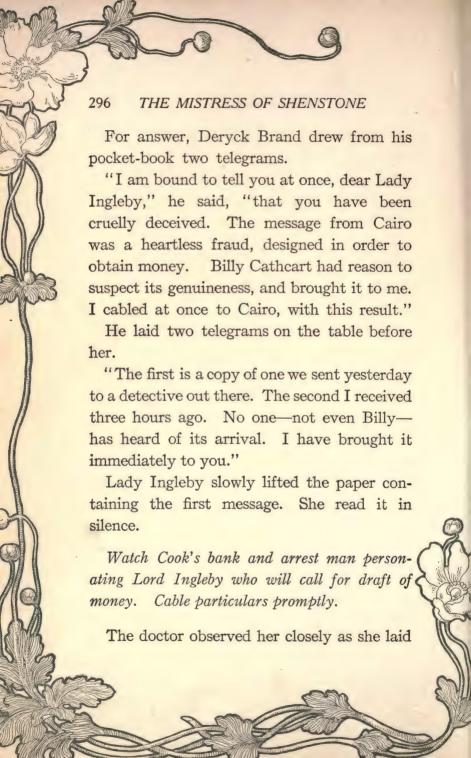


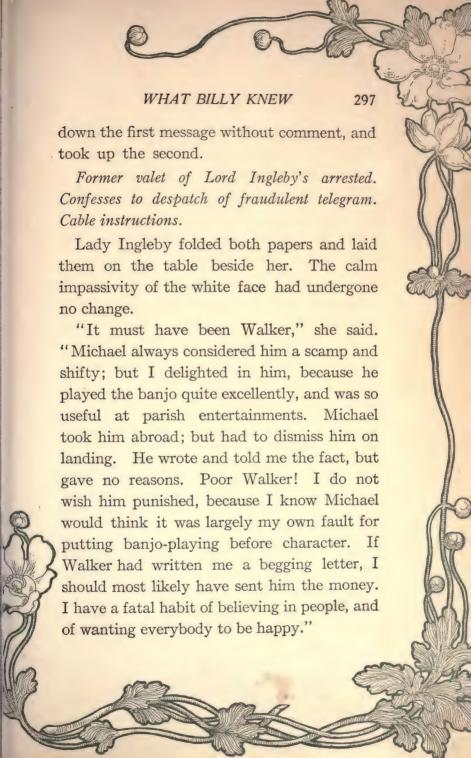


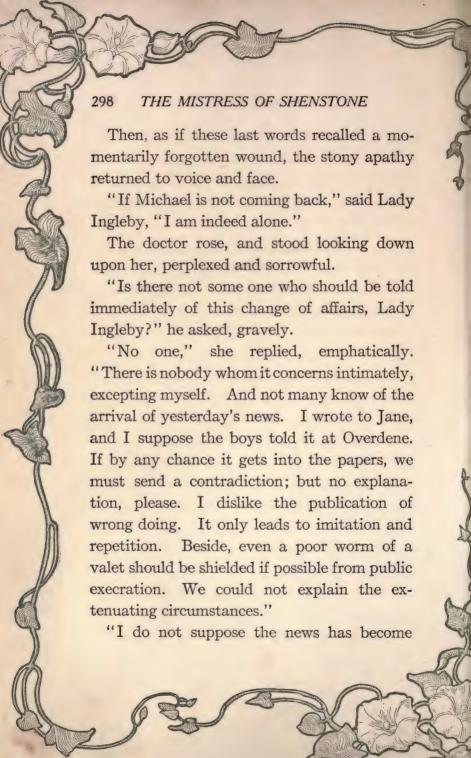


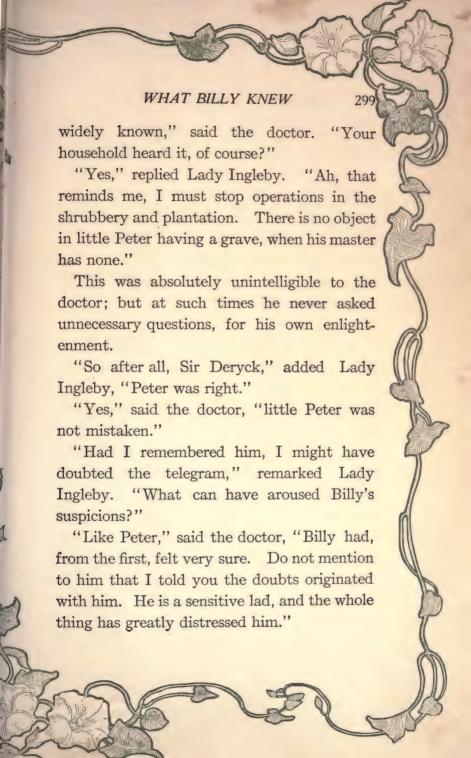


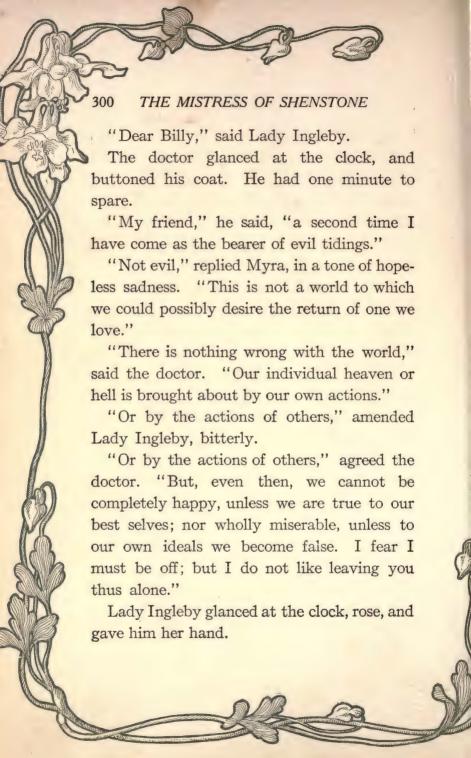


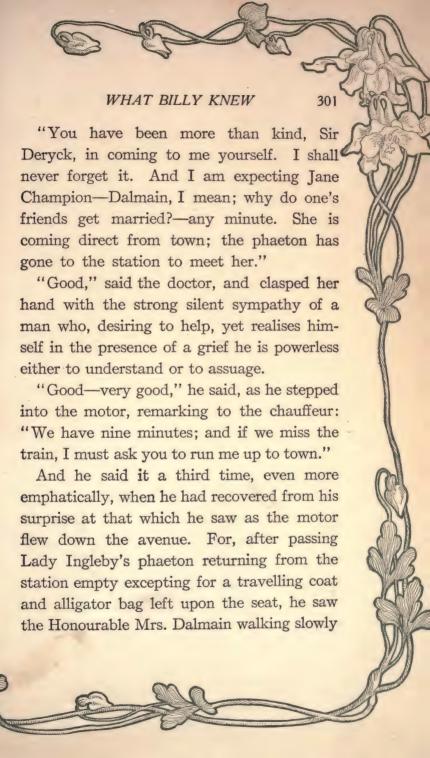


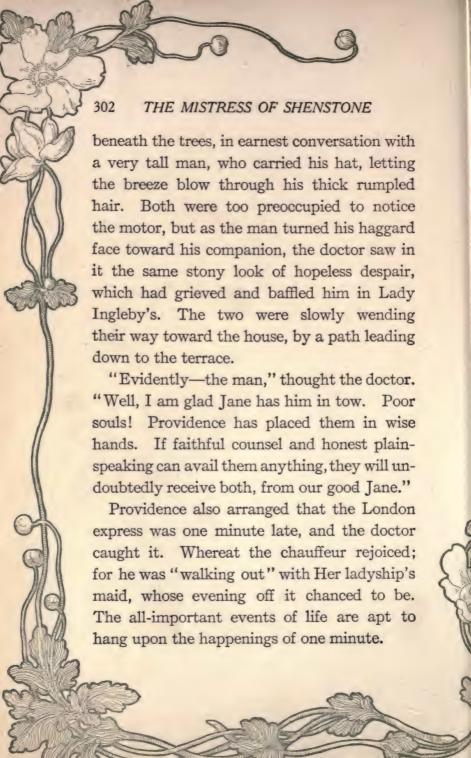


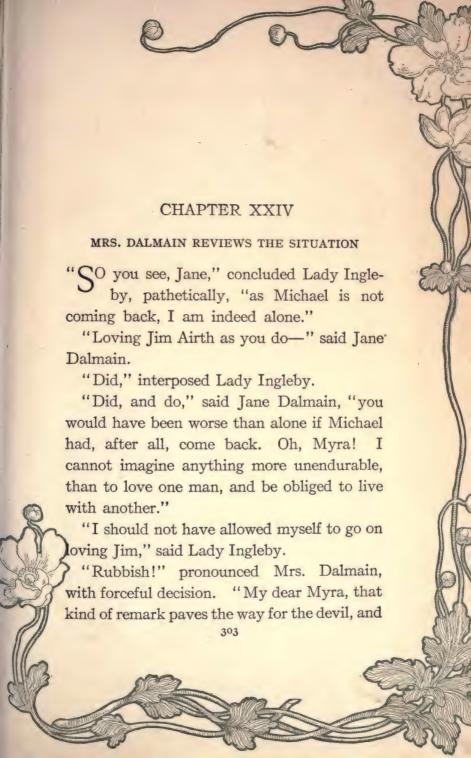


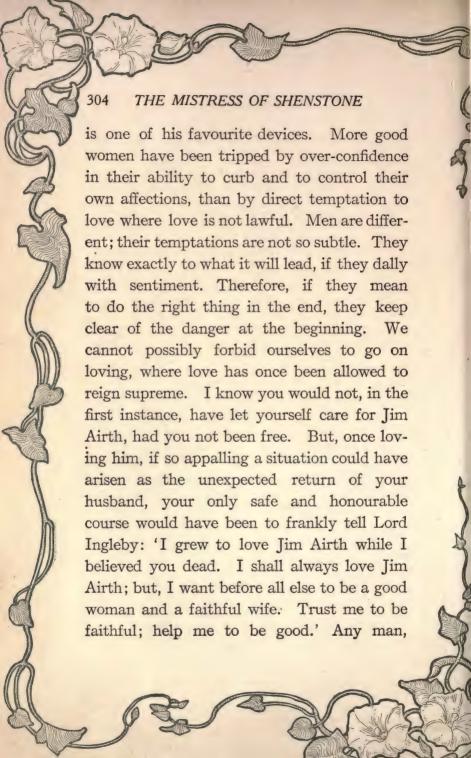


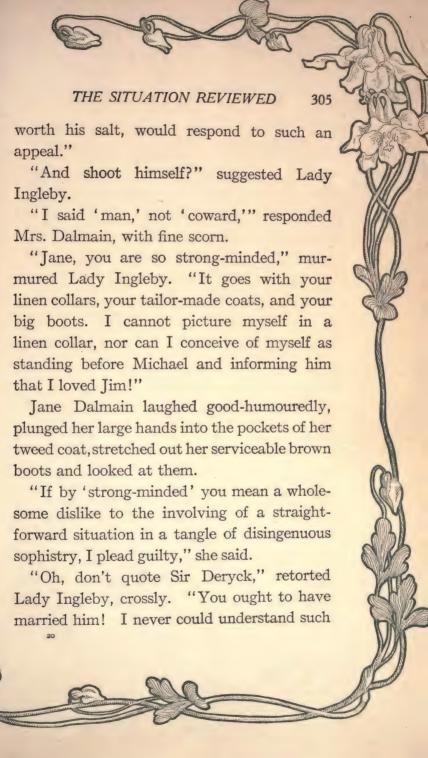


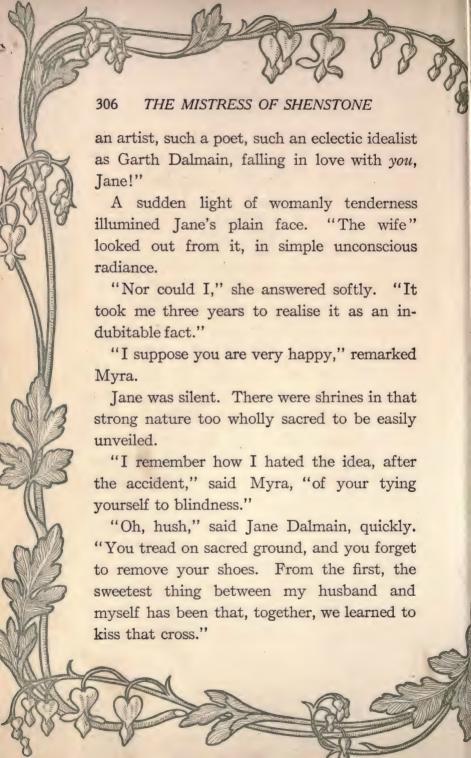


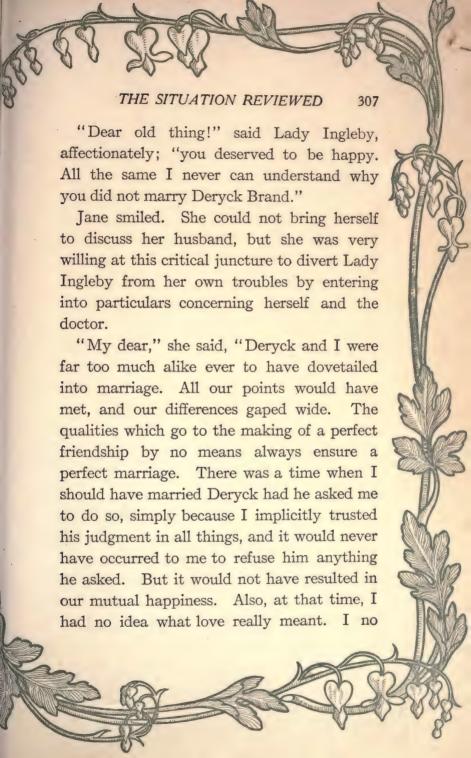


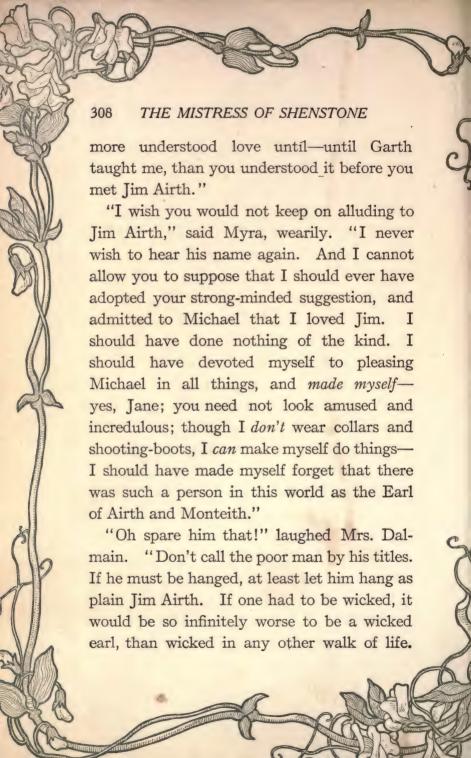


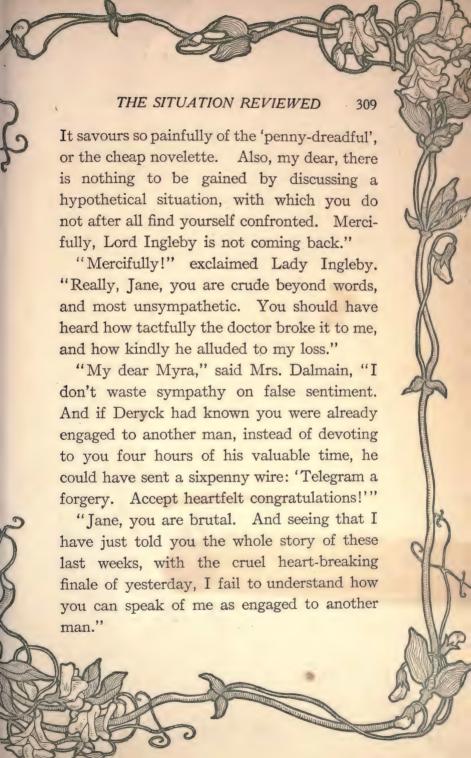


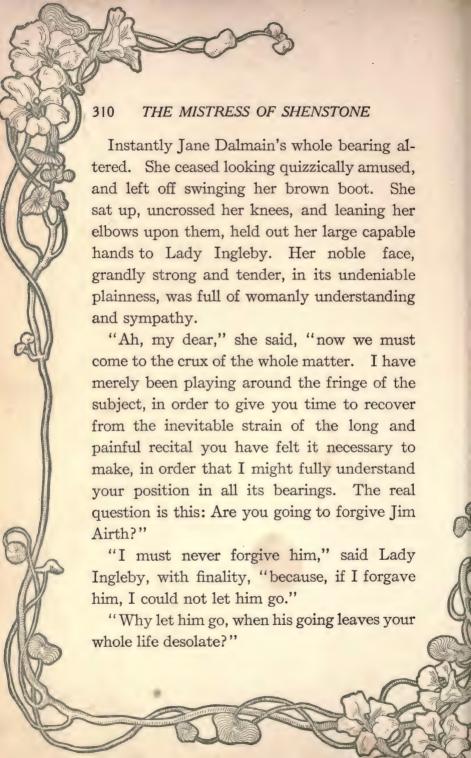




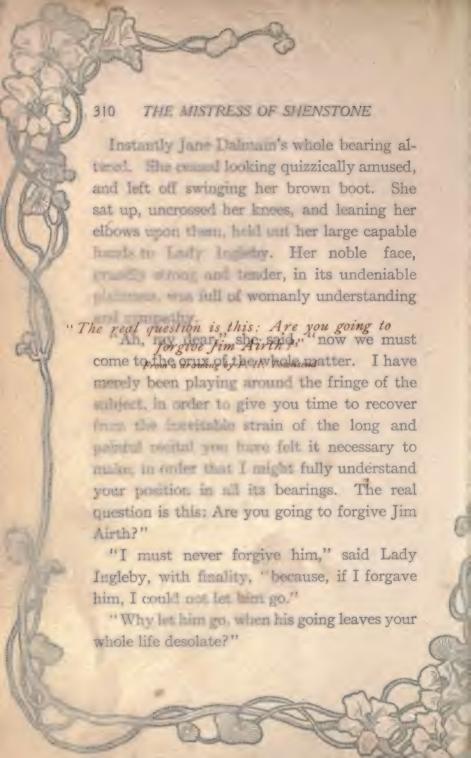






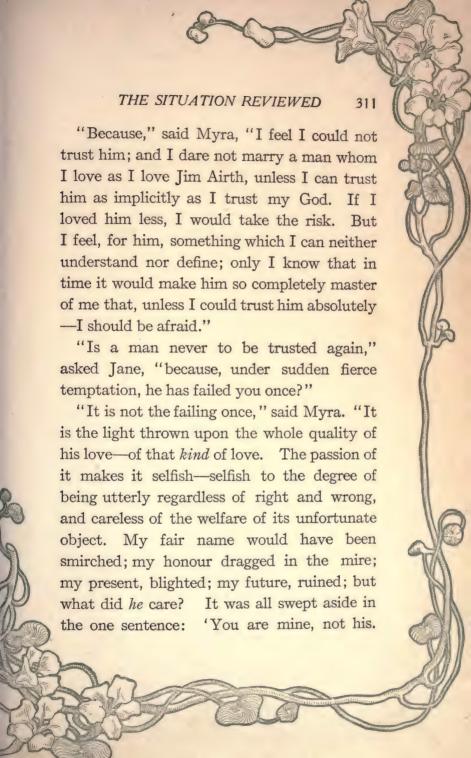


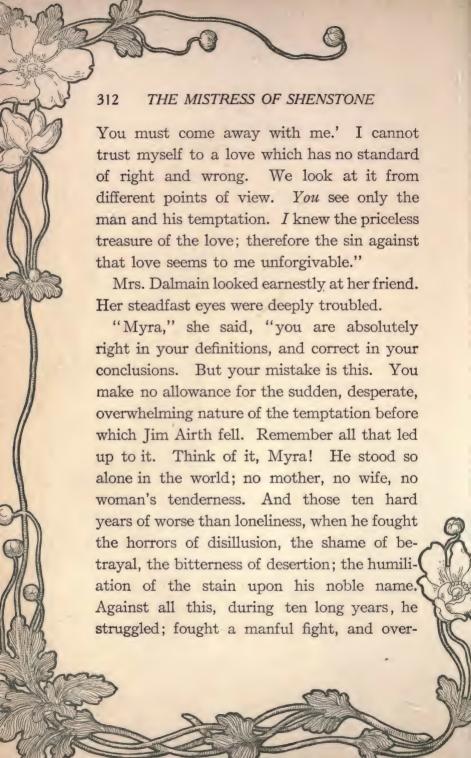


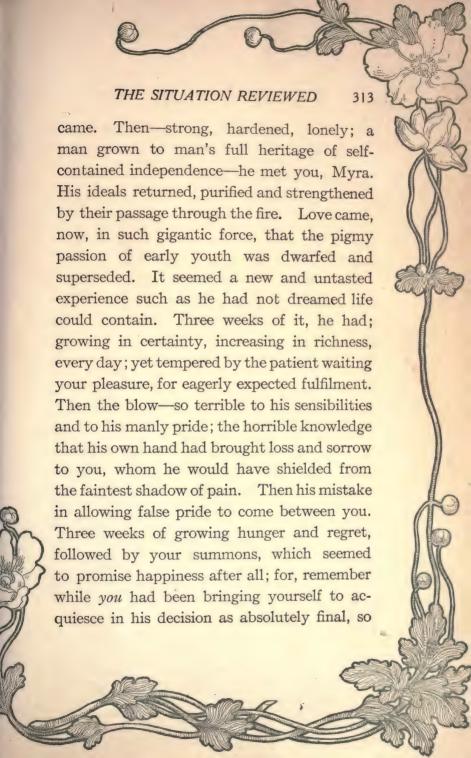


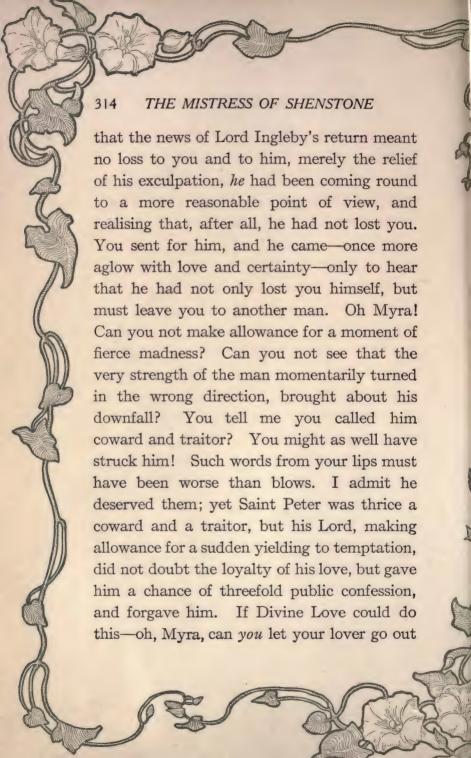


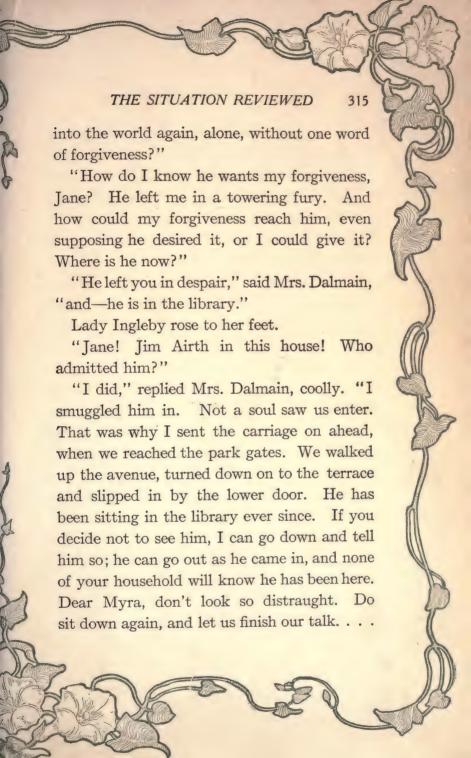


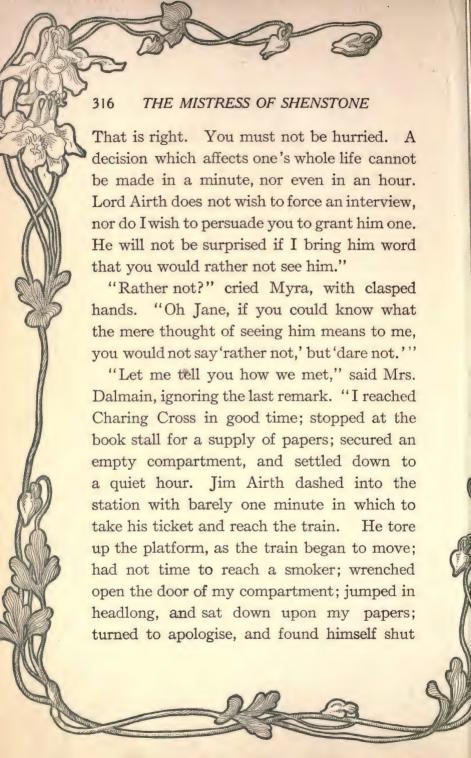


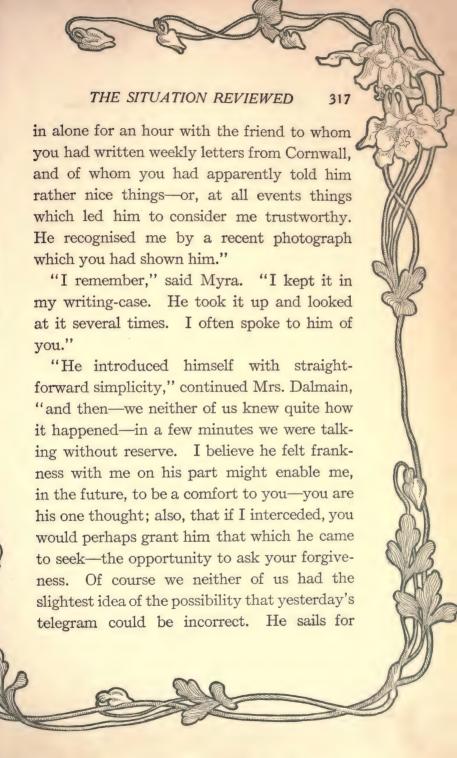


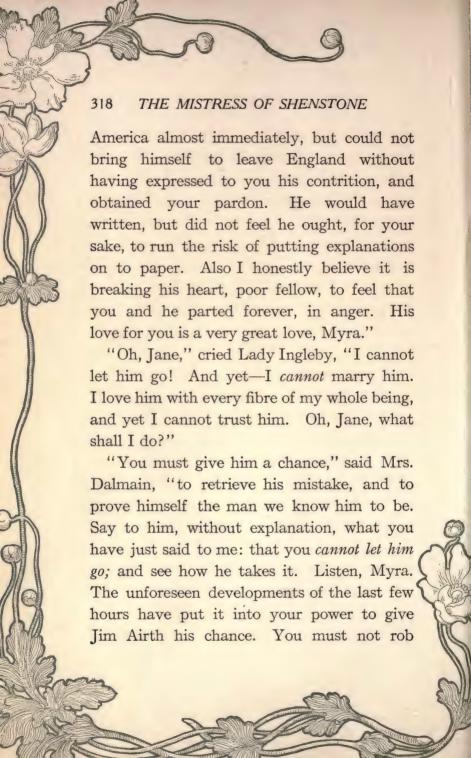


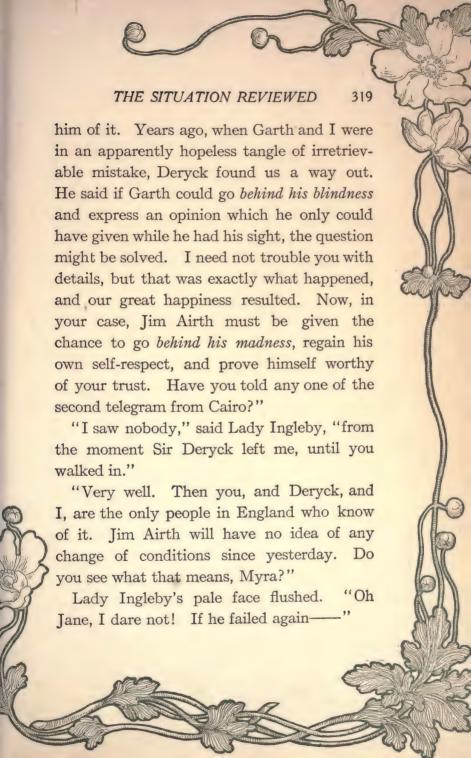


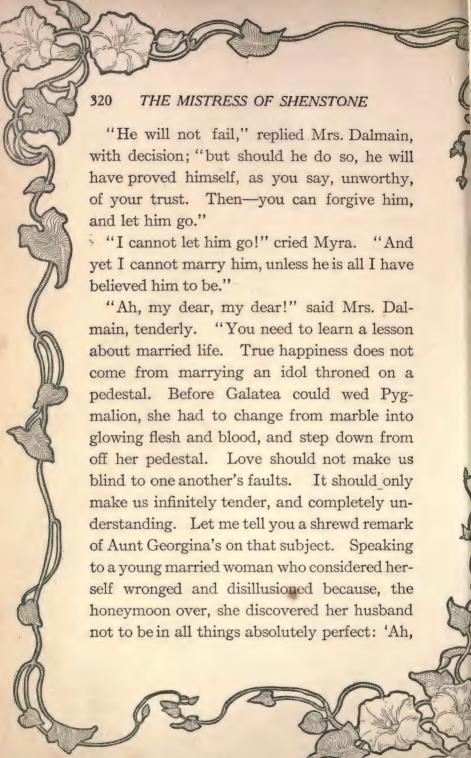


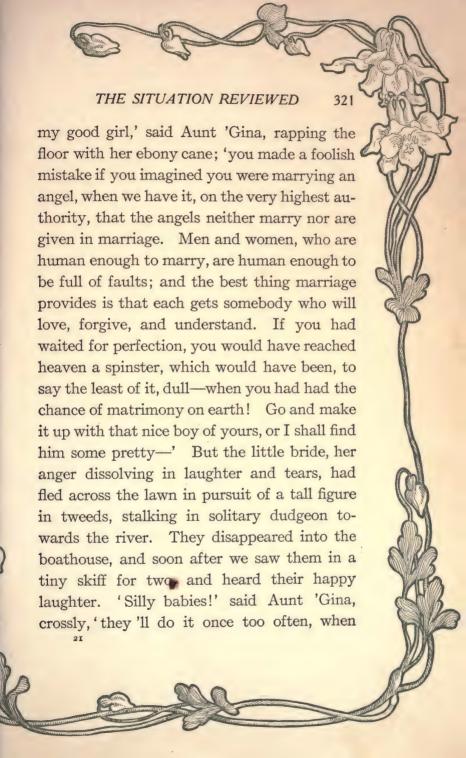


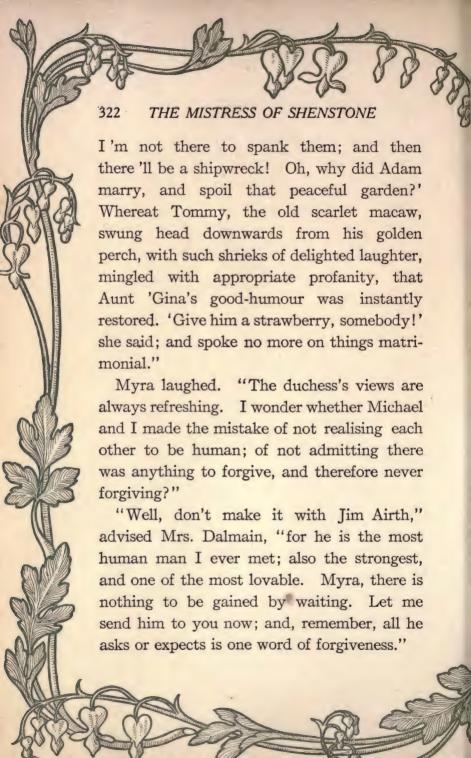


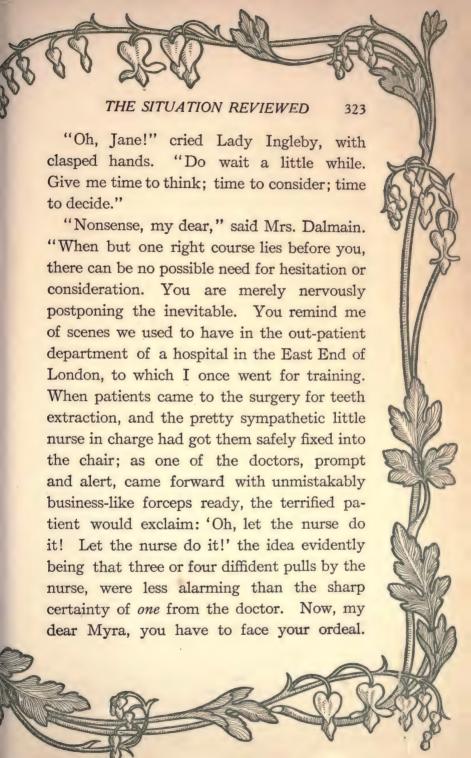


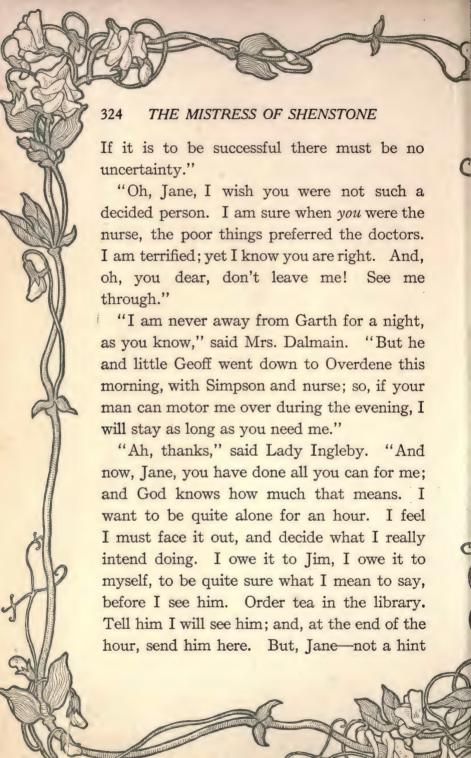


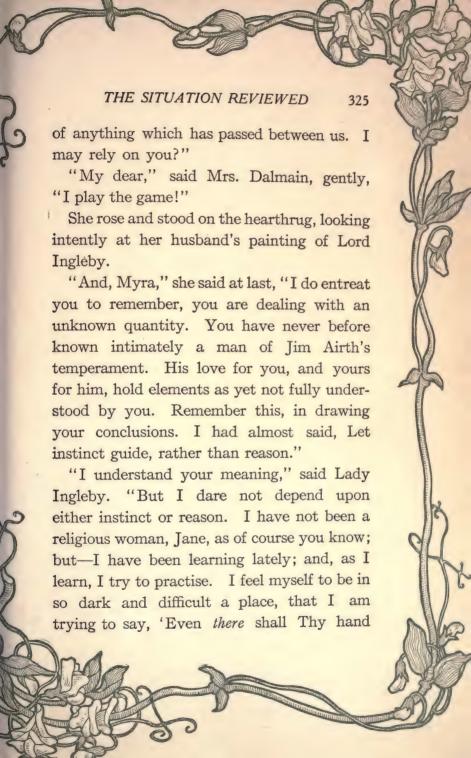


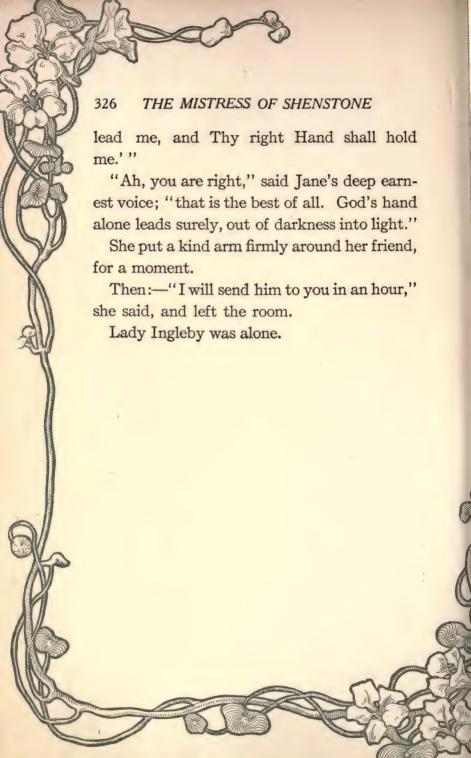


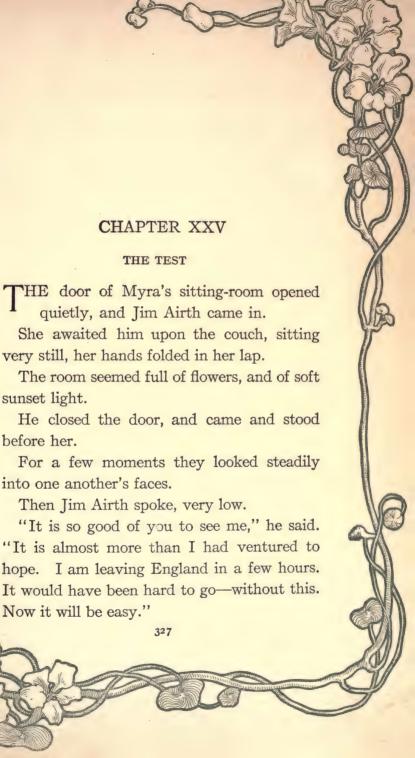


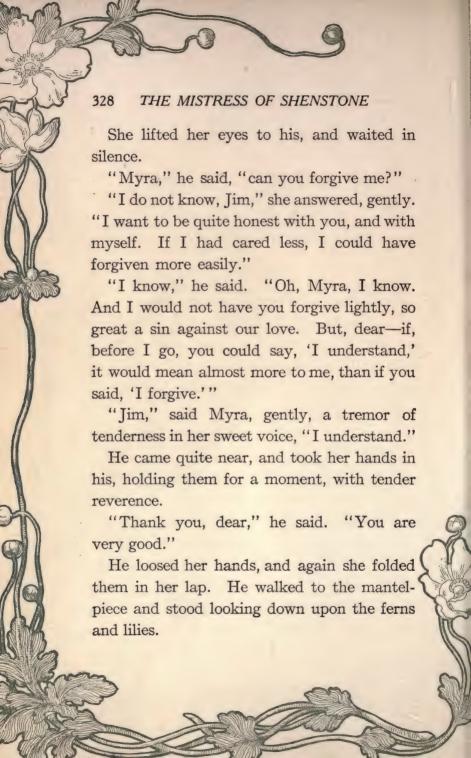


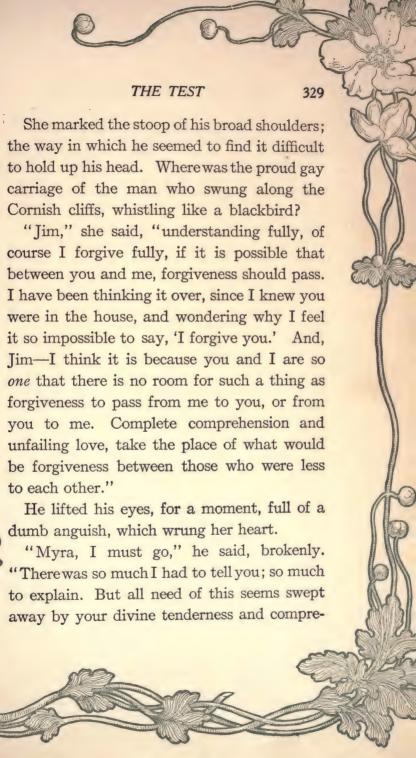


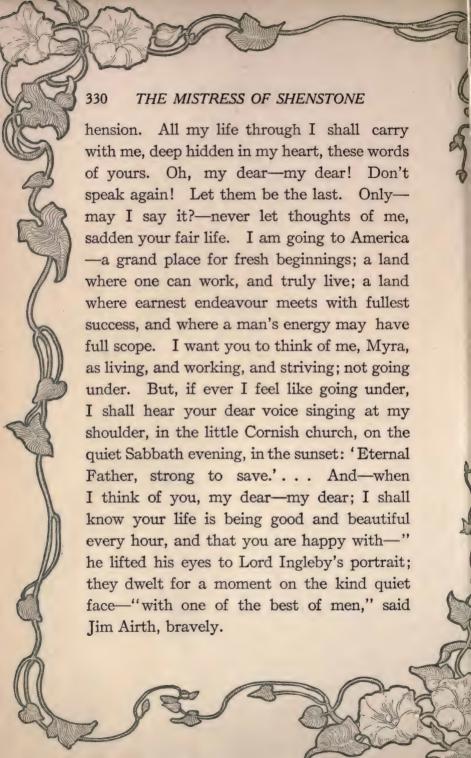


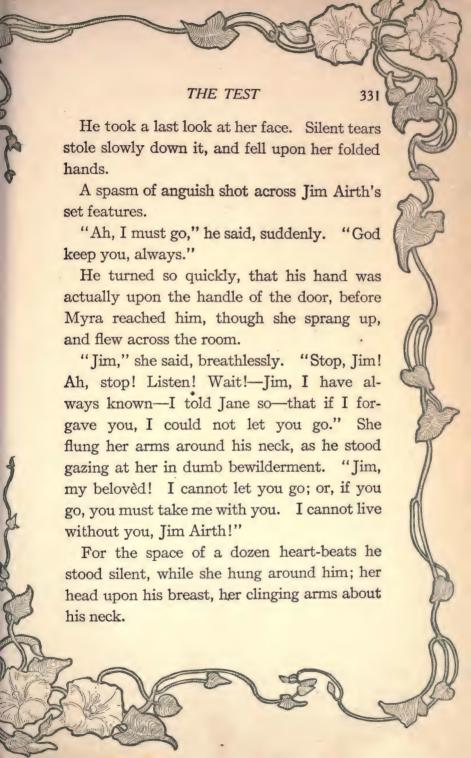


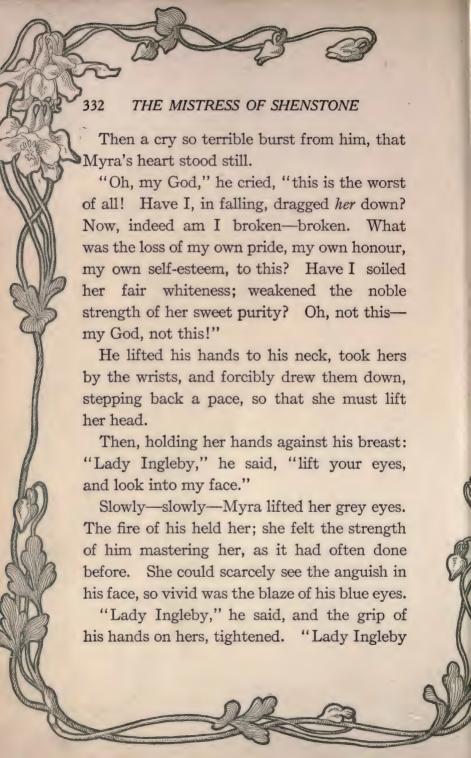


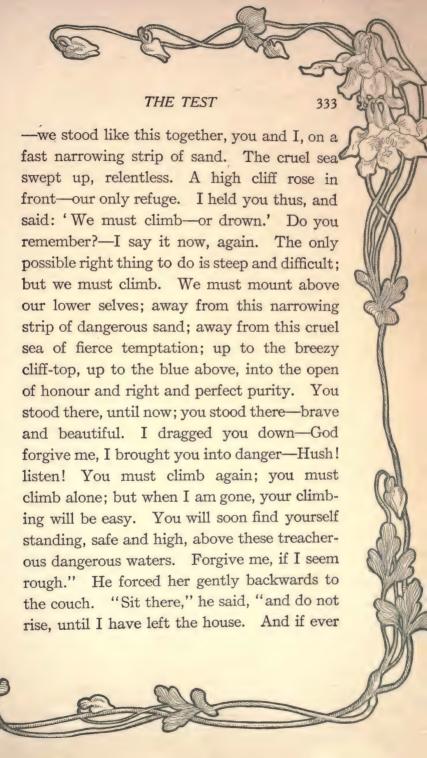


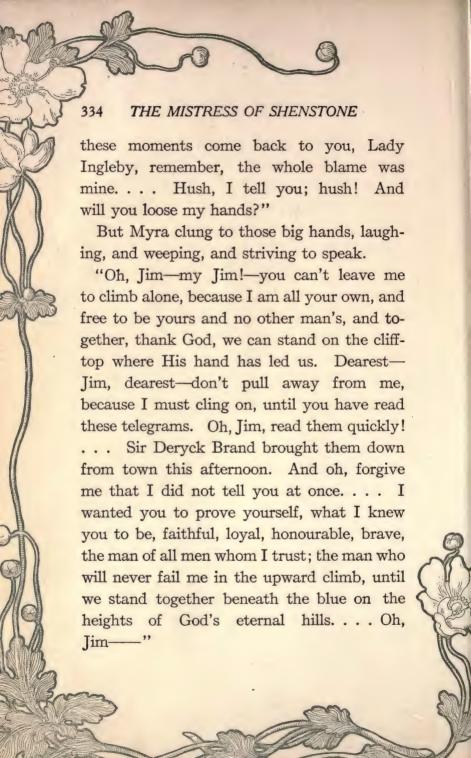


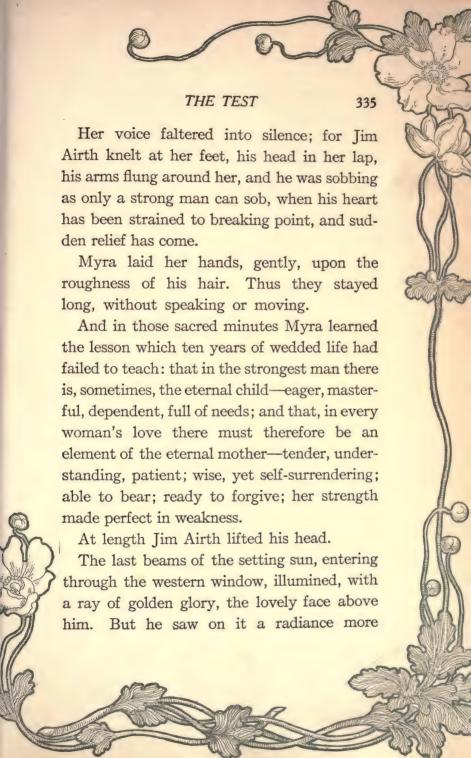


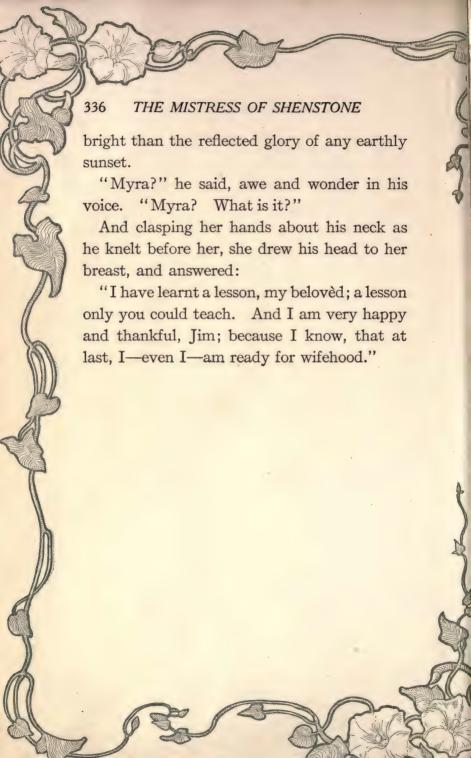




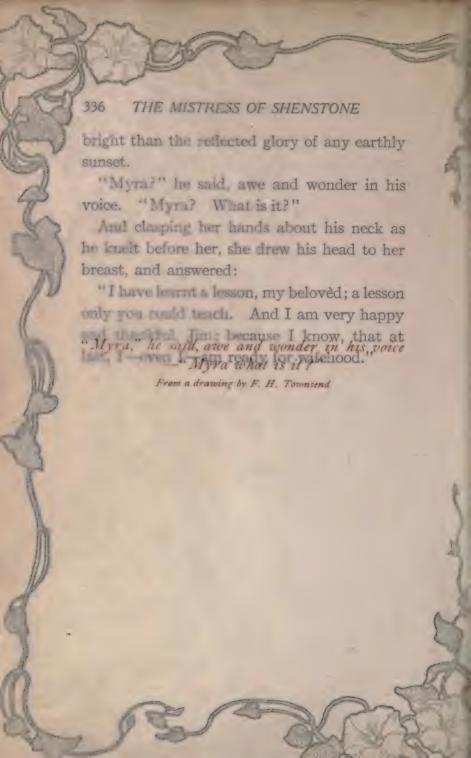




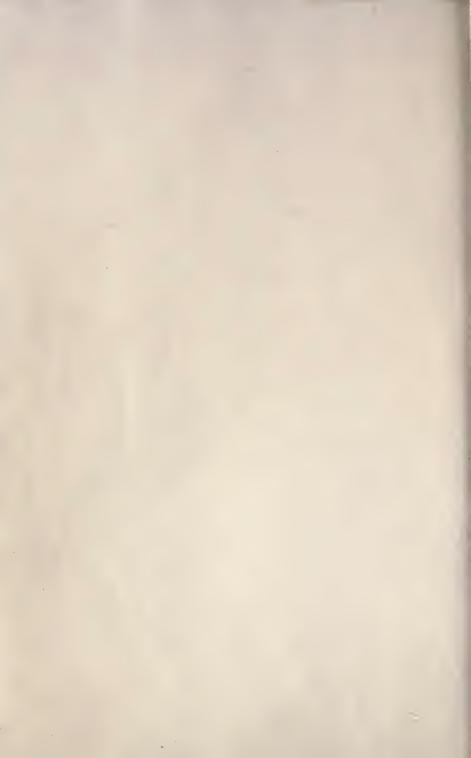


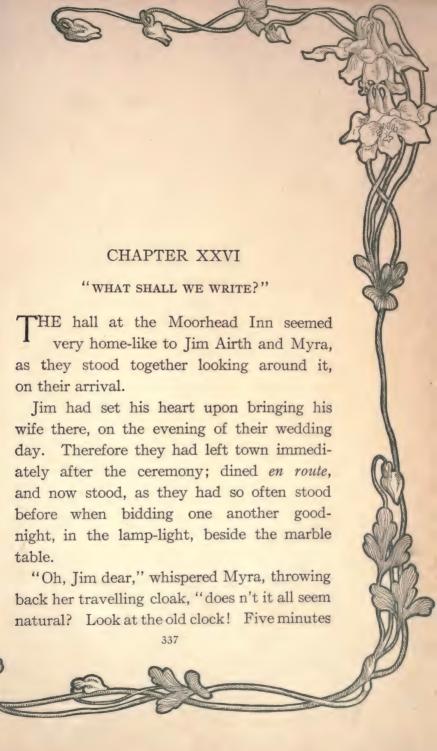


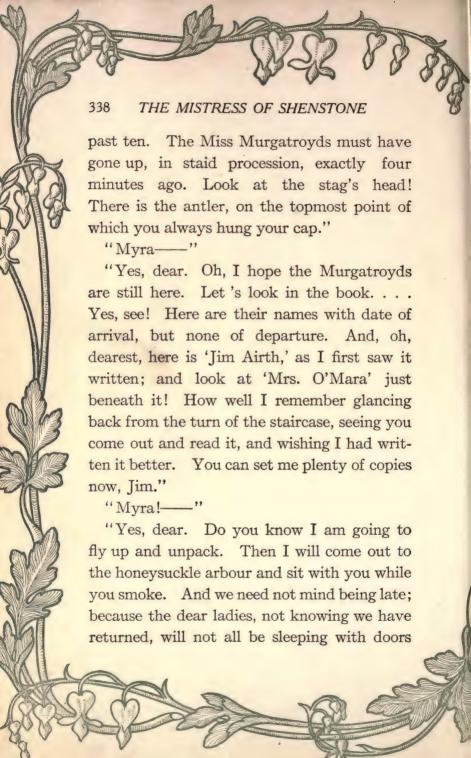


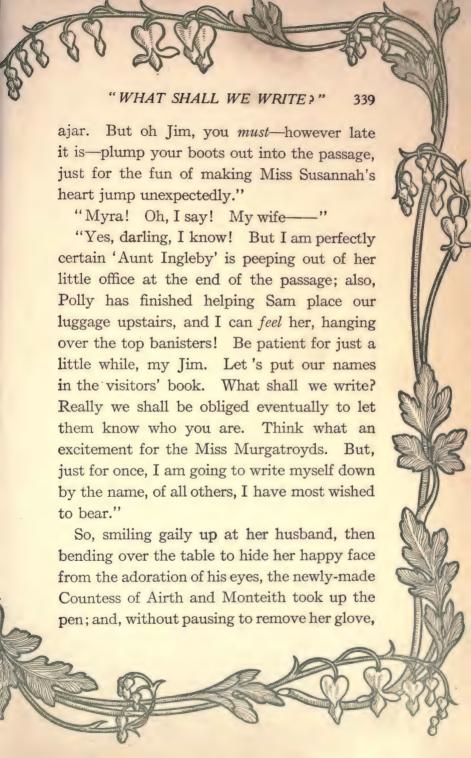


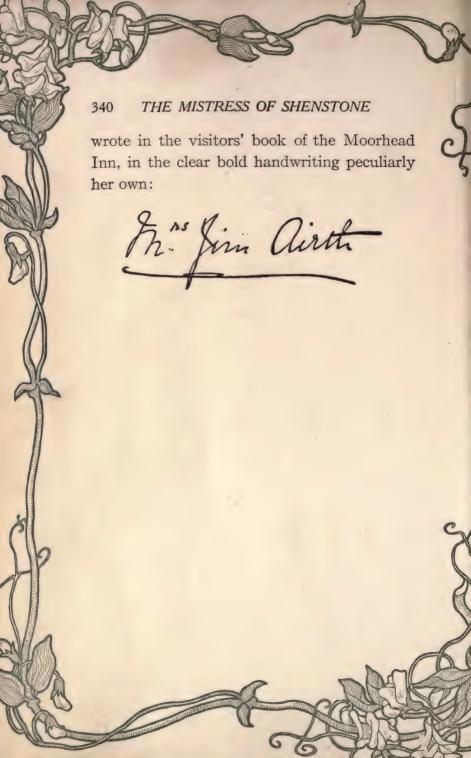






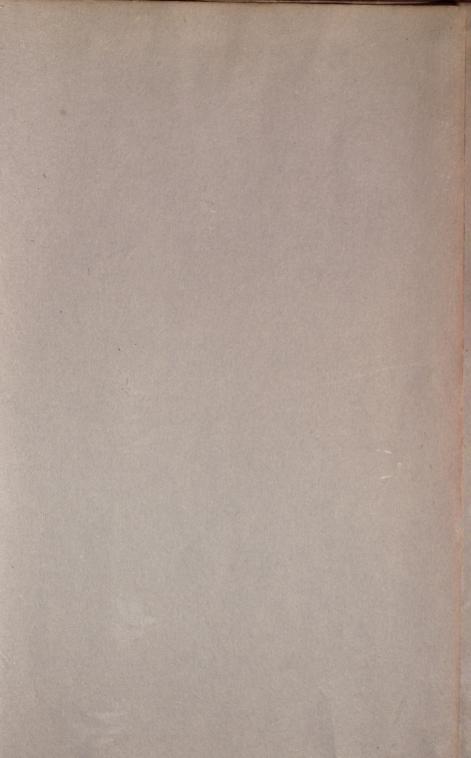












DATE DUE

PR 6003 .A66 M5 1910 SMC Barclay, Florence Louisa (Ch The Mistress of Shenston

